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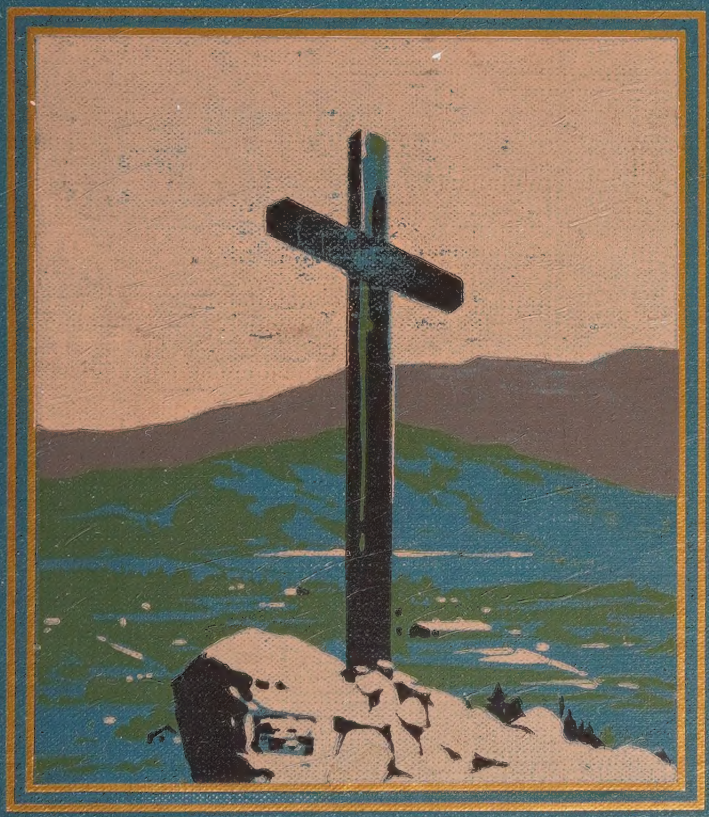

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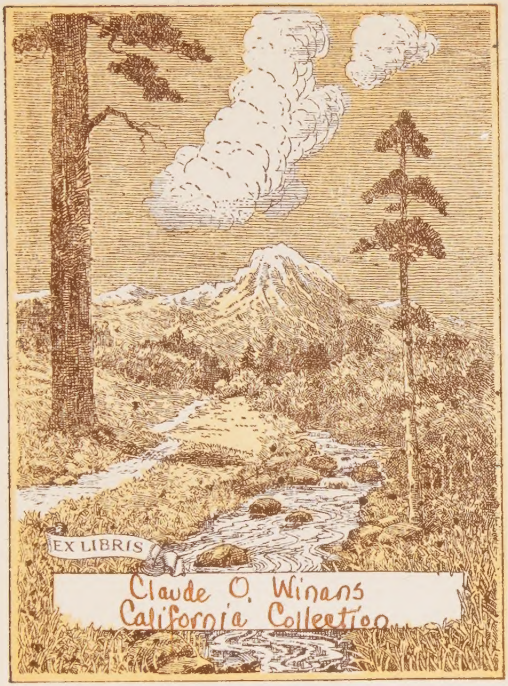

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STAGING IN 1849, IN THE SIERRAS OF CALIFORNIA.
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HEROES
OF
CALIFORNIA

THE STORY OF THE FOUNDERS OF THE GOLDEN STATE AS NARRATED BY THEMSELVES OR GLEANED FROM OTHER SOURCES

By GEORGE WHARTON JAMES, 1858-1923

AUTHOR OF "THROUGH RAMONA'S COUNTRY," "THE OLD MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA," "THE WONDERS OF THE COLORADO DESERT," "IN AND AROUND THE GRAND CANYON," ETC.

As one candle lighteth another and diminisheth not in flame, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness

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TO THOSE

Heroic Men and Women

OF SAN FRANCISCO

WHO, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE AND FIRE OF 1906, AS THEY GAZED UPON THEIR DEVASTATED HOMES AND BUSINESS HOUSES, THEN AND THERE BEGAN TO PLAN FOR THEIR IMPROVED RESTORATION, WHICH NOW, 1910, IS MORE THAN ACCOMPLISHED, THESE VARIED CHAPTERS OF CALIFORNIA HEROISM ARE DEDICATED AS A SINCERE EXPRESSION OF APPRECIATION AND ADMIRATION

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INTRODUCTION

BRAVE and heroic deeds have always thrilled the minds of others to emulation. A great deed is an inspiration for other great deeds. Bravery and heroism are as contagious as cowardice and fear. The habit of the mind should be towards right, regardless of all consequences. The brave man knows nothing of consequences; he does his duty and leaves consequences to take care of themselves.

During all ages it has been recognized that nothing stimulates most men to heroism and nobility so much as the example of their fellows. From all time the acts of the noble and brave have been recited to incite to emulation those who listen. All war songs have this origin, and Napoleon could think of nothing more powerful to say, when his soldiers were about to fight in the presence of the sphinx and pyramids of the Nile, than: "Forty centuries gaze down upon you."

This principle is recognized, also, in the Scriptural records, where, to stimulate converts of the Christian faith to live the new life demanded of them, the writer, after recounting the wonderful deeds of the heroes of the past, added these words: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

As all need constant inspiration to noble endeavor, and as Californians especially have many "witnesses" who proved themselves great and heroic souls in the past, it has been my aim to present in these pages a series of pictures of their heroism, hoping that my readers may thereby be encouraged to emulate them in spirit, if not in deed.

Wherever possible, the original narrators have been allowed to tell the stories in their own words. I wish to stimulate to a fuller reading and larger knowledge of original sources. California has a greater wealth of such literature than any other section of the United States, and it should be better known. Parents are urged to point out to their children, and teachers, also, to their students, the pleasure and profit that can be gained by further readings on the lines I have here suggested. In the last chapter, references may be found to books and magazines which give these fuller particulars. The time will soon come, I hope, when every school library in the State will possess the following books, which might be regarded as the California classics: Palou's "Life of Serra," — a good translation is needed and doubtless will be forthcoming ere long· Parker Winship's translation of the Castañeda narrative of the Coronado expedition; a good history of the California Franciscan missions; my own "In and Out of the Old Missions," until a better book makes its appearance; Pattie's Narrative; McGlashan's "History of the Donner Party;" the "Story of Virginia Reed Murphy;" Manly's "Death Valley in '49," and the various magazine articles on the

subject; Bonner's "Life of James Beckwourth," Hittell's "Life of James Capen Adams," the "Life of Kit Carson," with General and Mrs. Frémont's various works; a good life of Thomas Starr King; Mrs. Carr's "The Iron Way;" the "Life and Services of Judge Field;" books on the Comstock Lode and the Sutro Tunnel; "Ramona" and the "Life of Helen Hunt Jackson;" Clarence King's "Mountaineering in California;" a sketch of James Lick's Life; William Smythe's "The Conquest of Arid America," the "Life and Work of Stephen M. White;" Edwin Markham's story of how he came to write "The Man with the Hoe;" Muir's "Mountains of California;" Harwood's "Life of Burbank," and the Century Magazine's series of articles on "California Before and After the Gold Discovery."

The neglect to provide these books is a proof of imdifference to the wonderfully inspiring and thrilling stories contained therein. Students will revel in them, more than in novels, if they are led to see the spirit in which they are written. How shall they read, however, when they are not even aware of their existence.

If the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West would take hold of this matter with one-tenth of the energy displayed by their pioneer ancestors, the thing would be done in less than a year, and with this noble aim these organizations would do more good to the rising generation than any other one thing they could accomplish.

I trust it is not necessary to assure my readers that

I have no thought that I have exhausted the list of California's heroes and heroines. I have written of those whose acts have impressed me, those who have stood out as "beacon lights" in my reading. I doubt not, however, that many readers will wish that this, or that, or the other character who has loomed up as heroic to them, should have found a place in these pages. So that, were the list to be revised, possibly a hundred more names, each as worthy as those I have selected, could be added. In this is one of my great satisfactions. I confidently hope some such awakening will be the result of the publication of this book, and that the columns of our newspapers will contain many admirable stories of heroism that I have overlooked. Thus the good work will go on, and the youth of our Golden State be quickened to higher and nobler endeavor and greater achievement because of the emulation that will be stimulated by the recital of these noble deeds of the past.

Many an interesting chapter might have been written on the quiet and almost unknown heroism of pioneer physicians, preachers, priests, sisters of charity, nuns, and teachers of the early days. California's history is full of the deeds of heroic men who regarded their own lives not at all in the face of every kind of danger,—snow storms, sand storms, cloudbursts, floods, falling trees, hostile Indians, wild animals and cruel and bloodthirsty banditti. Bret Harte has given some vivid pictures of them, which, creatures of his own imagination though they be, were yet largely true to fact and convey a generally accurate idea of the spirit

of the times. Books by the dozen might be written, all worthy of careful perusal, telling of the incredible hardships endured by patient and silent nuns and sisters of charity as they engaged in their humanitarian work of educating the young, relieving the distressed, caring for the sick, and reclaiming the wayward in those early days, before comfortable homes were provided for themselves. And the pioneer priests and preachers of all churches and creeds! What an army of self-sacrificing heroes were they, whose names and histories will never be fully recorded on earth. Riding to and fro over mountains, plains and desert, their lives in constant jeopardy, preaching in the open air, in saloons, in dance-halls, *anywhere*, so long as they could get a hearing, fearlessly counselling men against the vices they loved and urging them to live the virtues they hated, the pioneer minister of the gospel performed tasks which were not for weaklings. Only men strong, physically, mentally and spiritually, were capable of doing their work, and doing it well, for scepticism and infidelity often went hand in hand with profligacy and vice, and it was no uncommon thing for men inflamed with evil passions and intoxicated with liquor to threaten the lives of those who dared rebuke their vices and incite them to purer and holier living.

The pioneer teachers, too, who endured poverty, isolation, and weary heart-longings in their zeal to educate the growing youth of the new California, — what a debt the State and country owes to them.

It will be noticed that I have no chapter on John

Charles Frémont, the distinguished explorer of California's early days. This omission is not an act of inadvertence. I felt that General Frémont's work was so fully treated in all the histories of the State, and every phase of his character so fully presented, by more learned and able writers than myself, that it would be a piece of perfunctory duty to introduce anything of mine about him in these pages. Hence I deemed it the wiser course to say nothing, except, in these introductory words, to commend to the youth of the State his passion for knowledge, his determination that it should be as accurate as possible, his foresight as organizer of a large party of explorers, his fearless plunging into unknown and untried dangers, his cool courage and clear judgment when in the midst of events and occurrences that could not fail to try men's very souls. He was a great man and a natural genius, whose life is well worth extended study.

I should have liked to write about the heroism of the brave men and women of San Francisco, and other parts of the State, who were made homeless, and many of them destitute, by the great earthquake and fire of 1906. It would have made a thrilling chapter to have recounted how they arose in their undaunted courage, and set to work to reestablish their places of business, and their residences upon the piles of ashes and wreck left by the disaster. Here was collective heroism such as the world never before saw. Scarce a whimperer, scarce a falterer, scarce a deserter, though desolation and ruin were on every hand. As serene and indifferent as though this great disaster were

but a trifling and passing episode, the work of rebuilding the city has gone on until now, four years after, comparatively little remains to be done to hide completely the work of shake and fire.

Who, then, shall say that heroism is of the past? That daring and bravery, physical and moral, belong not to the men of to-day? To the doubter, the caviller, the pessimist I point to the living examples set forth in these pages and to the new and triumphant glory of San Francisco, who now, as surely as when Bret Harte wrote the words:

> "Serene, indifferent to Fate,
> Sittest at the Western Gate;
> . . . . . .
> The Warder of two Continents!"

I would not have it thought that, in presenting these sketches, I indiscriminately praise everything connected with the lives of the persons whose heroism is commended. Unfortunately I have yet to find, even in California, the perfect human being — the man or the woman who, in all things, is great, heroic, wise, pure and good. But I do not feel justified in withholding my small meed of praise from any person who in one, or many, things has manifested heroism, because he has not in all things lived a perfect life. I have extolled the spirit of Padre Serra, and in many respects I bow down my soul in reverence before him. I have written honestly and truthfully what I feel in regard to his self-abnegation, his self discipline, his heroic pioneering; yet there are some things about this great and good man that do not appeal to me as they do to those

of his own faith. In Beckwourth's book there are statements in regard to his sale of liquor to Indians. If Beckwourth were alive to-day and were to do business in the manner there described, I would hasten to the nearest court and swear out a warrant for his arrest, and urge the officials to see that he received severe punishment. Yet his bravery is worthy of emulation; as also is that of James Capen Adams, whose hunting instincts do not seem at all commendable to me. Pattie was a brave and heroic character, yet his trapping of animals for their fur I regard as inhuman and cruel, and I believe such trapping should be suppressed by law. I also think that he showed too great a readiness to shoot Indians, and to take revenge upon all Indians for the crimes of some. I look up with great respect to the commanding genius of Judge Field, yet some of the decisions which he rendered do not meet my sense of justice; and I can see in the acts of the "Big Four," who created the Central Pacific Railway, many things that lay them open to censure and condemnation.

So, my young and older readers, do not take my praise as indiscriminate. Look for the good in men, — as I have done in the examples here presented — and extol, honor and emulate that; the things that are weak or evil ignore and avoid.

I do not claim that all the extracts I have made are literature, — that they possess that pure literary quality which sets them above the common writing of ordinary men, — but I do claim that none of them are bad, from the literary standpoint; and, what to me is

better than the mere choice and arrangement of the words is that they are all good from the standpoint of the spirit. They contain the fire, the energy, the life, the sparkle of living men. In them is no conjuring up of fictitious emotion while quietly seated in a comfortable library, surrounded by every luxury. The men and women who wrote the stories from which these extracts were taken, lived the life, and therefore are entitled to all the respect and attention which the human heart naturally confers upon the actual doer of things, as differentiated from the mere dreamer or writer about them.

If this book helps to arouse thought, excite desire for further study of the lives of the pioneers, builders and heroes of the State, and stimulate longing to be filled with their heroic spirit, so that the rising generation may bring to the problems that will confront them, and the work they must accomplish, the same energy, bravery, self-sacrifice, self-discipline, high endeavor and exalted purpose shown in the past, then, indeed, will the time, thought and energy spent in its arrangement be more than repaid, and its author fully gratified.

PASADENA, August, 1910.

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HEROES OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER I

THE DAUNTLESS HERO-EXPLORER, ALARÇON

TWO names are intimately associated with the discovery of the mouth of the Colorado River, which forms the boundary line between the southern portions of Arizona and California. These names are Ulloa and Alarçon. The stories of their respective voyages have often been told, yet the important difference in the spirit of the two explorers has not been emphasized as it should be.

Fearful of losing his hard-earned power, Cortés, the conqueror of Mexico, desired to extend his explorations and incidentally his conquests. His successes had aroused the jealousy of several eminent men, among others, Mendoza, the Viceroy of New Spain, who was doing his best to surpass Cortés in achievement. Accordingly, he equipped three vessels and sent them forth from Acapulco, Mexico, under the command of Francisco de Ulloa, with instructions to sail north, and take possession of all new lands dis-

covered, for God and the King of Spain. During this voyage Ulloa discovered the Peninsula of California and the Gulf of California, which he named the Sea of Cortés. While at the head of this gulf he found, as he says: "the sea to run with so great a rage into the land that it was a thing much to be marvelled at; and with the like fury it returned back again with the ebb, during which time we found eleven fathom of water, and the flood and ebb continued from five to six hours."

The following day, Ulloa and the ship's pilot went to the ship's top, and saw the land circling around to the west; and they speculated upon the cause of the ebb and flow of the day before. Lakes were suggested, and some one thought "that some great river there might be the cause thereof."

Instead of exploring this inlet and finding out for himself, Ulloa was content to sail away south. He thus proved himself either incompetent for the task that Cortés had given him, in that he did not realize the possible importance of following up the current; afraid lest he might wreck his vessels; or too lazy to undertake what he knew might require hard work.

It should need little or no comment to show that Ulloa was not possessed of the true spirit; that he was unworthy the high trust reposed in him.

Now let us see the spirit in which Alarçon accomplished his task. He was ordered by the Viceroy Mendoza to sail northward with two vessels, and coöperate, as far as possible, with the great land expedition of Coronado, which was being sent out to

the discovery of what we now know as Arizona and New Mexico.

In due time he reached the same place described by Ulloa, where the great tide had courted investigation. At once he decided that, as he wrote afterward, "even though I had known I should have lost the ships," he would discover the secret of the Gulf. Accordingly boats were lowered and sent ahead to find a channel, and the ships were taken up until the current was so strong and the shoals so numerous that all three vessels went aground, and were placed in great danger. But even this did not daunt Alarçon. The return of the tide freed the vessels from the sands, and they were anchored in a place of safety. Then he prepared to ascend the river in two of his small boats. Here was a true explorer. Bold yet cautious, determined yet not reckless, full of foresight yet resolute and daring! He prepared for hostile Indians and hardships of every conceivable kind, and, thus equipped, pushed forward up the river for the great distance of eighty-five leagues.

It is needless for our purpose to study his adventures further. His name and memory will always be honored by true Californians as the man who dared, and who, as the result of his daring, is entitled to the honor of being called "the discoverer of the Colorado River."

CHAPTER II

THE WATCHFUL HERO-COMMANDER, MELCHIOR DIAZ

ANOTHER member of the Viceroy's exploring party was Melchior Diaz, who had gone with Coronado into the heart of the country. After Coronado had reached his destination, he despatched Diaz across country to find Alarçon. In due time Diaz reached the Colorado River, followed it down to the Gulf, found that Alarçon had sailed, and then returned up the river to see if any messages had been left by the latter, intending finally to report to Coronado at Cibola. He had several interesting experiences, but the one which I wish were better known is as follows:

While he was on his way up the river, he wished to cross from the Arizona to the California side. He had but twenty-five men and here is the way the historian Castañeda tells the story:

"After they had gone five or six days, it seemed to them as if they could cross on rafts. For this purpose they called together a large number of the natives, who were waiting for a favorable opportunity to make an attack on our men, and when they saw that the strangers wanted to cross, they helped make the rafts with all zeal and diligence, so as to catch them in this way on the water and drown them, or else divide them so that they could not help one another. While the rafts were

ON THE COLORADO RIVER WHICH ALARÇON ASCENDED.

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MUD VOLCANOES IN THE COLORADO DESERT. DIAZ LANDED NEAR HERE.

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A CHEMEHUEVI MOTHER AND CHILD.

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A CHEMEHUEVI BASKET MAKER.

being made, a soldier, who had been out around the camp, saw a large number of armed men go across to a mountain, where they were waiting till the soldiers should cross the river. He reported this, and an Indian was quietly shut up, in order to find out the truth . . . and he told all the arrangements that had been made. These were, that when our men were crossing and part of them had got over and part were on the river and part were waiting to cross, those who were on the rafts should drown those they were taking across and the rest of their force should make an attack on both sides of the river. If they had had as much discretion and courage as they had had strength and power, the attempt would have succeeded.

"When he knew their plan, the captain had the Indian who had confessed the affair killed secretly, and that night he was thrown into the river with a weight, so that the Indians would not suspect that they were found out. The next day they noticed that our men suspected them, and so they made an attack, shooting showers of arrows, but when the horses began to catch up with them and the lances wounded them without mercy and the musketeers likewise made good shots, they had to leave the plain and take to the mountain, until not a man of them was to be seen. The force then came back and crossed all right, the Indian allies and the Spaniards going across on the rafts and the horses swimming alongside the rafts."

Diaz showed himself a watchful and a prudent captain. He knew he was in a place of danger, and this made him unusually cautious, both for himself and his

men. He was alert and thoughtful, and there is little doubt that the soldier who went around the camp and discovered the large force of Indians on the other side, was sent out as a scout by him. The brave and courageous man is not the man who is reckless and indifferent, but the man who, knowing the dangers that surround him, is alert, cautious, watchful and prudent.

CHAPTER III

THE SELF-SACRIFICING, SELF-DISCIPLINING, PIONEER MISSIONARY-HERO, JUNIPERO SERRA

IN these days of material progress, and with our whole nation regarding the acquisition of riches as the clearest proof of success, it seems to me that it is well for our youth to look closely into the lives of those men who constructed the foundations upon which our State is built.

Serra was a very simple-hearted man, yet in three special realms he claims the reverent attention of the youth of the State of which he was the first and greatest of a large army of pioneers.

Without entering into tedious details, it is well to recall that Serra was born in 1713, at Petra, in the Island of Majorca — one of the islands of the Mediterranean, under the control of the King of Spain. When he was seventeen he became a novitiate of the Franciscan Order, and when he took the final vows he assumed the name of Junipero, after the friend and companion of St. Francis of Assisi, who was the founder of the Order of Franciscans.

In due time, he became a professor in one of the colleges and a Doctor of Divinity. He then began to preach, and the simple-minded fervor of so learned a man, combined with his clear-headed way of looking

at things, soon brought him great fame as a pulpit orator. He had the wonderful faculty of satisfying the educated and refined as well as the illiterate and vulgar. He reached rich and poor alike. As a teacher he was equally successful. The pathway to fame and honor was clearly open to him. All he had to do was to continue as he had begun, and there was little he might not have attained. The Church of Rome has never been niggardly in its gifts to its able sons, and here was one who was worthy of her greatest gifts and highest honors. Yet he wilfully and cheerfully turned away from this glowing and alluring pathway, and begged to be sent away over a new, dark, and unknown road — the road to the missionary field among savages, where trials, dangers, difficulties, and possibly death awaited him.

Serra dared to do the thing that appealed to the very highest in his nature. He dared to fling himself in absolute and perfect trust upon God. He had but one aim, — to serve God in blessing the savages to whom he asked to be sent. He dared to be free!

The theology of Dante was a terrible reality to Serra. Only to such an absorption of belief was his work possible. Hell, the awful, material hell Dante so vividly and powerfully portrays, burning with flames of inconceivable torture forever and forever, with all its dire circles of horror for those who were unbelievers in the Christ he worshipped, yawned, as he thought, before the feet of these untamed and rude natives. If they should be trained into a knowledge of the Church and its saving ordinances by an apostolic

guide, they could attain a new hereafter. Purgatory was open, and from thence, duly purged from their sin and ignorance, they might climb into the blessed regions of Paradise. Felicity untold, then, to that man who would brave their savagery, dare their treachery, love them even in their unlovableness, and thus lead them into the fold of the Church.

Who should do it? Should he, Serra, with his soul athirst for great deeds for God, stand by, in order to listen to the applause of the civilized world as his words of burning eloquence pleased their cultured ears, and let some half-hearted, half-in-earnest priest go out to these degraded and needy savages? No! The greater their need and danger, the greater the necessity for speed, power, and earnestness in the one who should go to them. So, begging permission to leave the world and its vain applause, society and its caresses, civilization and its luxurious comforts, casting all these things behind him, he gladly, joyfully set forth to do his chosen work as missionary.

Such was his burning zeal that four of his close college companions were dominated by the same desire, and in due time these five — Serra, Palou, Crespí, Verges, and Vincens — found themselves at Cadiz ready to ship for Vera Cruz, *en route* to the City of Mexico, where the College of San Fernando, the head house of the Franciscan Order in the new world, was located.

On the voyage, Serra's boundless devotion and enthusiasm would not let him rest. He recited the mass daily, and then incited the sailors and others

to come and confess to him, and during long hours into the night he was engaged in this pious duty.

Water was very scarce. Instead of complaining and making matters worse, he took the deprivation as a means of training, and naïvely remarked, when asked if he did not suffer from thirst:

"Not specially, since I have found out the secret of not feeling thirsty, which is to eat little and talk less, so as not to waste the saliva."

On their arrival at Vera Cruz, the officials had provided saddle animals to carry the whole band of missionaries over the three hundred mile stretch between that city and the City of Mexico. Few people would have seen in this anything but the most reasonable provision for their safe transportation. But Serra, with an eye absolutely single to the work he wished to do, and to which he had sacredly devoted his life, found in it an opportunity for self-discipline. He talked with his companion, Palou, persuaded him into agreement, and then begged his superiors to allow them to walk! When asked for his reasons, he explained that he was sent to labor among the most degraded and hostile of savage tribes, where hardship and severe labor would be his daily experience. He desired that every act of his life should be an act of conscious self-discipline, preparation, training for everything that might be before him.

Permission was given, and he and his colleague, without provisions or guide, started forth on that long tramp, determined to rely solely on Providence and the goodness of the people whom they should meet.

Of his life in Mexico prior to the time he was sent forth as the *padre presidente* of the California missions there is not room here to speak. Suffice it to say that he did his highest duty with earnest enthusiasm and fervent zeal. In a later work I hope fully to present the whole life and labors of Serra.

When the Jesuits were expelled from the missions of Lower California in 1767 Serra was put in charge of the Franciscans who were sent in their places. Then the onward and upward move to the colonization and missionization of Upper California was decided upon and Serra was required to take charge of this work. Hence he became the first of the army of California pioneers to whom the Golden State never tires of doing honor.

It is hard for us of to-day to realize what it meant for Serra to come to California. He left congenial work, devoted associates, loving friends, honor, applause, fame and advancement in the eyes of men, to bury himself in the unexplored wilds of a new country.

In his own land he had been one of the most popular and appreciated preachers, honored and beloved. Here, the best that can be said is that he received the half adoring reverence of a part of the ignorant, though rudely affectionate aborigines to whom he came to minister, while the remainder bore him open hostility and bitter hatred. Even those who gave him their allegiance did not have the faintest comprehension of what he was endeavoring to do for them, and he had to humor their whims and caprices, their prejudices and

superstitions, as a mother humors her petulant and self-willed child.

Here was a pioneer, indeed, in that he had no home to come to. His home had to be in his own soul. In one sense, he had not where to lay his head, for there were no homes — in the way in which we use the word — in the land to which he came. There were only the rude, open, wicker-work or tule shacks of the aborigines, full of filth and vermin, and foul with the accumulated odors of the uncleanness of many seasons. The hard but hospitable bosom of Mother Earth became his pallet; like Jacob, he used a stone for a pillow; the open air was his coverlet, and the ineffable blue of the sky, pictured with moon, planets, stars and Milky Way, his ceiling; the howling of coyotes, the wild shriek of the panther, the growl of the grizzly, the hoot of the owl, the soft cooing of the mourning dove, and all the queer, soothing, startling, conflicting night sounds of trees, shrubs, insects, birds and beasts became the varied orchestra that sang him to sleep, or quickened his waking hours.

He was a pioneer, indeed, in that he came to no settled community where materials for the erection of homes and churches were to be purchased. Everything was in the raw state. He had to hew the trees, saw the lumber, make the bricks, follow every shift and device that necessity became the mother of, ere he could begin to build, and then, — who was to build for him. He became his own architect, contractor and master-mason, and the human material he had to work with and train to do his bidding was even worse

than the raw physical material of which the structures were to be erected. Untrained, uncouth, undisciplined savages, who, for centuries, had followed their own will, were practically all upon whom he could call. They were unused to control, impatient of restraint, incompetent to use their hands and eyes in strange labor, unable to see the necessity for care in doing what they were told to do, shiftless, unreliable and crafty in escaping from work they disliked. It is not easy for the ordinary man to imagine the sublime and exalted faith, the fearless and urgeful courage, the tireless and undaunted energy that could undertake the building of such majestic missions under these disadvantageous conditions. And it must be remembered that Serra and his coadjutors did not come to a people who were in sympathy with his beliefs, his faith, his Church. With even a small band of believing adherents to rely upon, the fight would not have been so hard, but he had to instruct, convert, win his people while they were working for him, or even before they would begin to work, and in either case this added a gigantic obstacle to anything like rapid progress.

To make even nominal Christians of these conservative and superstitious Indians was in itself a great achievement, but to do it, and at the same time lead them to perform steady labor and become reliable workmen in the face of their dislike to confining work and teach them obedience and submission to restraint, was a task requiring genius and tact of a very high order. Such genius and tact Serra must have possessed, for he achieved the results, and not, as many believe, by

sheer force of arms and the exercise of military control. It is true that he had a small band of soldiers as escort and guard, but what was such a handful compared with the thousands of brave, fearless and warlike aborigines, had they been driven by cruel treatment to open hostility and defiance of an authority they had not yet learned to fear?

Brave is that pioneer who goes into a new land where there are no corn-fields, no orchards, no gardens; where one must carry with him the seeds to plant for food, and wait until after the clearing, the plowing, the sowing, for the coming of the harvest.

This bravery was Serra's, for he and his co-workers took so little food with them that in their first year at San Diego the missionaries would have starved, had it not been for the hospitality and generosity of the Indians, who gave freely of their rude provisions to the strangers who had come to live among them.

Herds of cattle, sheep and horses there were none; stores of supplies and manufactories were unknown. There were no roads, no means of conveyance. Nothing was provided. Every article needed had to be brought up that long, weary desert and mountainous peninsula, or by sea, or over the Arizona and Colorado Deserts, or else it must be created on the spot. These, then, were the conditions under which Serra began and carried on his labors. For years he journeyed, on foot, up and down the coast from San Diego to San Francisco, for the rules of his Order required him to walk when possible. Several times he traveled, either by

sea or land, back and forth to confer with the State and Church officials in Mexico.

In view of these facts, the work of Serra becomes nothing less than marvelous. He lived to see ten missions established, — San Diego, San Carlos, San Antonio de Padua, San Gabriel, San Luis Obispo, San Francisco de Asis, San Juan Capistrano, Santa Clara, San Buenaventura and Santa Barbara, as well as the presidios of San Diego, Monterey, San Francisco and Santa Barbara. He died and was buried in the mission of San Carlos Carmelo, where his ashes still rest.

CHAPTER IV

THE INDEFATIGABLE HERO, CAPTAIN DE ANZA

WHEN President McKinley wished to send a message to General Garcia of the Cuban forces, the question arose as to who could be found to undertake the task. No one knew exactly where Garcia was; he was surrounded by Spaniards who sought his life, and by Cubans who were jealously guarding it. It was necessary that the message be sent secretly, for the United States did not wish to inform Spain beforehand that she had decided to take up the cause of Cuba.

A man, however, was found in Lieutenant Rowan, who asked no questions, raised no objections, but, with a glint in his eye and determination in his voice, when asked if he thought he could reach Garcia, replied, "I think so! I'll try!" The world knows of his success.

Juan Bautista de Anza was a man of the Rowan type, and every true Californian should know all about his two historic trips from Northern Mexico to San Francisco.

When the early Franciscan missions and the first presidios (San Diego and Monterey) were established in California, the Spanish officials decided that it would be an advantage to have a means of direct communica-

tion overland from Northern Mexico to Alta or Upper California. Hitherto all travel to California had been either by sea, or across the Gulf and then up the peninsula, — a long, wearisome journey, even after the Gulf had been crossed. It was also decided to establish missions about midway between Sonora and San Gabriel, on the Colorado River, thus affording travelers a place where they could rest and recuperate.

The responsibility of finding this road was placed upon Captain de Anza, a brave and honorable soldier, whose father was also an officer of repute. At this time he was the commander of the presidio of Tubac, in Sonora, a little settlement now on the United States side of the Mexican border, and some fifty miles south of Tucson.

The route to be traversed was over the inhospitable desert region to the Gila River, down its course to its junction with the Colorado River, and thence over another and unknown desert to the Mission San Gabriel.

It is interesting to recall the fact that a quantity of "red tape" had to be gone through in those days before Captain de Anza could start upon his journey. Padre Serra first petitioned the Viceroy of Mexico and the King of Spain; the petition was favorably endorsed by the former, and then duly considered by the king and his Council at Madrid, granted, and a license issued, allowing and authorizing the expedition. This was probably in September of the year 1773.

With two priests, a dozen men and twenty soldiers, De Anza was prepared to start, when he received a foretaste of what he might expect on his trip. The Apache

Indians made a raid on his camp, killed some of his men and stole a number of his horses.

Now a brave man does not allow danger to deter him from his purposes, but it makes him cautious and careful. De Anza knew that he was liable to attack all the way along from these murderous Apaches, who hated the sight of the white men. His route lay over a hot and sandy desert, that wearies the people of to-day when they speed over it in an elegant Pullman car, sheltered from all danger, and provided with every luxury. The piercing rays of the sun, scant and vile water, little or no forage for horses, no food for human beings, wild animals and poisonous reptiles, mile after mile of cruel cactus, acres of blinding alkali, whirlwinds of hot sand, fearful heat at noonday and, at times, fearful cold at midnight, — these were some of the obstacles and terrors he knew he would have to meet and overcome.

Yet, without waiting for reinforcements, his handful of soldiers made nervous and fearful by the sudden death of their close companions, he struck out over the pathless desert, laughing at fierce heat, mocking mirage, blinding alkali, choking sand-laden air, in the strong conviction that the spirit of a man overcomes everything that can come against him, even to the Gates of Death, if he keeps his soul clean and his hands pure. Accompanying the party were sixty-five cattle and one hundred and forty horses for the use of the officials and missions in California.

Before they reached the Colorado River, they were met by a Papago Indian, who warned them that some

of the Yumas were decidedly unfriendly and had threatened to " loot the whole outfit." But when the Yumas were finally reached, Palma, their chief, who was well known to one of the padres of the party, welcomed them and gave every assurance of hospitality and trustworthiness.

From now on the journey became more arduous than before. The scarcity of pasture and water for the animals rendered it impossible to take them along, so they were left in charge of a few men and the Indian, Palma, while the rest faced the perils of the Colorado Desert. It took them twenty days to reach the newly-founded Mission of San Gabriel, with their clothing in tatters, and out of supplies of every kind. Here the party became somewhat divided, one of the padres with some of the men going to San Diego, the other and more men back to the Yumas, while De Anza, with but six men, hurried on to Monterey and almost immediately returned to San Gabriel. In eight days more he was with the padre at the Colorado River, and fifteen days later he was back at his starting-point, his own presidio of Tubac.

The whole of this several-hundred-mile journey, it must be remembered, was made on horseback, and everything the party needed had to be taken along on pack-animals.

When I hear people speaking of being " exhausted " by a five hundred, or a thousand, mile ride on the cars, where every comfort is provided and all hardships are eliminated; when I see the young men of to-day riding a few blocks on the street car to avoid the exer-

tion of walking, and see them taking "bracers" to overcome the effects of some slight labor that should be a pleasure to a healthful person, I wish that we might have a few Captain de Anzas to set a fresh example of tireless energy, total disregard of hardships, and ready accomplishment of the severest duties.

But De Anza's first trip was merely to ascertain if a route could be found. He had proven that it was feasible, and was therefore empowered to gather colonists and recruit soldiers for a settlement and presidio to be established on the newly discovered bay of San Francisco. His party started out just one year before the signing of the Declaration of Independence, — in the year 1775. Doubtless on account of the success of his first trip, De Anza had been promoted from captain to lieutenant-colonel. Three priests started with the expedition, two of whom left diaries, from which most of our details of the trip are gleaned. The party was composed of four officers besides the lieutenant-colonel, three priests, eighteen veteran soldiers, twenty recruits, twenty-nine wives of soldiers, and one hundred and thirty-six persons of both sexes — the colonists. Then there were twenty muleteers for the three pack-trains, seven servants and three Indians, making a grand total of two hundred and forty persons. There were six hundred and ninety five mules and horses, and three hundred and fifty-five cattle.

Imagine this expedition starting out and journeying day by day. Dr. Coues, the translator of Padre Garcés' diary, tells of the daily order:

"At the proper hour in the morning the order was

given to round up the horses and mules, the soldiers and servants going for the horses and the packers for the mules. While these people were packing and saddling, Padre Font used to say mass, as there was plenty of time. As soon as the three pack-trains were ready to start, the commanding officer gave the order to mount — *Vayon subiendo!* and they all mounted, forming a column in this wise: Four soldiers went ahead as scouts. De Anza led off with the vanguard. Font came next, and after him came men, women, and children, escorted by soldiers; then the lieutenant brought up the rear-guard. Behind these followed the three pack-trains, with the loose horses, and last of all the beef-herd. As soon as they started, Font would strike up a hymn, the *Alabado*, to which all the people responded. The column, as may be easily seen, was a very long one, even when well closed up. On making camp, when they had dismounted, the lieutenant came to report to the commanding officer whether they were all up, or any had been left behind, and receive his orders. At night the people recited their beads, each family by itself, and finished by singing the *Alabado* or *Salve*, or something of that sort, every one for himself, and Font remarks that the variety had a very pleasing effect. There were so many people that when they encamped it looked like a regular settlement, with the shelters that the soldiers made with their cloaks and blankets on boughs, and with the thirteen tents of the company — nine for the soldiers and the others for the officers and commandante."

It was a wonderful trip over the desert, and it required no little courage, leadership and knowledge to get such a party over the sandy wastes. It was midwinter, and the cold was intense, for, in marked contrast to De Anza's former trip, they were met day after day with storms of hail, snow and rain. And when it is cold on the desert, it seems colder than anywhere else. The thinned blood feels it more, and the absence of moisture makes the heat radiation so rapid that it is not surprising to read in De Anza's diary that the people suffered cruelly. There was much sickness but no fatalities. About a hundred head of stock were lost, as water was so scarce that the fevered animals could not be restrained from breaking away in search of it. The party often had to be divided, so that all should not reach the water-holes, with their poor and scant supply, at the same time. Wells were dug in many places. The scarcity of feed for the animals was another source of great discomfort.

On reaching San Gabriel, they were delayed for a time by news of the uprising at San Diego, when the Indians murdered Padre Jayme, and De Anza himself went down to the scene of the trouble. It was not until February of 1776 that they started for the north. This was a weary journey, for the winter rains made the roads almost impassable, and even the women and children had to walk. Yet on the tenth of March they all arrived safely and happily at Monterey, where Serra himself was in waiting to congratulate and welcome them.

Worry or overwork or something had upset De Anza,

STATUE OF FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA, GOLDEN GATE PARK, SAN FRANCISCO.

JUNIPERO SERRA.
From the painting in the Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal., after the original painting in the City of Mexico.

and for a few days he was confined to his bed in Monterey; then, contrary to the advice of his physicians, he rode to San Francisco — for upon his decision largely depended the choice of the site where the San Francisco mission was to be established — explored the region pretty thoroughly, and finally chose the place where the old Dolores Mission now stands. It was not until September 17, however, that the presidio was established, and the mission on October 9. But, his work done, De Anza delayed not an hour. He returned south, reported to Governor Rivera, and on the second of May started back for Sonora, where he safely arrived on the eighteenth day of June.

CHAPTER V

THE FAITHFUL HERO, PADRE SARRÍA

THE romance of the Missions has never been written. Possibly, as the years go by, the writers of fiction will see more and more the possibilities afforded by the lives of the old padres, the play of wit between the intellectual and educated Spaniards and the keen, shrewd, uneducated Indians, the solitude and isolation of the padres' lives, the temptations of the flesh, all the passion and emotion, the joy and sorrow that compass the lives of human beings whether rude and illiterate or refined and sensitive, out of which to weave their stories of "fiction more true than life." Helen Hunt Jackson in *Ramona*, preceded by Bret Harte in several of his short stories, Mary Austin in *Isidro*, Marah Ellis Ryan in *The Soul of Rafael*, Constance Goddard Du Bois in *A Soul in Bronze*, and Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes in her *Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons* have all done good work in this line, but the days to come will see much more written on the same subject. When a library of books shall have been accumulated, each one dealing with this epoch of California life, there will be not one containing more real pathos, real power than the simple truth told about Padre Francisco Vicente de Sarría, who died of starvation at the Mission Soledad in 1835.

Sarría came to California in June, 1809, and in 1812 he was elected *Comisario prefecto* of the missions. By this office he was made superior to the president of the Missions in all temporal affairs, and was the delegate of the Franciscan Commissary General of the Mother House in the City of Mexico. He entered into this work with quiet dignity and a solemn recognition of the responsibilities of the office. In 1813 he addressed a letter to all the missionaries of the State, which in every way is a model. In spirit it breathes true devotion and anxiety for the care of the souls of both Indians and Spaniards; in composition it is clear, forceful and well expressed, and in handwriting it is regular and beautiful. A copy in his own hand is to be found in the archives at San Carlos Mission, Monterey. In this letter he enjoined a strict compliance with the rules of St. Francis (the founder of the Order), and especially urged the padres to acquire the Indian language so as to be able to teach the catechism and give other religious instruction in the native tongue. He bade them not to forget their duties to the Spaniards, and alluded to the management of the temporal affairs as a duty which must not divert their attention from their more important spiritual obligations.

Sarría lived during that very trying period in Mexican history when Mexico threw off the yoke of Spain and became, in 1821, an independent empire under Iturbide. The new empire, however, did not last long, for in March, 1823, Iturbide was compelled to abdicate and flee the country, and on his surreptitious return in

1824 was captured, tried, sentenced and shot. The country now became a republic, and California was made a province of the new federation. While the change of government practically affected California very little, all the officers and the missionaries were required to take oath that they would be loyal to the new powers. Padre Sarría was a Spaniard, full of love for his native country, conservative to a high degree, and, while a missionary in a foreign land which he sincerely accepted as his home so long as his superiors required him to do so, still regarded Spain as " home," and himself as one of its loyal sons. Hence it was impossible for him to swear allegiance to any foreign power, and especially when that power had come into existence through revolt to the Spain of his love and devotion. Again and again, year after year, he was called upon to " swear," and each time, calmly yet positively, he gave the same reply. He was so beloved by the Spanish people and soldiers as well as by the Indians, that the governors, one after another, felt it would be dangerous to punish him in any way, or to do as they were authorized to do, — namely, banish him or send him as a prisoner to Mexico. So, salving their official consciences by reporting the case with its difficulties to the Federal officials in Mexico, they did nothing. Thus Sola, Arguello and Echeandía in turn were required to place him under arrest, and send him to Mexico, yet each evaded the orders; and while, ostensibly, he was under arrest for several years, and liable to be exiled at any moment — for the order was thrice renewed — he lived on with his beloved Indians,

calmly and quietly discharging his duties, and paying no attention to the excitement of politics which seemed of so great importance to others.

Gleeson, the historian, thus tells the story of Padre Sarría's last days:

"Soledad, of which Padre Sarría was pastor, was once a flourishing Christian settlement, possessing its hundreds of converts and thousands of cattle. Want had never been known there from the time of its foundation up to the moment of confiscation. Immediately upon the change, however, so great was the plunder and devastation of everything belonging to the Mission that the Father who remained at his post with a few of the Indians was unable to obtain the ordinary necessaries of life. Yet, reduced as he was to the greatest extremity, he would not abandon the remnant of his flock. For thirty years he had labored among them, and now, if necessary, he was ready to die in their behalf. Broken down by years and exhausted by hunger, one Sunday morning in August, the holy old man assembled in his little church the few converts that remained to him. It was the last time that he was to appear before these natives. Hardly had he commenced the holy sacrifice of the mass when his strength completely failed him; he fell before the altar and expired in the arms of his people, for whom he had so zealously and earnestly labored. Noble and worthy death for a Spanish missionary priest!"

CHAPTER VI

THE UNTERRIFIED HERO-TRAPPER, JAMES O. PATTIE

THERE are some men who are born adventurers and explorers. The quiet, calm, uneventful life of ordinary dwellers in towns and villages is distasteful to them. They are men of the open, of activity, of resolution, of intrepidity, of courage, — men to whom adventure is as the breath of their nostrils. To keep such men in the monotony of civilized existence is impossible. They are destined to be wanderers, and, in the past, had their faculties been trained and they themselves encouraged to make due reports of their wanderings, the world at large might have received much benefit from the knowledge they could have communicated. Fortunately, here and there, a man with a literary turn of mind did write and publish the account of his travels; in other cases, literary men transcribed and published them. One of the most interesting of such accounts ever published in the United States, dealing (amongst other regions) with California, is that of James O. Pattie, a trapper of Kentucky, who for six years journeyed from St. Louis across the plains into New Mexico and Upper and Lower California. He and his companions came down the Colorado River almost to the Gulf, then crossed the peninsula to two of the Jesuit Missions of Lower Cali-

fornia, reached the Pacific, were taken as prisoners to San Diego, and there kept in prison for several months. Here his father died and was buried. Pattie was released on his undertaking to vaccinate the Spaniards and Indians of California, — which he did, claiming to have inoculated in all twenty-three thousand five hundred persons. He finally returned to the United States by way of Mexico.

To give a mere résumé of Pattie's adventures would be impossible, but to show the spirit of the man, and to incite in the youth of California a desire to familiarize themselves with these interesting records, I propose to make a few extracts which serve as samples of the three hundred pages of which his Narrative is composed. To this man adventure was an every-day experience; what to most men would be hardships unendurable was his daily life. Almost indifferent to danger, yet watchful and cautious; full of energy and restlessness; wearied in a few days or weeks with the ordinary life of a settlement; of a buoyant disposition that speedily rebounded from disappointment, and that could never long be despondent no matter how serious the evils that had befallen him, his narrative bears the stamp of truth. Contemporary history in the main confirms his story, so that it may be accepted as truthful and genuine.

Dr. R. G. Thwaites, in his Introduction to a recent edition of Pattie's *Narrative*, says:

" For three generations the Patties had been frontiersmen. Restlessly they moved onward as the border advanced, always hovering upon the outskirts of civ-

ilization, seeking to better their condition by taking up fresh lands in untilled places, and remorsely fighting the aborigines who disputed their invasion. They longed unceasingly for new adventures in the mysterious West, that allured them with its strange fascination. Brave, honest, God-fearing, vigorous in mind and body, dependent on their own resources for food, and for defence chiefly dependent on the familiar rifle, the Patties belonged to that class of Americans who conquered the wilderness, and yearly pushed the frontier westward."

Pattie and his father joined a noted trapper, Bernard Pratte, of St. Louis, in an expedition composed of one hundred and sixteen persons. The father was made military commander of the caravan, which journeyed across the plains and mountains into New Mexico.

" Pattie was surprised at the primitive life and customs of the inhabitants of New Mexico, of which in a few unadorned sentences he gives us a vivid picture. Passing on to Santa Fé, the ancient capital, our adventurers were just in time to join a primitive expedition against a hostile band of Indians, wherein the junior Pattie had the good fortune to rescue from the hands of the savages a charming young Spanish maiden, daughter of a former governor of the province. The gratitude of the fair captive and of her father was profoundly expressed, and their friendship proved of lasting value to the gallant narrator."

Trapping on the Gila River, fighting Indians, adventures with bears, a visit to the copper mines at Santa Rita, and the return to Santa Fé occupied five

months. The party then returned to the Gila to secure the furs they had buried there, only to find their *cache* rifled by the Indians. Again, at Santa Rita, when fighting Apaches, they made a treaty with them, and Pattie's father leased the noted mines which he successfully worked for some time. But the son was seized with " an irresistible desire to resume the employment of trapping," and wandered off again, with a few companions. For eight months he rambled down the Gila and Colorado Rivers, up to the Grand Canyon region, thence over the mountains to the Yellowstone, returning to Santa Fé and Santa Rita. After three days' rest, he took another trip into Mexico, and the following spring, his father having been compelled to give up his mine, owing to the treachery and embezzlement of a trusted employé, another expedition was started, which led him down the Gila and Colorado and into California, as I have before related.

To the Californian, the most interesting portion of the narrative is that which deals with his reception in California, and his report of the conditions he found and events that transpired. " According to his account, he and his companions were at first treated with severity, being imprisoned at San Diego for lack of passports, and there detained for many months. The elder Pattie died in his cell, without being permitted to see the son for whose presence he had piteously pleaded in his latest hours. Young Pattie's hatred for the Mexican governor (Echeandía) was not unnatural; but the consequent bitterness of expression quite distorts his narrative." The people in general treated him with

kindness, which he gratefully acknowledges, but the suspicion of the governor, the action of the padres at the mission, and the final refusal to pay him for his work done in vaccinating so many people unless he would settle in the country and become a Catholic, aroused his resentment to the highest degree. Upon leaving California, he thus reflects:

"Those who traverse it (the California coast) . . . must be constantly excited to wonder and praise. It is no less remarkable for uniting the advantages of healthfulness, a good soil, a temperate climate, and yet one of exceeding mildness, a happy mixture of level and elevated ground, and vicinity to the sea."

Even in those days, we see, men could not help being "boosters" for California. From the plethora of interesting matter Pattie gives, it is hard to select extracts. Every page is interesting. Here is a naïve story of a bear-shooting near the Gila River: "We passed a cave at the foot of the cliffs. At its mouth I remarked, that the bushes were beaten down, as though some animal had been browsing upon them. I was aware that a bear had entered the cave. We collected some pine knots, split them with our tomahawks, and kindled torches with which I proposed to my companion that we should enter the cave together and shoot the bear. He gave me a decided refusal, notwithstanding I reminded him, that I had, more than once, stood by him in a similar adventure; and notwithstanding I made him sensible that a bear in a den is by no means so formidable as when ranging freely in the woods. Finding it impossible to prevail

on him to accompany me, I lashed my torch to a stick, and placed it parallel with the gun barrel, so as that I could see the sights on it, and entered the cave. I advanced cautiously onward about twenty yards, seeing nothing. On a sudden the bear reared himself erect within seven feet of me, and began to growl, and gnash his teeth. I levelled my gun and shot him between the eyes, and began to retreat. Whatever light it may throw upon my courage, I admit, that I was in such a hurry, as to stumble, and extinguish my light. The growling and struggling of the bear did not at all contribute to allay my apprehensions. On the contrary, I was in such haste to get out of the dark place, thinking the bear just at my heels, that I fell several times on the rocks, by which I cut my limbs, and lost my gun. When I reached the light, my companion declared, and I can believe it, that I was as pale as a corpse. It was some time before I could summon sufficient courage to re-enter the cavern for my gun. But having re-kindled my light, and borrowed my companion's gun, I entered the cavern again, advanced and listened. All was silent, and I advanced still further, and found my gun, near where I had shot the bear. Here again I paused and listened. I then advanced onward a few strides, where to my great joy I found the animal dead. I returned, and brought my companion in with me. We attempted to drag the carcass from the den, but so great was the size, that we found ourselves wholly unable. We went out, found our horses, and returned to camp for assistance. My father severely reprimanded me for venturing to attack such a dangerous animal in

its den, when the failure to kill it outright by the first shot, would have been sure to be followed by my death.

" Four of us were dispatched to the den. We were soon enabled to drag the bear to the light, and by the aid of our beast to take it to camp. It was both the largest and the whitest bear I ever saw. The best proof, I can give, of the size and fatness is, that we extracted ten gallons of oil from it. The meat we dried, and put the oil in a trough, which we secured in a deep crevice of a cliff, beyond the reach of animals of prey. We were sensible that it would prove a treasure to us on our return."

Here is the recital of an experience with the Mohaves, who live on the banks of the Colorado:

" We raised a fortification round our camp every night, until we considered ourselves out of their reach. This evening we erected no breast-work, placed no other guard than one person to watch our horses, and threw ourselves in careless security round our fires. We had taken very little rest for four nights, and being exceedingly drowsy, we had scarcely laid ourselves down, before we were sound asleep. The Indians had still followed us, too far off to be seen by day, but had probably surveyed our camp at night. At about eleven o'clock this night, they poured upon us a shower of arrows, by which they killed two men, and wounded two more; and what was most provoking, fled so rapidly that we could not even give them a round. One of the slain was in bed with me. My own hunting shirt had two arrows in it, and my blanket was pinned fast to the ground with arrows. There were sixteen

arrows discharged into my bed. We extinguished our fires, and it may easily be imagined, we slept no more that night.

"In the morning, eighteen of us started in pursuit of them, leaving the rest of the company to keep camp and bury our dead. We soon came upon their trail, and reached them late in the evening. They were encamped, and making their supper from the body of a horse. They got sight of us before we were within shooting distance, and fled. We put spurs to our horses, and overtook them just as they were entering a thicket. Having every advantage, we killed a greater part of them, it being a division of the band that had attacked us. . . . We then returned to our company, who had each received sufficient warning not to encamp in the territories of hostile Indians without raising a breast-work round the camp."

That Pattie's perilous life was not a singular one is evidenced by a reference he makes to the fate of the one hundred and sixteen companions, with whom he originally started from Santa Fé. He met with some of them once in New Mexico, and inquired what had become of the others:

"Some had died by lingering diseases, and others by the fatal ball or arrow, so that out of one hundred and sixteen men, who came from the United States in 1824, there were not more than sixteen alive. Most of the fallen were as true men, and as brave as ever poised a rifle, and yet in these remote and foreign deserts found not even the benefit of a grave, but left their bodies to be torn by the wild beasts, or mangled

by the Indians. When I heard the sad roll of the dead called over, and thought how often I had been in equal danger, I felt grateful to my Almighty Benefactor, that I was alive and in health. A strong perception of the danger of such courses as mine, as shown by the death of these men, came over my mind, and I made a kind of resolution, that I would return to my home, and never venture into the woods again."

The continuation of his narrative is proof that he did not keep to his resolution. Here is an experience he had with some Yumas who led him to tramp over the desert to the peninsula missions.

"At our encampment upwards of two hundred of them swam over the river and visited us, all apparently friendly. We allowed but a few to approach our camp at a time, and they were obliged to lay aside their arms. In the midst of these multitudes of fierce, naked, swarthy savages, eight of us seemed no more than a little patch of snow on the side of one of their black mountains. We were perfectly aware how critical was our position, and determined to intermit no prudence or caution.

"To interpose as great a distance as possible between them and us, we marched that evening sixteen miles, and encamped on the banks of the river. The place of encampment was a prairie, and we drove stakes fast in the earth, to which we tied our horses in the midst of green grass, as high as a man's head, and within ten feet of our own fire. Unhappily we had arrived too late to make a pen for our horses, or a breast-work for ourselves. The sky was gloomy.

INDIANS ON THE COLORADO DESERT. DESCENDANTS OF ONE OF THE TRIBES MET BY MELCHIOR DIAZ.

George Wharton James, Photo.

THE COLORADO RIVER NEAR WHERE DIAZ HAD HIS FIGHT WITH THE INDIANS.

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George Wharton James, Photo.

A GROUP OF CALIFORNIA INDIANS, DESCENDANTS OF THOSE MISSIONIZED BY PADRE SERRA AND HIS CO-WORKERS.

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Night and storm were settling upon us, and it was too late to complete these important arrangements. In a short time the storm poured upon us, and the night became so dark that we could not see our hand before us. Apprehensive of an attempt to steal our horses, we posted two sentinels, and the remaining six lay down under our wet blankets, and the pelting of the sky, to such sleep as we might get, still preserving a little fire. We were scarcely asleep before we were aroused by the snorting of our horses and mules. We all sprang to our arms, and extinguished our little fire. We could not see a foot before us, and we groped about our camp, feeling our way among the horses and mules. We could discover nothing; so concluding they might have been frightened by the approach of a bear or some other wild animal, some of us commenced re-kindling our fires, and the rest went to sleep. But the Indians had crawled among our horses, and had cut or untied the rope by which each one was bound. The horses were then all loose. Then they instantly raised in concert their fiendish yell. As though heaven and earth were in concert against us, the rain began to pour again, accompanied with howling gusts of wind, and the fiercest gleams of lightning, and crashes of thunder. Terrified alike by the thunder and the Indians, our horses all took to flight, and the Indians, repeating yell upon yell, were close at their heels. We sallied out after them, and fired at the noises, though we could see nothing. We pursued with the utmost of our speed to no purpose, for they soon reached the open prairie, where we concluded they were joined

by other Indians on horseback, who pushed our horses still faster; and soon the clattering of their heels and the yells of their accursed pursuers began to fade, and become indistinct in our ears.

"Our feelings and reflections as we returned to camp were of the gloomiest kind. We were one thousand miles from the point whence we started, and without a single beast to bear either our property or ourselves. The rain had past. We built us a large fire. As we stood round it we discussed our deplorable condition, and our future alternatives. Something was to be done.

. . . . . .

"Driven from the resource of our horses, we happily turned our thoughts to another. We had all the requisite tools to build canoes, and directly around us was suitable timber of which to make them. It was a pleasant scheme to soothe our dejection, and prevent our lying down to the sleep of despair. But this alternative determined upon, there remained another apprehension sufficient to prevent our enjoying quiet repose. Our fears were, that the unsheltered Indians, horse-stealers and all, would creep upon us in the night, and massacre us all. But the night passed without any disturbance from them."

From this point they finally succeeded in starting with two canoes, and floated down the Colorado River. When they neared the Gulf, the bore or tide nearly swamped them, and as they were unable to return up the river, they buried their traps and skins, and then started on that frightful journey across the desert

to the nearest of the Lower California Missions. It came near to finishing them, — crossing the desert, — and they were ill prepared for their reception at the Spanish settlement. As before related, they were taken to San Diego and placed in confinement.

It is to be hoped that these few extracts are sufficient to indicate to the youth of California that the whole story of this adventurer's experience is of an unusual character and well worth careful perusal.

CHAPTER VII

THE HERO OF THE SIERRAS, JEDEDIAH SMITH

IT might be natural to infer that all the pioneers of a given epoch in the history of California would have somewhat similar experiences in reaching the land of their desire, but doubtless even the brief reference to their personal adventures given in these chapters will dispel such an inference. Their experiences were as widely different as their individual characteristics and leading motives.

Jedediah Smith was one of the band of trappers engaged by General W. H. Ashley at St. Louis, who, in 1824, or thereabouts, established a trading and trapping post near the Great Salt Lake. Two years later he started out with fifteen companions to explore the country, more for the benefit of future operations than to trap, though he necessarily took the implements of his trade with him. There is no way of knowing exactly the route he took except that it was a general southwesterly course, for in due time he reached the Rio Virgen and followed it down to the Colorado River, and thence down the Colorado to the Mohave Indian villages. At these places he appears to have been well received, for he remained fifteen days, and when he left was furnished with two Indian guides, plenty of fresh provisions, and horses stolen from the

Spaniards. He struck off across the Colorado Desert on the trail of Captain de Anza, and in December reached the Mission of San Gabriel.

Here, on account of the suspicion with which all strangers were received, the party was practically placed under arrest, and Smith was sent down to San Diego, — where Governor Echeandía had established his headquarters, — to explain the object of his mission. He appears to have got along with the governor more easily than did Pattie a little later, as his passport was vouched for as correct by Dana, Cunningham and other Americans who were there at the time. He was, therefore, permitted to purchase supplies, and, on explaining that it was practically impossible for him to return the way he came, to start eastward by a new route. He wished to go north by way of the Russian settlements to the Columbia River, but Echeandía would not permit that. He started in good spirits, and for a month or more nothing was heard of him. He then reappeared at San Bernardino with the story that he had traveled about three hundred miles, keeping at a distance of one hundred and fifty to two hundred miles from the coast, where he had found many naked Indians, a very fertile region, and some beavers, but that when he tried to cross the mountains — which he called Mount Joseph — the snow was so deep that five of them died of hunger, and he was compelled to return to save the life of himself and his comrades.

All this had to be reported to the governor, who sent back orders to have the whole party detained; but

in the meantime Smith had departed. This was late in February. Where he went is not known, but in May he was in the upper part of the San Joaquin Valley, friendly with the Indians, and accused by Padre Duran, of Mission San José, of enticing his neophytes to desert. On the nineteenth of May, Smith wrote a frank and full statement to Padre Duran, explaining who and what he was, reciting his failures to cross the mountains, and that he was compelled to wait until the snow had gone. He was far from home, destitute of clothing and all the necessaries of life, save only game for food. He needed horses, and concluded his letter: "Though a foreigner, unknown to you, Reverend Father, your true friend and Christian brother, J. S. Smith."

Perhaps becoming suspicious that his failures to cross the mountains might be construed into a violation of Mexican law, he started the very next day, with but two companions, and succeeded in crossing the Sierras. As this is the first record of any white man's accomplishing the feat, it is well to give Smith's own account, which, though brief and meagre, is interesting. He says:

"On May 20, 1827, with two men, seven horses, and two mules laden with hay and feed, I started from the Valley. In eight days we crossed Mount Joseph, losing on this passage two horses and one mule. At the summit of the mountain the snow was from four to eight feet deep, and so hard that the horses sank only a few inches. After a march of twenty days eastward from Mount Joseph, I reached the southwest corner

of the Great Salt Lake. The country separating it from the mountains is arid and without game. Often we had no water for two days at a time; we saw but a plain, without the slightest trace of vegetation. Farther on I found rocky hills with springs, then hordes of Indians, who seemed to us the most miserable beings imaginable. When we reached the Great Salt Lake, we had left only one horse and one mule, so exhausted that they could hardly carry our light luggage. We had been forced to eat the horses that had succumbed."

What a journey, and what a record! From his standpoint, what he had done was an ordinary, every-day affair. Hardships were the regular fare of trappers, and nothing was made of it. Civilization may do many things for us, but it has not yet produced a set of men as hardy, brave, and defiant of hardship as Jedediah S. Smith and others like him.

To prove how little he thought of the dangers and perils he had escaped, he returned to California with eight men, arriving some time about October of the same year. For, it must be recalled, he had started away with but two men, and consequently some of his band were still in the territory of the Mexicans, who did not view their presence with favor. After gathering them together, he had a band of seventeen men, and late in October went to San José and Monterey, where Captain Cooper signed a bond, pledging his person and property for their good behavior and that they were not hostile to the country.

This bond is now in the Bancroft Library, at the State University in Berkeley, and sets forth that Smith and

his companions are honorable citizens of the United States, and are to be treated as friends, and furnished with arms, horses, and provisions at fair prices, so that they can return to their homes by way of Mission San José, the Straits of Carquinez and Bodega. They must not delay *en route*, and must not visit the coast south of latitude 42°, nor extend their inland operations farther than specifically allowed by the latest treaties.

Smith then writes: "I acknowledge this bond. Jedediah S. Smith," after which Governor Echeandía gives the party permission to return, with one hundred mules, one hundred and fifty horses, a gun for each man, and divers bales of provisions and other effects. A guard of ten soldiers escorted the trappers to a point a little beyond San Francisco Solano, and then something must have happened, though we do not know what, for on the eighteenth of November, Smith and his whole company arrived in San Francisco on the vessel *Franklin*, from Monterey. Then they proceeded leisurely northwards, possibly by way of the Russian settlements, but, when crossing the Umpqua River, they were attacked by Indians, and fifteen were killed and all their property lost. Smith and three others barely escaped with their lives, and were next heard of at Fort Vancouver. Smith eventually returned to Salt Lake in 1829, and was killed two years later by Indians in New Mexico.

CHAPTER VIII

THE TYPICAL HERO OF EARLY GOLD DAYS, JOHN BIDWELL

THE most typical of all the pioneers who emigrated to California and settled there prior to the gold discovery, and while the country was under Mexican rule, was John Bidwell. He arrived in California in October, 1841, in the first wagon-train of emigrants, for several years was General Sutter's assistant, finally settled on the Rancho Chico, some ninety-six miles north of Sacramento, and there died, April 3, 1900.

There was nothing dramatically heroic in Bidwell's life similar to the chief events in the lives of some of the pioneer heroes herein recounted, but the whole of his career was of the unconsciously heroic type and is well worthy of a more extended study than can here be accorded it.

He was born August 5, 1819, at Ripley, Chautauqua County, New York, and moved with his parents first to Pennsylvania and then to Ohio. It was when in his twentieth year, living in the western part of Ohio, that he conceived a desire to see the great prairies of the West. He started on foot to walk to Cincinnati, ninety miles distant, and though conscious that traveling in that wild country was considered dangerous, took no weapon along.

Arrived at Cincinnati, he went down the Ohio River to the Mississippi, and thence up to St. Louis, finally reaching Burlington, Iowa, which then had a population of about two hundred inhabitants. This region not suiting him, he struck across country, without road or trail, determined to see Missouri.

It is well to note this spirit of independent initiative in a youth not yet twenty-one years of age. This makes his later career more comprehensible, and denotes that strength of character which would have enabled him to become a controlling force wherever he had found himself.

He settled in the Platte Purchase, a fertile region that recently had been purchased by the United States from the Indians, and he extolled its fertility and beauty in glowing language, showing how great an impression its natural advantages made upon him. Here he began to teach school in the country, about five miles from Weston, — this was in June, 1839, — and in the fall of the year he located on a piece of land, intending to send to Ohio for his father. When the settlers first came to Platte County the land was unsurveyed, and each family being entitled to about half a square mile of land, they endeavored to locate about half a mile apart. So long as this guesswork location was the only method it was perfectly satisfactory and every one was content, but when the surveyors came the exact lines made by their instruments turned everything into chaos. The boundaries sometimes ran through a man's house, or cut his barn into triangles, and there had to be much giving and taking to adjust matters without trouble.

Here and there excess patches would exist, and on one of these Bidwell made his location.

The following summer, 1840, however, on a vacation trip to St. Louis, a bully "jumped" his claim, and refused to either vacate or divide. As Bidwell was not yet quite of age, and the law required this, and also that he reside upon the land, which, strictly, he had not done, he decided not to contest the claim but to go elsewhere when spring came.

This was the turning point in his life. That winter he came in contact with Robidoux, a French trapper and trader (brother to the man who afterwards gave his name to Rubidoux Mountain at Riverside, California), who had visited California on a trapping expedition from Santa Fé. He gave enthusiastic descriptions of the country until he had turned the heads of all the people for miles around. As a result a company was organized the members of which pledged themselves to properly outfit and meet the following May at Sapling Grove, Kansas, ready to cross the plains and the Rocky Mountains to the new El Dorado. In a month, five hundred people were pledged; but when May came, owing to the opposition of the merchants (who did not wish to see their customers emigrate in a body), and the newspapers, only sixty-nine men, women, and children met at the rendezvous. In Weston Bidwell was the only man who carried out his pledge. He saved up money enough and bought a wagon, a gun, and provisions, but the man who had agreed to go along with him and provide the horses backed out, and for a time left him in despair. Just at the last moment an

invalid, George Henshaw, rode into town on a fine black horse, and with fifteen dollars in his pocket, ready to risk the trip in a hope that he might thereby regain his health. Bidwell persuaded him to become his partner, but to do this he had to trade his horse for a yoke of steers for the wagon, and a sorry-looking, one-eyed mule which he could ride.

The party was ready to start, ignorant of the road, without a guide, with less, possibly, than one hundred dollars in the pockets of the entire crowd, and having elected as captain a man who vowed if he were not so elected, he wouldn't go. Just before they started, however, they were joined by the distinguished Jesuit priest, Father De Smet, two other priests, a guide named Captain Fitzpatrick, and three men, who were going out to the Flathead Indians in what is now Idaho. The emigrants were thus guided over half their journey.

It is not necessary to recount their many and varied experiences on the long and wearisome march. Bidwell kept a journal, and later wrote in the *Century Magazine* a graphic description, which every California resident, young or old, should read. For it is the true narrative of the first emigrant train which crossed the plains, the deserts, and the mountains from the middle west to California.

The emigrants, many of them, were insanely afraid of the Indians. On one occasion a man came into camp from a hunt, without gun, pistol, or mule, and lacking most of his clothes, declaring, with great excitement, that he had been surrounded by Indians and robbed. Bidwell says:

"The company, too, became excited, and Captain Fitzpatrick tried, but with little effect, to control and pacify them. Every man started his team into a run, till the oxen, like the mules and horses, were in a full gallop. Captain Fitzpatrick went ahead and directed them to follow, and as fast as they came to a bank of the river he put the wagons in the form of a hollow square, and had all the animals securely picketed within. After a while the Indians came in sight. There were only forty of them, but they were well mounted on horses, and were evidently a war party, for they had no women except one, a medicine woman. They came up and camped within a hundred yards of us on the river below. Fitzpatrick told us that they would not have come in that way if they were hostile. Our hunter in his excitement said there were hundreds of them, and that they had robbed him of his gun, mule, and pistol. When the Indians had put up their lodges, Fitzpatrick and John Gray, an old hunter, went out to them and by signs were made to understand that the Indians did not intend to hurt the man or take his mule or gun, but that he was so excited when he saw them that they had to disarm him to keep him from shooting them; they did not know what had become of his pistol or of his clothes, which he said they had torn off. They surrendered the mule and the gun, thus showing that they were friendly."

At Soda Springs, where Father De Smet left them, thirty-two of the party, becoming discouraged, decided not to venture without path or guide into the trackless region toward California, but concluded to go with the

missionary party to Fort Hall and thence find their way down Snake and Columbia Rivers into Oregon.

The other thirty-two decided to remain firm to their original purpose and proceed to California. Says Bidwell: "We were now thrown entirely upon our own resources. All the country beyond was to us a veritable *terra incognita*, and we only knew that California lay to the west." But they pushed on. "Unavoidable delays were frequent; daily, often hourly, the road had to be made passable for our wagons by digging down steep banks, filling gulches, etc. Indian fires obscured mountains and valleys in a dense, smoky atmosphere, so that we could not see any considerable distance in order to avoid obstacles. The principal growth, on plain and hill alike, was the interminable sage-brush (*artemisia*), and often it was difficult, for miles at a time, to break a road through it, and sometimes a lightly laden wagon would be overturned. Its monotonous dull color and scraggy appearance gave a most dreary aspect to the landscape. But it was not wholly useless: where large enough it made excellent fuel, and it was the home and shelter of the hare — generally known as the jack-rabbit — and of the sage-hen."

After reaching the western side of Salt Lake, travel with wagons became so arduous that they decided to abandon them: "On Green River we had seen the style of pack-saddles used by the trapping party, and had learned a little about how to make them. Packing is an art, and something that only an experienced mountaineer can do well so as to save his animal and keep his pack from falling off. We were unaccustomed to

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A CHEMEHUEVI MADONNA.

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CHEMEHUEVI MAIDENS MAKING MESQUITE DRINK.

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George Wharton James, Photo.

ON THE ROAD THAT SERRA TRAVELED COMING UP TO SAN DIEGO FROM LA PAZ.

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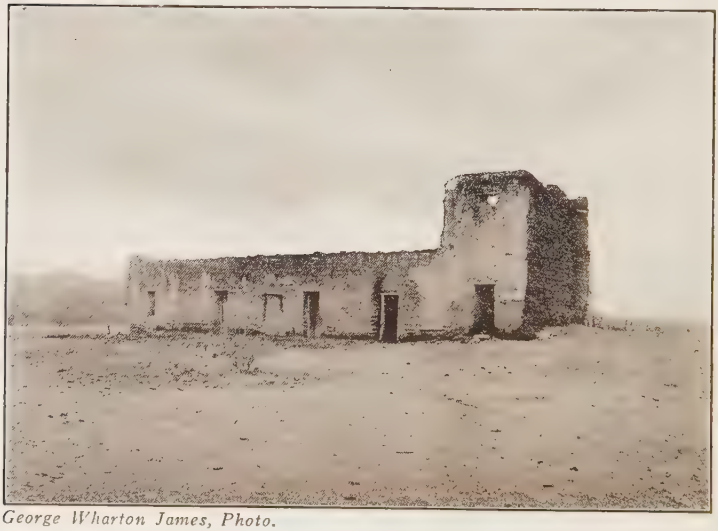

George Wharton James, Photo.

THE FORT AT TUBAC, ARIZONA, FROM WHICH DE ANZA BROUGHT SOME OF HIS SOLDIERS.

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it, and the difficulties we had at first were simply indescribable. It is much more difficult to fasten a pack on an ox than on a mule or a horse. The trouble began the very first day. But we started — most of us on foot, for nearly all the animals, including several of the oxen, had to carry packs. It was but a few minutes before the packs began to turn; horses became scared, mules kicked, oxen jumped and bellowed, and articles were scattered in all directions. We took more pains, fixed things, made a new start, and did better, though packs continued occasionally to fall off and delay us."

Their captain proved a poor leader, and twice or thrice abandoned them, but he either got lost or scared and each time before long returned to the party.

The straits to which they were reduced as they descended into California can better be imagined than described from the following quotation: "We went on, traveling west as near as we could. When we killed our last ox we shot and ate crows or anything we could kill, and one man shot a wild-cat. We could eat anything." The ascent and descent of the range was equally difficult, and every day and night saw new and fresh hardships.

The party finally reached the edge of the San Joaquin Valley but did not know they were yet in California. They saw the Coast Range beyond and deemed that it had to be climbed before the promised land was reached. "The evening of the day we started down into the valley we were very tired, and when night came our party was strung along for three or four miles, and

every man slept right where darkness overtook him. He would take off his saddle for a pillow and turn his horse or mule loose, if he had one. His animal would be too poor to walk away, and in the morning he would find him, usually within fifty feet. The jaded horses nearly perished with hunger and fatigue."

A few days later, however, they met an Indian who guided them to the home of Dr. Marsh, located about four miles from San José, and thus their weary pilgrimage as emigrants came to an end.

Bidwell wrote two other articles in the *Century Magazine* of great personal and historic interest, viz., "Life in California before the Gold Discovery," and "Frémont in the Conquest of California," but of greater interest to us now is his Diary, written and sent back to Missouri. It is dated "Bodega, Port of the Russians, Upper California, March 30, 1842," and gives the detailed account of his journey to California, at the close of which he gives some "Observations about the Country." These show the clearness of his mind and the keenness of his judgment, and also include shrewd observations on Captain Sutter, and some strong words of censure about Dr. Marsh, whom he denounces as "perhaps the meanest man in California," recounting incidents that confirm this censure.

His earliest occupation was to assist Captain Sutter, who sent him to dismantle Fort Ross, which he, Sutter, had just purchased from the Russians. When returning from the accomplishment of this work Bidwell had his horses stolen from him, and in their recovery, made "his first exploration of the Sacramento Valley, during

which he named all the streams coming into the Sacramento from the east between Butte Creek and Red Bluff. He also made a map of the valley from his observations on horseback, which served as the standard map of that country until the actual surveys were made in later years. Thus, two years before Frémont's first explorations, did Bidwell traverse and explore the primeval wilderness of Northern California at a time when there was not a white settler north of Sacramento."

In October, 1844, Bidwell was accepted to Mexican citizenship and was granted a ranch known as Ulpinos, on the Lower Sacramento, in what is now Solano County, but when the settlers raised the Bear Flag, in 1846, he was one of the committee which drafted the plan of organization, and himself wrote the agreement, which all signed, to the effect that: The undersigned hereby agree to organize and remain in service as long as necessary for gaining and maintaining the Independence of California. "From this time until the close of the struggle with Mexico," writes Mr. C. C. Royce, "Bidwell was in active service in various capacities, holding successively the rank of lieutenant captain and quartermaster, with the rank of major. He was also appointed by Frémont alcalde at the Mission of San Luis Rey, and commanded that post at the time of the Flores revolt in the fall of 1846, during which he had some thrilling and hazardous experiences."

He was the first man to carry the news of the discovery of gold to San Francisco; was a member of the first State Senate; the committee man who named

most of those counties whose names are not of Spanish origin; and was sent to Washington with the block of gold-bearing quartz which was used as California's contribution to the George Washington monument. While there he heard the discussions against the admittance of California into the Union, and voiced the discouragements of the Californians to a lady whom he was commissioned to bring back to her husband in San Francisco. She had been a schoolmate of Senator Seward, and invited him to a farewell dinner before she left for California. This afforded Bidwell the opportunity to present to Seward the cogent reasons for the immediate admission of California. This won not only a new vote for California, but an earnest and eloquent advocate of her claims, with the result that on August 13, 1850, the bill passed in the Senate, on September 7th, in the House, and two days later was signed by President Fillmore. Bidwell immediately sailed, bearing the glad tidings, arrived in San Francisco from Panama, on the steamer *Oregon*, on October 18, being the first to bring the full news of California's completed statehood.

A Democrat in politics until the Civil War, he spoke in no uncertain voice at the time of the nation's peril, and was appointed brigadier general of the California militia. Mr. Royce claims that " to his intense loyalty, military alertness and efficiency on the one hand, coupled with the unrivaled and convincing eloquence of Rev. Thomas Starr King, is due, more than to any other individual influences, the decision of California to remain loyal to the Union, despite the desperate efforts

of the powerful Southern element led by Gwin, Terry and others."

In 1892 he was made the candidate of the Prohibition party for president, and in no measured terms declared his opinion of the liquor traffic.

He gained more votes for his party than has ever been known before or since, and even his political enemies had nothing but kind words to speak for him, so open, honorable, and fair was his course against them.

His treatment of the Indians found on his ranch has been at wide variance with that of most landed proprietors. Not one has ever been ejected, all who wished to work were given work and paid in food, clothes and wages. He set apart for them a tract about half a mile northwest of his own house, aided them in substituting permanent frame houses for their own rude and temporary structures, afforded them constant and efficient protection from the intrusion, insolence and outrage of lawless whites, and in every way became a father and friend to them. Their love and devotion to him and Mrs. Bidwell demonstrate their appreciation. No other person has ever been necessary to settle their little or big disputes, and now that he has "gone" Mrs. Bidwell takes her husband's full place in their regard and confidences.

At the age of eighty years, after a brave and heroic life, filled with useful and beneficial labors, General Bidwell laid down his earthly task, April 3, 1900, and passed on to his reward.

CHAPTER IX

THE GREAT-HEARTED HERO OF THE SNOWS, CHARLES T. STANTON

THE stories of pioneer days are full of acts of individual heroism, each one of which should be preserved. Some of these undoubtedly have been forgotten and never will be recorded on earth. Others have been buried in volumes, the existence of which is forgotten. This volume is written in the hope that for generations to come, it, or a better book of like character, will keep alive the memory of some of these heroes, until an awakened people erect to them more substantial and enduring monuments.

Elsewhere is given a brief outline of the history of the Donner Lake party. When that party met with its second great disaster in the loss of Mr. Reed's oxen on the Great Salt Lake Desert, it was then discovered that their provisions were so low as almost to shut out the hope that they could reach California without an additional supply. To go back was impracticable, as the advancing column would be marching further and further away each day from any aid thus gained. The road ahead was untraveled and unknown. The distance was largely conjectural, as far as actual travel was concerned. The hardships were certain, the dangers unescapable, the risks many. Hostile Indians,

wild animals, perils from storms, quicksands, sunstroke, scarcity of water, cold, heat, loss of way, and a thousand and one known and imaginable trials all upreared their unpleasant forms to prevent any thoughtful man from undertaking the mission.

Yet in spite of all the obstacles, known and unknown, two men volunteered to go on ahead to California, without money to purchase aid, and by the simple statement of the needs of the party attempt to secure from strangers the required help. One of these volunteers, William McCutcheon, had a wife and daughter in the party; the other, Charles T. Stanton, was alone, and could have had no other motive in seeking relief for the party than a disinterested one.

It was a solemn occasion when these two men, each on horseback, with a small quantity of provisions, carrying a letter to Captain Sutter, of Sutter's Fort, in which the sad plight of the party was set forth, said their farewells and left their companions. As they were watched until they disappeared from sight, what emotions stirred in the souls of those left behind. Naturally every one felt that McCutcheon would return, — his wife and daughter were a sufficient magnet, — but how about Stanton? He had no family ties, no social obligations; nothing but his plighted word, his honor and his humanity.

Of their trip over the deserts of Utah and Nevada, and the climb of the Sierras we know practically nothing. But we do know that they safely passed through all dangers, and reached Sutter's Fort. Here McCutcheon was taken sick, but not before he and Stanton

had laid the case of the party before the generous-hearted Sutter and had received his promise of help. Consequently Stanton was compelled to return alone. Sutter gave him five mules, laden with flour and dried beef, and the aid and assistance of two Indians, Lewis and Salvador, who were to accompany him and return with the party.

We can imagine the brave man starting joyously on the return journey. He knew the dangers now, as he did not before, for he had seen the stern barrier of the Sierras, had camped on its dangerous slopes, and had seen how its trails and poor roads would be obliterated with one fall of a heavy snow. Yet joy filled his manly heart, for he was returning to give help, comfort and succor to the needy.

And how they welcomed him on his arrival! They were reduced already to sad straits. Many were walking, and they were almost out of food. None of them would ever have survived had he not come so opportunely. The party had reached the Truckee River, beyond where Reno now stands. Snow had already fallen on the high summits of the Sierras, and everything foreshadowed a severe storm. Stanton urged the wearied people on. He pointed out their dire danger, and he made clear to them that if the snow trapped them on this side of the summit there would be little or no hope of their escape. But, if they would push on and reach the summit at once, the descent into the valleys of California would be comparatively easy. He knew pretty well that their lives depended upon following this course.

Frantic at the thought of the danger thus made clear to them, each selfishly strove to do the best he could for himself, and considerable energy was wasted in these endeavors. "At last, one day, a determined and systematic attempt was made to cross the summit. Nearly the entire train was engaged in the work. The road, of course, was entirely obliterated by the snow. Guided only by the general contour of the country, all hands pressed resolutely forward. Here, large boulders and irregular, jutting cliffs would intercept the way; there, dizzy precipices, yawning chasms, and deep canyons would interpose; and anon, a bold, impassable mountain of rock would rear its menacing front directly across their path. All day long the men and animals floundered through the snow, and attempted to break and trample a road. Just before nightfall they reached the abrupt precipice where the present wagon-road intercepts the snow-sheds of the Central Pacific."[1]

There, wearied and tired, they stopped for a conference. They were thoroughly frightened now. Some of the party wished to bribe the Indians to go ahead with them, but Stanton kept them with him. He wanted them all to make one more desperate attempt.

Yet when some of the tired ones declared they could not take another step (and they doubtless believed it was true, though some of them afterwards showed that they could have traveled twice as far as they had come that day) and insisted upon resting all night, he and the

[1] "History of the Donner Party," C. F. McGlashan, p. 57.

Indians did not leave them to their fate, but remained behind to share whatever Fortune had in store for them.

"That night came the dreaded snow. Around the camp-fires under the trees great feathery flakes came whirling down. The air was so full of them that one could see objects only a few feet away. The Indians knew we were doomed, and one of them wrapped his blanket around him and stood all night under a tree."[1]

Even then, had Stanton and the Indians chosen, they could have gone on ahead and escaped. He could have made a good excuse (as many a man's conscience has allowed him to do for worse things), by pleading that, as the party would not press forward when he assured them their lives were in danger, he could not jeopardize his own life by remaining. But no! he had come to their relief, and even in their folly he would stick by them and do the best he could to aid them.

The party now returned to the lake which afterwards bore the name of "Donner," built cabins, and settled down to make the best of it until the snow ceased.

"Many attempts were made to cross the mountains, but all who tried were driven back by the pitiless storms. Finally a party was organized, since known as the 'Forlorn Hope.' They made snow-shoes, and fifteen started, — ten men and five women."

Stanton, dauntless and hopeful, declared: "I will bring help to these famishing people or lay down my

[1] Mrs. Virginia Reed Murphy in *The Century Magazine*. July, 1891, p. 421.

life." The two Indians were of the party, and a brave-hearted, jovial Irishman, named Patrick Dolan.

Imagine them as they started from that place of suffering and woe. Snow! snow! snow! everywhere! They took a supply of provisions that, with the utmost care, would last them only six days. They had also matches, a gun, a hatchet and a thin blanket apiece. They wore snow-shoes which they had made from the packs brought over by Stanton. That night they camped within sight of the lake and the cabins they were leaving. They had traveled only four miles.

" The next day they traveled six miles. They crossed the summit, and the camp was no longer visible. They were in the solemn fastnesses of the snow-mantled Sierras. Lonely, desolate, forsaken apparently by God and man, their situation was painfully, distressingly terrible. The snow was wrapped about cliff and forest and gorge. It varied in depth from twelve to sixty feet."

The third day they walked five miles. It had snowed during the night.

" Starting almost at dawn, they struggled wearily through the deep drifts, and when the night shadows crept over crag and pine and mountain vale, they were but five miles on their journey. They did not speak during the day, except when speech was absolutely necessary. All traveled silently, and with downcast eyes. The task was beginning to tell upon the frames of even the strongest and most resolute. The hunger that continually gnawed at their vitals, the excessive labor of moving the heavy, clumsy snow-shoes through

the soft, yielding snow, was too much for human endurance. They could no longer keep together and aid each other with words of hope. They struggled along, sometimes at great distances apart. The fatigue and dazzling sunlight rendered some of them snow-blind. One of these was the noble-hearted Stanton. On this third day he was too blind and weak to keep up with the rest, and staggered into the camp long after the others had finished their pitiful supper. Poor, brave, generous Stanton! He said little, but in his inner heart he knew that the end of his journey was close at hand.

"Who was this heroic being who left the beautiful Valley of the Sacramento to die for strangers? See him wearily toiling onward during the long hours of the fourth day. The agony and blindness of his eyes wring no cry from his lips, no murmur, no word of complaint. With patient courage and heroic fortitude he strives to keep pace with his companions, but finds it impossible. Early in the morning he drops to the rear, and is soon lost to sight. At night he drags his weary limbs into camp long after his comrades are sleeping 'neath the silent stars. It must be remembered that they had been accustomed to short allowance of food for months, while he had been used to having an abundance. Their bodies had been schooled to endure famine, privations and long, weary walks. For many days before reaching the mountains, they had been used to walking every day, in order to lighten the burdens of the perishing oxen. Fatigues which exhausted them crushed Stanton. The weather was

clear and pleasant, but the glare of the sun during the day had been like molten fire to their aching eyes.

"On the morning of the fifth day, Stanton was sitting smoking by the smouldering fire when the company resumed its journey. Mary Graves, who had a tender heart for the suffering of others, went kindly up to him, and asked him if he were coming. 'Yes,' he replied, 'I'm coming soon.' Was he answering her, or the unseen spirits that even then were beckoning him to the unknown world? 'Yes, I'm coming soon!' Those were his last known words. His companions were too near death's door to return when they found he came not, and so he perished.

"He was a hero of the highest, noblest, grandest stamp. No words can ever express a fitting tribute to his memory. He gave his life for strangers who had not the slightest claim to the sacrifice. He left the valleys where friends, happiness and abundance prevailed, to perish amid chilling snow drifts — famished and abandoned. The act of returning to save the starving emigrants is as full of heroic grandeur as his death is replete with mournful desolation.

"In May, 1847, W. C. Graves, in company with a relief party, found his remains near the spot where he had been left by his companions. Wild animals had partially devoured his body, but the remains were easily identified by means of his clothing and pistols." [1]

[1] McGlashan in his "History of the Donner Party."

CHAPTER X

THE MIDNIGHT HEROINE OF THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA REED

THE story of the Donner Lake party is well known. The chief facts are that in 1846, while California was still a foreign country — being then a province of Mexico — a party of home-seekers left Springfield, Illinois. The chief organizer of the expedition was James T. Reed, and two families of the name of Donner were among the first to join him. Owing to circumstances that afterwards occurred, the party became known by their name instead of by Reed's. When they reached Independence, Missouri, many others joined them, and a large band of men, women and children finally left that then frontier town with their faces earnestly set towards the Sea of the Setting Sun. When they reached Fort Bridger they were urged to take a cut-off, which, it was said, would save them three hundred miles. A large majority decided to go by the old road, which they did, and ultimately reached California with comparative ease and safety. Eighty-four persons, led by the Reed and Donner families, took the cut-off and thereby entangled themselves in great difficulties, and occupied so much of their time that they were eventually caught in the snow on the eastern slope of the Sierras. But before they reached this point, several disasters of

A YUMA INDIAN. DESCENDANT OF ONE OF THOSE WHO GUIDED JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA.

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George Wharton James, Photo.

AN INDIAN CAMP NEAR TUMACACORI.

great moment occurred. Mr. Reed suffered a great loss in that, when crazed for want of water in crossing the Salt Lake Desert, his oxen rushed off beyond control, and were never seen again; and, a couple of weeks later, while at the sink of the Humbolt, more head of oxen were stolen from the party by the Indians.

When finally caught in the snow, over forty of the party perished, and such were the dire straits to which the survivors were reduced for food, that they were compelled (all save the Reed family) to partake of the flesh of their companions who had died. Ultimately succor came to them, and they were conveyed by different relief parties to safety and California.

Shortly after crossing the Humbolt River in Nevada, however, a tragic incident occurred which led to the act of heroism here related.

The party arrived at a short but sandy hill, and as the oxen were all wearied it had been the custom at such places to "double up" teams and one driver with his oxen help another up the hill, when both teams would return for the second wagon. A driver named Snyder, for some unaccountable reason, decided to go up alone. His oxen could not accomplish it, and the driver became angry and began to abuse his animals. Mr. Reed, who had been on ahead, seeking out the best road, happened to return at this juncture, and in trying to calm the excited man aroused his ire to a point of frenzy. He jumped upon his wagon tongue and struck Mr. Reed with the butt end of his whip, making three ugly gashes in his scalp, from which the blood streamed. Mrs. Reed, with a good woman's

impulse, rushed in between the two men, and the blow descended again, but this time upon her devoted head, cutting it as it had done her husband's. As the crazy man raised his whip to strike again, Mr. Reed drew his hunting knife and thrust it into Snyder's side, killing him almost instantly.

That afternoon the party sentenced Reed to banishment, under conditions which can only be deemed cruel and wicked. He was to go forth into the trackless desert without food, water, bedding, guns or ammunition, and even without one of his own horses to ride. At first he refused to obey the sentence, but finally the pleadings of his wife prevailed, and at her urgent request a horse was allowed him.

What now follows is a chapter from the story of Mrs. Virginia Reed Murphy, Mr. Reed's daughter, who was then a child of twelve years of age.[1]

Who can conceive the sad loneliness that flooded the hearts of the forsaken family, as they ate their scant meal that night in their isolated wagon? Elliott and a few of the others were as kind as they could be, but they saw that it was wise to be as unostentatious as possible, for awhile at least, in what they did for the family of the unfortunate Reed. As the darkness of night came on, Virginia, who had been doing her best to comfort her heart-broken mother, spoke to her with calm determination: "Mama, I'm going out to find my father and take him some food and his gun and pistols and ammunition." Startled out of her over-

[1] "The Story of Virginia Reed Murphy, one of the Donner Party," by George Wharton James, soon to be published.

whelming sorrow by the words of her daughter, Mrs. Reed exclaimed: "What do you mean, child? You cannot find your father!" But Virginia had fortified herself on all points. She replied: "I'm not going alone. I've asked Milt, and he says he'll go with me." So while her mother lay in silent agony of mind, the child began to gather together the things she knew her father needed. The party had already been put on short provisions, but Virginia found some crackers, a small piece of bacon, some coffee and sugar. Then she secured a tin cup or dipper for her father to make coffee in, and placed his gun, pistols and ammunition with the food. Now she got a lantern, saw that there was a piece of candle in it, and then put a number of matches in her pocket — most of which she intended to give to her father.

All this had to be done silently and after the other children were fast asleep, for both mother and child knew that the feeling was so strong she would not have been allowed to go had any suspicion of her intention entered the minds of the rest of the party. Milton had been cautioned by the thoughtful maiden not to come near their wagon until the whole camp was quiet and asleep, and then to approach only in the most stealthy manner.

When everything was ready, Virginia resumed her place by her suffering mother's side: "How will you find your father this dark night?" the latter questioned in a whisper. "I shall look for his horse's tracks and follow them," was the instant response. Breathlessly the two waited for the arrival of Milton. Soon he was

heard. Then, after a fond but silent farewell and a heartfelt "God bless you, my brave daughter!" the mother sank back upon her couch, while the twelve-year-old girl and her companion started out on what, to me, was one of the bravest expeditions of all history.

Out into the darkness they creep. Stealthily they hide themselves in the shadows cast by the wagons in the flickering light of the dying camp-fire, which makes them dance and leap like hideous and misshapen monsters. They cautiously approach the unsuspicious sentinel, who wearily tramps back and forth, and hold their breath with anxiety as he suddenly stops, watches the sleeping camp and peers into the mysterious darkness of the desert. Lying down upon the ground, they crawl and silently drag their bodies along until out of his hearing, and then, feeling with their feet lest they fall into unseen danger, now and again startled by some sudden noise that suggests to their excited senses the presence of wild animals or wilder men, they slowly increase the distance between themselves and the camp. At last Virginia whispers: "Stop, Milt. Let us light the lantern!" and, stooping down, she spreads out her skirts, so that not the slightest flash of match or beam of light can reach the sentinel or any other member of the camp. Elliott lights the lantern, which she then takes in her own hand and covers with her scant skirts, so that its beams illuminate only the small circle in which she stands. Now, carefully looking, she searches eagerly for the footprints of her father's horse. To and fro, back and forth, she peers. Though feverishly anxious and ready

to fly on the wings of the lightning, there is no careless haste in her search. She is thoughtful and deliberate. She even completely circles the camp in her intelligent determination to find those tracks. At last her keen search is rewarded. She starts forward, a half-sob, half-cry of gratitude and thankfulness escaping from her lips. She turns to Milton, points to the tracks, and then eagerly follows them. With all her senses made keen by agonizing love, she refuses to trust the first assurances of her vision. Again and again she kneels and examines the tracks until she is finally convinced she is right. Then confidently, but with no relaxation of caution — for an inadvertent flash from the lantern might bring a death-dealing shot from the rifle of the sentinel — she follows where they lead, Milton close behind with the gun and provisions. On and on they go, — for hours it seems to the impatient child. Mile after mile the tracks lead. Now they have lost them. They carefully circle and eagerly search to find them again. What an agony Virginia suffers in those few moments!

Listen! Suddenly on the midnight air the wild and fearful howl of coyotes makes the darkness hideous and horrible. From the distance comes an even more appalling and to be dreaded cry — that of the marauding panther, seeking for prey. At that cry it is no figment of the imagination to say that Milton's hair stands on end. But on they go for a few moments. Again they halt. With her hand held tightly to her breast, as if to still the fearful beating of her heart, Virginia gazes with wild eyes into the darkness, while

Milton, strong and brave though he is, seems paralyzed with fear. What has so frightened them? We cannot see, but we can conjecture that they have heard a few sounds that are more weird and sinister than those of the wild and ferocious desert animals. For they are suggestive of human tigers, whose lust for blood they have already had too sad evidence of, — the Indians of her childish fears. All the terror of the past years of her life seem to be condensed into the awful power of one dread moment. Can she possibly go on with that unspeakable fear clutching at her heart? Child though she is, she silently calls upon God and summons Him to help her. She dare not be afraid when her father is in need and in danger. Is she not going to minister to him when no one else can?

Nothing must be allowed to deter her from the successful accomplishment of this mission. So, forgetful of her own weariness, steeling her heart to withstand all fears, and resolutely calming herself when panic grips her heart-strings at the thought of a possible horrible death if captured by the Indians, she resolutely goes forward. At length her persistence and bravery are rewarded. She sees in the far-away distance the faintest gleam of light. Her heart leaps up with joy and she whispers to Milton: "There is papa!"

The next moment the startling thought springs into being: "What if it is an Indian fire?" Then her reason asserts itself. "You are on the track of your father's horse. Follow that, and it will be all right, and if — " And then for a moment her heart stops beating again, for the suggestion enters her mind

that if — ah if — her father has fallen into the hands of a band of treacherous Indians, what might not that fire reveal to her?

"But, anyhow" — comes the next thought, "it matters not what I find, I can only know by going on." So, saying nothing to Milton of the fear that almost paralyzes her, she steadily marches on. How slowly they go! How far away the light is! Will they never reach it? It seems as if the more they walk the farther away it gets, until, glad moment, in its dim rays the eyes of discerning love at last recognizes the the beloved form, and with a cry of almost maternal yearning Virginia sobs out: "Oh, papa, my papa," and the next moment is convulsively clutched to the heart of the despairing father.

"My child, my Virginia, you should not have come here," he cries, when the first transport of happy surprise is over.

"I've brought you some food, and your gun, and a blanket, and a little coffee and some crackers. And here's a tin cup, too, father, and your pistols and some powder and caps. Oh, and here are some matches!" replies the little maiden, laughing and crying in her joy, as, one by one, she spreads the articles out on her wondering father's knees.

"Is this a dream? or is it an angel visitation sent from God?" breathlessly queries Mr. Reed. But Virginia soon convinces him of her personal presence, and as he takes the gun and other things she has brought, he resolves with a new and deeper resolve than ever, that, God helping him, he will hurry on to

California, and secure for his brave little daughter, with her sister and baby brothers and their loved mother, the help and succor they need.

Then his arms enfolding her to his heart, with Milton near by, all three sit and cry, until, their emotion subsiding, they talk of the mother, back in camp, and of Patty and James, and the baby. Two or three hours thus speedily pass, until the first sentinels of dawn silently make their presence known. Then the fond father sadly arises and bids his daughter say good-by and go back to her mother.

"Go back?" she cries, as if the idea were ridiculous: "I'm not going back, father; I'm going with you. Milt will go back, but I'm going on with you. Oh, papa, papa, don't send me back, for I cannot bear to see those cruel men. Let me go with you!"

"You know, Virginia darling, I want you badly enough, but it cannot be. Don't make it harder for me than it is by trying to go with me." And then, he gently unfolds the arms that convulsively cling to him, and kissing her again and again, he places her in Elliott's arms, with the words: "Here, Milt, take her back to her mother." The next moment, gathering up the precious articles she has brought to him — articles ten fold more precious because of that fact —he mounts his steed and rides out into the solitude of the western desert.

CHAPTER XI

THE GENEROUS HEROES OF DEATH VALLEY, MANLY AND ROGERS

THE heroism of Manly and Rogers is on a par with that of Stanton, whose story has already been told. The horrors of Death Valley, and how it came by its name are told in the next chapter.

In studying the history of the pioneers of the State of California, one cannot help being impressed by the stories of unconscious heroism that, in the most simple and ingenuous way, have been recorded by their unpractised authors. It cannot be denied that there are few pioneer stories that can stand the test of academic criticism. Few of them are grammatically constructed, and they nearly all reveal ignorance of the science of rhetoric. Poorly written, wretchedly punctuated, badly constructed, they yet contain epics as thrilling as those of Homer, recitals as dramatic as those of Caesar, adventures as startling as those of Marco Polo, achievements as brave as those of Napoleon. But the world, for many centuries, has been led to believe that heroes are military men, that great achievements are only to be looked for from men wearing a uniform, and that the acts that thrill the soul are generally to be expected during the physical conflicts called war. We have been blinded to the

achievements of real bravery and true heroism by the glare of the false, the meretricious, the sensational. The time has come when men will see more clearly, understand more fully, and when actions will more nearly be relegated to their proper altitude in the esteem of the race. Hence we are beginning more and more to take notice of the deeds of such men as those whose names head this chapter, the story of whose heroism is told by one of the participants in his record of Death Valley,[1] with the simple ingenuousness of a child.

Of the early experiences of the Death Valley party space forbids more than the barest mention. It was one of those combination parties that met at Salt Lake City, and, as in the case of the Donner party, they were induced to take a " cut-off " that led them into woeful trouble. After numerous adventures and hardships, they arrived near the eastern side of what is now known as Death Valley. There were seven wagons in the party. The oxen were so exhausted and poor that they could travel no further, and it was decided that the party must return a little distance to where there was a good spring and wait while some one went ahead and explored a road to the nearest California settlements and brought back relief.

Manly himself and a strong, burly Tennessean finally volunteered for the service. An ox that had nearly " given out " was slain to provide food for the two, and the condition of the poor creature can be understood when it is told that seven-eighths of its

[1] "Death Valley in '49," W. L. Manly.

flesh, dried, was packed into the knapsacks of the two men. Manly writes:

"I consented, though I knew it was a hazardous journey, exposed to all sorts of things, Indians, climate and probably lack of water, but I thought I could do it."

They journeyed over the valley, crossed the range, following in the track of a party that had gone on ahead. In two or three days they came upon the dead body of one of them, who had died in a rocky place where it was impossible to make a grave. Soon they caught up with this party, who were already growing despondent, as another member had died. Then, pushing on ahead, the two went on their errand, and, in due time, reached the San Fernando Valley over the Soledad Pass, where peace and plenty abounded. Here they met with a man named French, who took them to the San Fernando Mission, where they were kindly treated, and provided with two horses, provisions, pack-saddles and ropes, and shown how to pack their animals properly. Then Manly bought a little, one-eyed mule, and Rogers purchased a horse, — a snow-white mare.

At once they started on their way back. At first it was easy; then they came to the desert over which they had crossed before with so much difficulty, and finally to a range of mountains on the other side of which they knew their comrades were anxiously awaiting them. They had already been longer than the time appointed, and were they to go the route they had come — around the range to the north — they would occupy several days longer. So they decided to cross the range. Their pack and saddle-horses

were now almost exhausted, and only the little mule seemed able to pick up enough scant living to keep up his strength. At last they came to a place where they were compelled to leave the horses and go on, the mule being able to go where the horses could not follow. Here let Manly tell the story:

"We removed the saddles and placed them on a rock, and after a few moments' hesitation, — moments in which were crowded torrents of wild ideas and desperate thoughts that were enough to drive Reason from her throne, we left the poor animals to their fate and moved along. Just as we were passing out of sight the poor creatures neighed pitifully after us, and one who has never heard the last despairing, pleading neigh of a horse left to die can form no idea of its almost human appeal. We both burst into tears, but it was no use, — to try to save them we must run the danger of sacrificing ourselves and the little party we were trying so hard to save.

"We found the little mule stopped by a still higher precipice or perpendicular rise of fully ten feet. Our hearts sank within us and we said that we should return to our friends as we went away, with our knapsacks on our backs, and the hope grew very small. The little mule was nipping some stray blades of grass, and as we came in sight she looked around to us and then up the steep rocks before her with such a knowing, intelligent look of confidence, that it gave us new courage. It was a strange wild place. The north wall of the canyon leaned far over the channel, overhanging considerably, while the south wall sloped back about

the same, making the wall nearly parallel, and like a huge crevice descending into the mountain from above in a sloping direction. We decided to try to get the confident little mule over this obstruction. Gathering all the loose rocks we could, we piled them up against the south wall, beginning some distance below, putting up all those in the bed of the stream and throwing down others from narrow shelves above; we built a sort of inclined plane along the walls, gradually rising till we were nearly as high as the crest of the fall. Here was a narrow shelf scarcely four inches wide and a space of from twelve to fifteen feet to cross to reach the level of the crest. It was all I could do to cross this space, and there was no foundation to enable us to widen it so as to make a path for an animal. It was a forlorn hope but we made the most of it. We unpacked the mule, and getting all our ropes together, made a leading line of them. Then we loosened and threw down all the projecting points of rocks we could above the narrow shelf, and every piece that was likely to come loose in the shelf itself. We fastened the leading line to her, and with one above and one below we thought we could help her to keep her balance, and if she did not make a misstep on that narrow way she might get over safely. Without a moment's hesitation the brave animal tried the pass. Carefully and steadily she went along, selecting a place before putting down a foot, and when she came to the narrow ledge leaned gently on the rope, never making a sudden start or jump, but cautiously as a cat moved slowly along. There was now no turning back for her.

She must cross this narrow place over which I had to creep on hands and knees, or be dashed down fifty feet to a certain death. When the worst place was reached she stopped and hesitated, looking back as well as she could. I was ahead with the rope, and I called encouragingly to her and talked to her a little. Rogers wanted to get ready and he said, ' holler ' at her as loud as he could and frighten her across, but I thought the best way was to talk to her gently and let her move steadily.

" It was a trying moment. It seemed to be weighed down with all the trials and hardships of many months. It seemed to be the time when helpless women and innocent children hung on the trembling balance between life and death. *Our own lives we could save by going back, and sometimes it seemed as if we would save ourselves the additional sorrow of finding them all dead to do so at once.* I was so nearly in despair that I could not help bursting into tears, and I was not ashamed of the weakness."

I would have my readers note carefully the words italicized, for the italics are mine, not Manly's. Here is a clear evidence of the presence of the temptation to go back and abandon the attempt at relief, and even the specious argument with which it was forced upon his attention, as well as a candid and frank recognition of the desire to yield to the temptation, — " and sometimes it seemed as if we would perhaps save ourselves the additional sorrow of finding them all dead to return at once." Yet the brave fellows manfully faced death for themselves and went on.

To resume Manly's story:

"Finally Rogers said, 'Come, Lewis!' and I gently pulled the rope, calling the little animal to make a trial. She smelled all around and looked over every inch of the strong ledge, then took one careful step after another over the dangerous place. Looking back, I saw Rogers with a very large stone in his hand, ready to 'holler' and perhaps kill the poor beast if she stopped. But she crept along, trusting to the rope for balance, till she was half way across, then another step or two, when, calculating the distance closely, she made a spring and landed on a smooth bit of sloping rock below, that led up to the highest crest of the precipice, and safely climbed to the top, safe and sound above the fall."

What a picture! Some day I hope one of California's artists will paint it, so that a copy may be placed in every school in the State, as a reminder of the golden-hearted heroism of the men and the courage of the brave little mule.

As they neared the camp, they came upon the dead body of one of the men they had left when they started on their California journey, so it was with some trepidation that they finally reached the wagons. There they found that several members of the party had grown impatient and had determined to go on ahead, some of them declaring that "If those boys (Manly and Rogers) ever get out of this cussed hole, they will be 'tarnal fools if they ever come back to help anybody." But they had kept their pledges, and had brought new life and hope to the almost discouraged ones, so that

now they were ready once again to endure the hardships that were before them, and to journey on to the California of their desire.

The story of that journey is fascinating to the reader, though arduous and heart-breaking to those who made it, but we have space here for pictures of two only of their experiences. As the horses were unable to get through, arrangements were made to carry the women and children on the oxen. Let Manly tell the story of their plans:

" They had selected two oxen for the women to ride, one to carry water, and one to carry the four children. There were no saddles, but blankets enough to make a soft seat, and they proposed to put a band or belt around the animals for the riders to hold on by, and the blankets would be retained in place by breast and breeching straps which had been made. They had found out that it was very difficult to keep a load of any kind upon an ox, and had devised all this harness to meet the trouble."

To carry the smaller children a kind of " pannier," had been made by taking two strong shirts, turning the sleeves inside, sewing up the necks, and then sewing the two tails together. When this was placed across the ox a pocket was formed on each side large enough to carry a small child. It took them some time to select from their wagons what they should take, and what leave.

" Mrs. Arcane was from a city and had fondly conveyed thus far some articles of finery, of considerable value and much prized. She could not be persuaded

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THE MISSION OF TUMACACORI, FROM WHICH PLACE DE ANZA MARCHED TO THE FOUNDING OF SAN FRANCISCO.

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A MOHAVE MOTHER AND CHILD.

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YUMA INDIAN WATER CARRIER.

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to leave them here to deck the red man's wife, and have her go flirting over the mountains with, and as they had little weight she concluded she would wear them and this would perhaps preserve them. So she got out her best hat and trimmed it up with extra ribbon, leaving some with quite long ends to stream out behind. Arcane brought up his ox, Old Brigham, for he had been purchased at Salt Lake and named in honor of the great Mormon Saint.

"Mrs. Arcane also dressed her little boy Charlie in his best suit of clothes, for she thought he might as well wear them out as to throw them away. She made one think of a fairy in gay and flying apparel. In the same way all selected their best and most serviceable garments, for it was not considered prudent to carry any load, and poor clothes were good enough to leave for Indians. . . . High overhead was the sun, and very warm indeed on that day in the fore part of February, 1850, when the two children were put on Old Crump to see if he would let them ride. The two small children were placed in the pockets on each side, face outward, and they could stand or sit as they should choose. George and Melissa were placed on top, and given hold of the strap that was to steady them in their place. I now led up Mrs. Bennett's ox, and Mr. Bennett helped his wife to mount the animal, on whose back as soft a seat as possible had been constructed. Mrs. Arcane, in her ribbons, was now helped to her seat on the back of Old Brigham, and she carefully adjusted herself to position, and arranged her dress and ornaments to suit, then took hold of the

strap that served to hold on by as there were no bridles on these two.

" Rogers led the march with his ox; Bennett and I started the others along, and Arcane followed with Old Crump and the children. Bennett and Arcane took off their hats and bade the old camp good-by. The whole procession moved, and we were once more going towards our journey's end, we hoped. The road was sandy and soft, the grade practically level, and everything went well for about four miles, when the pack on one of the oxen near the lead got loose and turned over to one side, which he no sooner saw thus out of position, than he tried to get away from it by moving sidewise. Not getting clear of the objectionable load in this way, he tried to kick it off, and thus really got his foot in it, making matters worse instead of better. Then he began a regular waltz and bawled at the top of his voice in terror. Rogers tried to catch him, but his own animal was so frisky that he could not hold him and do much else, and the spirit of fear soon began to be communicated to the others and the whole train seemed to be taken crazy.

" They would jump up, and then come down, sticking their fore feet as far as possible into the sand, after which, with elevated tails, and terrible plunges, they would kick and thrash and run until the pack came off, when they stopped, apparently quite satisfied.

" Mrs. Bennett slipped off her ox as quick as she could, grabbed her baby from the pocket on Old Crump, and shouting to Melissa and George to jump, got her family in safe position in pretty short order.

Arcane took his Charlie from the other pocket and laid him on the ground, while he devoted his own attention to the animals. Mrs. Arcane's ox followed suit, and waltzed around in the sand, bawled at every turn fully as bad as any of the others, but Mrs. Arcane proved to be a good rider, and hard to unseat, clinging desperately to her strap as she was tossed up and down, and whirled about at a rate enough to make any one dizzy. Her many fine ribbons flew out behind like the streamers from a mast-head, and the many fancy 'fixins' she had donned fluttered in the air in gayest mockery. Eventually she was thrown however, but without the least injury to herself, but somewhat disordered in raiment. When I saw Bennett he was half bent over laughing in almost hysterical convulsions at the entirely impromptu circus which had so suddenly performed an act not on the program. Arcane was much pleased and laughed heartily when he saw no one was hurt. We did not think the cattle had so much life and so little sense as to waste their energies so uselessly. The little mule stepped out one side and looked on in amazement, without disarranging any article of her load."

Thus tragedy and comedy elbowed each other on this wonderful journey. The little party soon got over their excitement, and in due time reached the place where Manly and Rogers had left the two horses. It was with much trepidation they approached this precipice, and a halt was made to enable a careful examination to be made. They finally decided to attempt it. Says Manly:

" We men all went down to the foot of the fall, and threw out all the large rocks, then piled up all the sand we could scrape together with the shovel, till we had quite a pile that would tend to break the fall.

" Early in the morning we took our soup hastily, and with ropes lowered our luggage over the small precipice, then the children, and finally all the ropes were combined to make a single strong one about thirty feet long. They urged one of the oxen up to the edge of the fall, put the rope around his horns, and threw down the end to me, whom they had stationed below. I was told to pull hard when he started so that he might not light on his head and break his neck. We felt this was a desperate undertaking, and we fully expected to lose some of our animals, but our case was critical and we must take some chances. Bennett stood on one side of the ox, and Arcane on the other, while big Rogers was placed in the rear to give a regular Tennessee boost when the word was given. ' Now for it,' said Bennett, and as I braced on the rope those above gave a push and the ox came over, sprawling, but landed safely, cut only a little by some angular stones in the sand pile. ' Good enough,' said some one, and I threw the rope back for another ox. ' We'll get 'em all over safely,' said Arcane, ' if Lewis, down there, will keep them from getting their necks broken.' Lewis pulled hard every time, and not a neck was broken. The sand pile was renewed every time and made as high and soft as possible, and very soon all our animals were below the fall. The little mule gave a jump when they pushed her, and lighted squarely on her feet all right.

With the exception of one or two slight cuts, which bled some, the oxen were all right and we began loading them at once.

" Bennett and Arcane assisted their wives down along the little narrow ledge which we used in getting up, keeping their faces towards the rocky wall, and feeling carefully for every footstep. Thus they worked along and landed safely by the time we had the animals ready for the march. We had passed without disaster the obstacle we most feared, and started down the rough canyon with hope revived, and we felt we should get through. After winding around among the great boulders for a little while, we came to the two horses we had left behind, both dead and near together. We pointed to the carcasses, and told them those were the horses we brought for the women to ride, and that is the way they were cheated out of their passage. The bodies of the animals had not been touched by bird or beast."

While they still had an arduous and weary journey ahead of them, the worst of it was over, and they reached Los Angeles in safety and happiness, there to again scatter and mingle with the life of the new State, and become a part of its future activities.

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CHAPTER XII

THE UNKNOWN HEROES OF DEATH VALLEY

IN the story of the Donner party, the horrors of snow and cold were revealed, in that out of the more than eighty people who camped there, but forty escaped and reached the promised land of California.

Manly and his party crossed Death Valley, and various members of his and preceding parties perished, but they were blessed in the fact that the winter, which brought cold and snow to the Donner party in the north, made their passage over the desert possible. For, in summer, only the most heat-hardened and experienced may dare attempt to cross Death Valley.

It is known, however, that another party endeavored to accomplish this impossible journey in the heat of summer, and were caught in its merciless furnace so that not a single person escaped to tell the sad tale. Robert E. Rinehart, in the *Los Angeles Times* for Sunday, August 16, 1908, gives a graphic description, from which the following account is taken.

"Three errors of judgment furnished Death Valley with the party that gave it its name. The lost wagon-train attempted to cross the desert and the valley in the height of summer.

"Reaching the valley, the emigrants, ignorant of the preternatural dryness of the spot in summer,

entered the hot hollow with only an ordinary supply of water; and last and most fatal of all, instead of going south as the Jayhawkers had done, they went north. Yet their mistakes, outside the ill-chosen summer, were excusable. In truth their mistakes would normally have occurred to any party in the same position. The two serious errors had a large element of bad luck, a sort of Nemesis. The party was doomed.

" But who were the members of this wretched party? Whence did they come? What friends and relatives had they abandoned in the East at the lure of California gold?

" These are unanswered questions. A few names, alleged victims of this party, have been preserved by Death Valley tradition; but who can say tradition has been accurate? It has run riot with the number of victims. Sometimes the death toll is thirty; again it is thirteen. Indeed, little is known about the doomed wagon-train beyond its wretched climb of the Funeral Range, its pitiful, plucky progress down Furnace Creek Canyon, its dreadful death march up the furnace-like valley and the horror of the end up among the desolate sand dunes of Death Valley. Overland history, bitter as it is with desert hardship and suffering, has no equal to this last chapter of the death party that named Death Valley.

" Uncertainty shrouds the early movements of the ill-fated wagon-train. It probably set out from Salt Lake City some time in the early summer of 1850. Manifestly it was ill-advised and under poor guidance or it would never have attempted the southern trail

at that time of year. To all appearances no seasoned desert man was with it. But it had courage. This courage and its desert ignorance carried it far in face of great hardship and handicap — carried it to Death Valley and death.

" Vague as was the early travel of these emigrants, their later trail is plain. In the great heat of the summer they reached Ash Meadows and the Amargossa Wash. Probably they had been drawn from the regular trail by the wheel marks of the Jayhawkers and their followers. At Ash Meadows they found plenty of water, and in good condition and good spirits, still following the Jayhawker wagon ruts, set out for the divide over the Funeral Range clearly apparent ahead on the western horizon.

" During this trip began their distress. The journey to the summit proved longer and steeper than it looked. The rough trail taxed the oxen cruelly, plodding along with the great lumbering wagons. The midsummer desert sun blazed hotter with every pull. It was a good forty-mile drag uphill. The last half was a bitter trail.

" Here the doomed emigrants began to write their tragedy on the desert floor. The oxen from sheer exhaustion could not draw the heavy wagons. To lessen the loads, household articles were cast along the trail. Women as well as men walked beside the wagons.

" In a deplorable state the party reached the summit from which the trail leading downward gave an easier way. But it had been on short water supply for many an hour, because since leaving Ash Meadows no water

was to be had. Water-famished, the emigrants toiled down Furnace Creek Wash. To add to their trials a band of Indians waylaid them at a bend in the wash and killed a number of their oxen. The emigrants beat off their assailants and plodded on down the trail, arriving finally at Furnace Creek Canyon; and at last, none too soon, at the rippling, rushing little Furnace Creek. The water was very hot, but it was good spring water and good Samaritan water to the distressed wagon-train.

"That the party stopped a few days at Furnace Creek to recuperate is certain. From its scouts it learned that the canyon opened into a valley white-hot. It must have appreciated that the worst lay ahead, for which was needed every ounce of strength and fortitude. It could not go back. It had to go forward into the unforbidding unknown. So one morning it stood at the Furnace Creek Canyon gateway and gazed out into the bowl like Death Valley, red, fiery-red around the rim; white, withering-white at the bottom's dip.

"The emigrants had the choice of the south or the north, safety or death. No Jayhawkers' wagon ruts were there to mark the way to the south and safety. That trail had been buried beneath the rocky spew flushed down Furnace Creek Canyon by the spring and summer cloudbursts. To the south lay the long length of the valley, with its glaring, ominous salt marsh. Banked on the other side was a seemingly unsurmountable mountain range. To the north, around the rim of the valley, ran what seemed level ground for the wagons. True, far up in the north the hollow ended

with an embankment of buttes. This was more or less discouraging, but beyond them the barricading mountain range appeared to break and give a passage out to the west. Moreover, the north way avoided the salt marsh. This way promised release. They chose the north, and death.

"Appreciating the long burning road ahead, the emigrants filled every available keg, bucket, camp pot and kettle with water from Furnace Creek. They feared that water might run low in the toil up the valley. They reasoned that perhaps that water supply might have to hold over until the next day. With such a generous store of it, however, they were more than hopeful of withstanding even the thirst attacks of two days. They reasoned well, for how could they know the deadly, sinister character of that deep hot hollow ahead?

"To understand the torture of that last day's travel, the unlooked-for vanishing of that generous supply of water, and the mysterious exhaustion of man and beast, one must know Death Valley in summer. One must know that this furnace spot, the lowest dry land in the western hemisphere, perhaps in the world, is also the most arid. The hot, withering desert winds, dry as an oven blast, blow into the south entrance of the valley and sweep northward as up a chimney. They blow over the surface of the sizzling salt marsh. These winds, already low in moisture, as they slip over the griddle-like marsh, are roasted. By the time they reach the north end of the valley they are destitute of moisture as a cinder. It is asserted that in August

the air at the north end of Death Valley has less than five per cent. humidity. When one considers that seventy per cent. humidity is pleasantly normal, the terrible strain of Death's Valley's five per cent. humidity can be rated for all its evil. A pedestrian cannot walk half a mile through this blasting atmosphere without several generous draughts of water. Desert nomads, seasoned desert travelers — for no others venture on a Death Valley tramp in summer — have drunk a gallon of water in going two miles. The arid air when drawn into the lungs fairly licks the moisture from the body's tissues.

" Picture, then, the anguish of the day and night after the band of doomed emigrants set out from the mouth of Furnace Creek Canyon on their death march around the northeast segment of Death Valley. Along the broiling rocky floor the tired oxen, stumbling, dragged the wobbly wagons. Men and women in anguish tramped a trail so blistering that in these days a desert man wraps his feet in moistened sacks before he trusts himself to the same scorching way. The evil sun poured down its heat rays upon the travelers and shriveled their very skin. The withering desert air, breathed into their lungs, inflamed their tissues. Mental and bodily lassitude seized them. In helpless horror they saw their water store dwindling before the unrestrainable call of man and beast. Yet, driven by despair, that death party pushed on more than twenty-five miles through sun and sand, and at night camped beyond the North Buttes among the sand dunes. They reached their journey's objective point as planned in

the morning, and found ahead of them the divide through the Panamints. To this day they call the place Emigrants' Pass. But the emigrants never passed over it.

" Wonderful was the persistent pluck of that doomed party. With an order worthy of bright promise rather than impending destruction, the men made their last camp. Wagons were backed into the regulation circle, their tongues pointing outward, and chains and ox-yokes laid out in approved overland fashion. The cattle were turned loose to rustle. Camp fires were lit, built from the scant desert fuel. Supper was cooked and eaten, but it was a supper without water, for the supply was practically gone, and near the camp were no signs of water. Then all lay down in the mystery of the desert darkness.

" In the gamut of desert hardship there is no horror such as the horror of a camp without water. Horses whine pitifully, and cattle bawl hoarsely in their efforts to make known the unspeakable thirst torture they do not understand. Fantasy plays with the restless nerves and minds of men and women, and drives them to delirium. Thirst-maddened, men and women shriek for water. On that dreadful night Death Valley's christening party drank the bitterest cup of human woe.

" Wretched as was the night, the dawn that broke on the luckless camp was worse. Madness, thirst madness, had set in. Men and women in frenzy fled the camp, and scattered at random over the trackless sand waste in search of water. Some too weak to leave the wagons, abandoned by their fellows, perished

miserably in camp. Bookish altruism had vanished with the water. Fugitives flying in vain, a foe within them, scoured the sun-scorched sand of Lost Valley. The strongest reached the canyons of the Panamint Mountains, and found water, only to die of starvation in the valleys and mountains beyond. Others, crazed, came to the bitter ripples of Salt Creek and in their delirium gulped down the brackish, poisonous water. They died beside the stream. Lone wanderers, lost among the sand dunes, dropped in their steps and passed over the Great Divide. All round the sombre site of that last camp were strewn the shining skeletons of man and beast — skeletons, for the watchful coyotes saw to that."

CHAPTER XIII

THE WATCHFUL HERO SCOUTS, CARSON AND BEALE

THERE are few more vivid pictures of the difficulties experienced in reaching California in the early days than some of those published in the United States government reports of Lieutenant-Colonels W. H. Emory and P. St. George Cooke, and Captain A. R. Johnston, who marched from Santa Fé, via the Colorado Desert, as part of Kearny's Army of the West. With the earlier part of that journey we have nothing to do, except to state that, on the sixth of October, 1846, they met Kit Carson, the noted scout, who, with fifteen men, was on his way to Washington, bearing despatches from Colonel Frémont in California.

Knowing Carson's ability as a guide and scout, General Kearny prevailed upon him to allow the despatches to be sent on by another messenger, in order that he might return with the invading army, which he accordingly did.

As they came down the Gila River, and neared the Colorado, they discovered a band of five hundred horses being taken to Mexico, which they captured. Colonel Emory gives an interesting account of the way the native Californians handle these horses. "The captured horses were all wild and but little adapted for immediate service, but there was rare sport in

catching them, and we saw for the first time the lasso thrown with inimitable skill. It is a saying in Chihuahua that ' a Californian can throw the lasso as well with his foot as a Mexican can with his hand,' and the scene before us gave us an idea of its truth. There was a wild stallion of great beauty which defied the fleetest horse and the most expert rider. At length a boy of fourteen, a Californian, whose graceful riding was the constant subject of admiration, piqued by repeated failures, mounted a fresh horse, and, followed by an Indian, launched fiercely at the stallion. His *riata* darted from his hand with the force and precision of a rifle ball, and rested on the neck of the fugitive; the Indian, at the same moment, made a successful throw, but the stallion was too stout for both, and dashed off at full speed, with both ropes flying in the air like wings. The perfect representation of Pegasus, he took a sweep, and, followed by his pursuers, came thundering down the dry bed of the river. The lassos were now trailing on the ground, and the gallant young Spaniard, taking advantage of this circumstance, stooped from his flying horse, and caught one in his hand. It was the work of a moment to make it fast to the pommel of his saddle, and, by a short turn of his own horse, he threw the stallion a complete somersault, and the game was secure."

Less than two weeks later, more mules and horses were captured, but, like those captured near the mouth of the Gila River, they were mostly unbroken, and not of much service. On the fifth of December, 1846, they met Captain Gillespie, Lieutenant Beale

and thirty-five men, sent from San Diego with a despatch to General Kearny, and the following day, at San Pasqual, they had an engagement with the Californians, in which eighteen officers and men were killed, and thirteen wounded.

In the *Life of Carson*, written by Lieutenant-Colonel Dewitt C. Peters, there is a full account of this disastrous struggle and the specific actions that induced me to give to Carson and Beale a chapter in this California Hero Book. Let me quote: "After being thus badly cut up, and with not more than one or two officers left who had not been wounded, while the men had been handled with equal severity, the Americans were obliged to take refuge at a point of rocks which chanced to be near where their advance had been defeated. A rally was made at this place. The Mexicans, however, did not venture to attack them. Both sides were apparently weary of fighting for that day. The firing ceased, and, soon after, night closed over the scene of the battle-field.

"General Kearny's care now was to attend to the wounded. There was no rest for his command that night, as, during the hours of darkness, his men were busy interring their dead and looking after the wants of the sufferers. A sharp lookout, also, was kept on the movements of the enemy, who were continually receiving reinforcements. A council of war was held in the American camp, when General Kearny, after taking the advice of his remaining officers, decided to move on early in the morning, with the hope of meeting reinforcements. He had despatched three men as

THE RANCHO CHICO, 1854, JOHN BIDWELL'S HOME.

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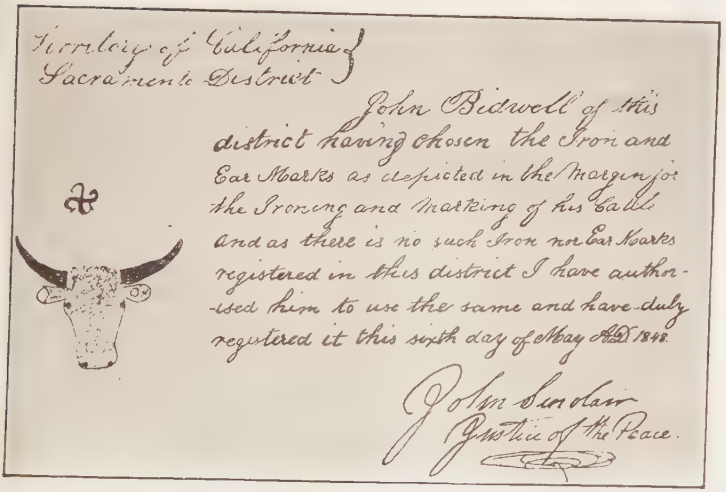
Territory of California
Sacramento District
John Bidwell of this district having chosen the Iron and Ear Marks as depicted in the Margin for the Ironing and Marking of his Cattle and as there is no such Iron nor Ear Marks registered in this district I have authorised him to use the same and have duly registered it this sixth day of May A.D. 1848.
John Sinclair
Justice of the Peace.

JOHN BIDWELL'S FIRST CATTLE BRAND.

George Wharton James, Photo.

JUAN BAUTISTA DE ANZA'S HOUSE, TUBAC, ARIZONA.

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DONNER PARTY MEMORIAL CROSS, NEAR DONNER LAKE, CALIFORNIA.

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bearers of despatches to Commodore Stockton at San Diego before the battle; but, whether they had been successful or not in reaching the commodore, the general did not know. Just before the late fight, they had returned to within sight of their friends, when they were taken prisoners by the Mexicans.

" The order of the march on the following day was as follows: Kit Carson, with a command of twenty-five men, proceeded in the advance, while the remainder of the now very much crippled band of soldiers followed after on the trail made by their guide. Steadily and compactly these brave men moved forward, being continually in expectancy of a charge from the enemy, who would show themselves, from time to time, on the neighboring hills, and then again, for a time, disappear.

" During the previous day, a Mexican lieutenant had his horse shot from under him, and he himself had been taken prisoner. On a favorable opportunity occurring, General Kearny ordered the ' halt ' to be sounded, when, through a flag of truce, he asked a parley. It being granted, he succeeded in making an exchange of the lieutenant for one of his despatch-bearers. He gained nothing by this, for the man stated that he and his companions had found it impossible to reach their point of destination, and hence they had turned back.

" The manœuvring on the part of the Mexicans, which we have alluded to as consisting of making temporary stands on the hills, and then changing their positions as the Americans drew near to them,

their shoes would often, even with the greatest preventative care being taken, strike against the various impediments to their progress and make sounds which might lead to their detection. To avoid this they took them off and pushed them under their belts. Slowly, but surely, they evaded the vigilant guard of the Mexican sentinels, whom they found to be mounted and three rows deep, evidently being determined not to be eluded. So near would they often come to these Mexican sentinels, that but a few yards would measure the distance between them and their enemies, yet, with brave hearts, they crept along over the ground foot by foot; they were almost safe beyond these barriers, when all their hopes came near being dashed to pieces. This alarm was caused by one of the sentinels riding up near to where they were, dismounting from his horse and lighting, by his flint and steel, his cigarette. On seeing this, Kit Carson, who was just ahead of Lieutenant Beale, pushed back his foot and kicked softly his companion, as a signal for him to lie flat on the ground as he (Carson) was doing. The Mexican was some time, being apparently very much at his leisure, in lighting his cigarette; and, during these moments of suspense, so quietly did Kit Carson and his companion lie on the ground, that Carson said, and always after affirmed, that he could distinctly hear Lieutenant Beale's heart pulsate.

"Who can describe the agony of mind to which these brave hearts were subjected during this severe trial? Everything — the lives of their friends as well as their own — so hung on chance, that they shud-

dered; not at the thought of dying, but for fear they would fail in accomplishing what was dearer to them than life, the rescue of the brave men whose lives hung on their success. After quite a long time, the Mexican, as if guided by the hand of Providence, mounted his horse and made off in a contrary direction from the one where these bold adventurers were biding their time to accept either good, if possible, or evil, if necessary, from the wheel of Fortune. For a distance of about two miles, Kit Carson and Lieutenant Beale thus walked along on their hands and knees. Continually, during this time, Kit Carson's eagle eye was penetrating through the darkness, ever on the alert to discover whatever obstacle might present itself on which was stamped the least appearance of danger. Having passed the last visible image in the shape of a sentinel and left the lines behind them at a suitable distance, both men regained their feet, and once more breathed freely. Their first thought was to look for their shoes, but, alas, they were gone. In the excitement of the journey, they had not given them a thought since depositing them beneath their belts. Hardly a word had hitherto passed between these two companions in danger, but now they spoke hurriedly and congratulated each other on the success that had so far attended them, and thanked God in their hearts that He had so mercifully aided them. There was no time for delay, as they were by no means free from danger, though they thought the worst was over. Kit Carson was familiar with the country, and well knew the necessity of avoiding, for fear of being discovered,

all the well-trodden trails and roads which lead to San Diego, every one of which was closely watched by the enemy. He chose a circuitous route, over rocks, hills and wild lands. The soil was lined with the prickly pear, the thorns of which were penetrating, at almost every step, deep into their bare feet, which, owing to the darkness and thickness of the plants, they could not avoid. The town of San Diego was located many miles in a straight line from the point from whence they had started, but, by the roundabout route they were obliged to travel, this distance was much lengthened. All the following day they continued their tramp and made as much progress as possible. Their mental excitement kept them in good spirits, though, from previous fatigue, the want of food during this time, and by the rapid pace at which they were traveling, they were putting their physical powers to their full test. Another night closed in around them, yet 'onward' was their watchword, for they thought not of rest while those behind them were in such imminent peril. Kit Carson's only compass was his eye, which served him so well that soon the dark outlines of the houses of San Diego could just be discerned. Both men were ready to leap for joy. They were challenged by the American sentinels about the town, and answered in pure English, 'Friends,' which same English was unmistakable proof to the guard from whence they came. On stating their important business, they were conducted into the presence of Commodore Stockton, to whom they related what we have tried to describe. Commodore Stockton, with his usual

promptitude, immediately detailed a command of about one hundred and seventy men to make forced marches in order to reach and relieve their besieged countrymen. With as much despatch as possible, this force set out, taking with them a heavy piece of ordnance, which, for want of animals, the men themselves were obliged to draw, by attaching ropes to it. Kit Carson did not return with them, for it was considered that he had seen service enough for the present; besides, his feet were badly swollen and inflamed from the rough usage they had recently been obliged to submit to. He graphically described the position of General Kearny, so that the relief party could have no difficulty in finding him. He remained to recruit in San Diego. . . . Unused then to such hardships and mental excitements on land, as was his more experienced companion, Lieutenant Beale, from the trials of the service performed, became partially deranged; and for treatment was sent on board the frigate *Congress*, which ship lay in the harbor, being one of the vessels attached to the commodore's fleet. Two long years elapsed before the gallant lieutenant fully recovered from the effects of this adventure, which, for the bravery and unselfishness evinced in its planning, and the boldness with which it was carried out, without mentioning the good results it produced, was not excelled by any feat performed during the Mexican War."

CHAPTER XIV

SAILOR HEROES OF PIONEER TIMES

IN the days of '48 and '49, when gold seekers were pouring into California by every possible route and method, many came by sea. There were no floating palaces then upon the Pacific Ocean, whatever may have been the style of the steamers coursing up and down the Mississippi River. And the sailing vessels that rounded Cape Horn were often the victims of storms and other perils that not only endangered the lives of the voyagers, but often destroyed them.

In Dana's *Two Years before the Mast*, — a classic which every California boy and girl should not only read but possess in his or her own private library — are some vivid pictures of perils suffered on the sea voyage to California. When Dana returned to New England, he went in the *Alert*, and on September 21, 1836, he arrived in Boston. There he published his book, containing his diary of the trip.

In 1840, under another captain, W. D. Phelps, the *Alert* again arrived in Monterey, and continued to sail back and forth between New England and California, so that, when Frémont arrived and needed help, Phelps was able to render it in a most effective manner. Captain Phelps kept a diary, in several manuscript volumes, and these are now in my possession. From

them I extract the following description of a storm which struck the *Alert* near Santa Barbara. It is a nautical man's description of an experience which was often visited upon the pioneers, and which demonstrates that the Pacific Ocean was not (and is not) always as pacific as is its name.

"At 4 P. M. tacked ship to the south and west. At 8 the weather looked favorable for a moderate night. Tacked inshore. At 10, perceiving a sudden and considerable fall of the barometer, wore ship immediately and stood off shore, carrying all possible sail to make an offing, as the signs of a coming gale were now too strong to be neglected. The ship was under double reef topsails, fore and main courses, topmast staysail, and a main spencer. At a quarter past eleven the gale was fast increasing, the sea making a breach over fore and aft and the ship straining hard; took in the mainsail as it was impossible to carry it any longer. As heaving the ship to at this time would cause her to drift dead on a lee shore and her fate (if not that of all hands) would be sealed before morning, I determined that the remaining sail must be kept on her until we had gathered sufficient offing to give her a clear drift, or the sails and spars must be allowed to blow away. At a quarter before midnight, the gale was very severe, the squalls and wind so violent that it was impossible to look to windward. The ship was madly driving and plunging into a frightful sea, but still making good progress from the land. All hands were stationed at their posts to act as occasion required, and many an inward prayer was breathed that the sails and spars

would outlive the violence of the gale, or at least until they had placed us in a safe position. They performed their duty as well as expected but not so well as hoped for. A few minutes before twelve the fore topsail yard broke in the middle, and while securing the sail, which was also split, a fearful noise of tearing accompanied with a loud report as of a gun told us that the main topsail had also taken leave of the yard.

"After about two hours' severe toil the remnants of the two topsails were secured, and the broken yard lashed aloft; the mizzen topsail was safely furled. The topmast staysail had blown to fragments. At this time (2 A. M.) the gale had increased to such a height that it seemed impossible for it to blow harder. The sea also was tremendous. Still the foresail and and main spencer held on, the ship rolling, and plunging and drifting dead to leeward. We had done all that could be done to ensure the safety of the ship, and now all we could do was to let her drift and anticipate the fearful result. Part of the crew and officers were now sent below to secure the casks, boxes, etc., which had broken loose and were in commotion under deck, while the rest were looking out for the breakers of a lee shore. At this time I retired to the cabin to determine the position of the ship with regard to the land, and found that my passengers were silently and with great anxiety, no doubt, preparing themselves for the worst. Ungrateful indeed was the task of setting off the ship's place on the chart and painful the discovery that we had not over twenty miles drift in the direction we were now rapidly going. I knew that the passengers

were anxiously watching my every look. I controlled my feelings as much as possible, but dared not look them in the face lest they might read something there that would not add to their comfort. To their inquiries of our prospects, I could only say that we must hope for a favorable change. We were heading S. W. and with the lee way and variation were making a N. W. course. In this direction and at the distance of about 15 or 18 miles lay Pt. San Pedro, a high headland with dangerous rocks near it, to the west of which the barred entrance of San Francisco denied us entrance on account of the tremendous sea which was now rolling over it, threatening destruction to any ship that should approach it. W. N. W. of us were the rocky islets of the Farallones — which are dangerous to approach even in fine weather — and should we fortunately drift clear of these, a few miles further we must bring up on the ragged headland of Punto-de-los Reyes. I returned to the deck after recommending ourselves to the protection of Him who alone 'rides on the tempest and directs the storm,' and making what arrangements the occasion seemed to require, as calmly as possible, awaited the results, expecting to hear the dreadful breakers any moment. Until that appalling event should occur, I deferred informing the crew of their situation. But, oh the intense agony of feeling produced by a dark stormy night and the horrors of a lee shore — none can know like him on whom rests the sole responsibility of managing the ship in which are many precious lives. It is at such a time that a single night will do the work of years in a man's

age. At 6 A. M. the day broke, but the gale still raged in all its fury; the land could not be seen, as the gloom was thick and the rain descended in torrents. Our first object was to get down the fragments of the main topsail and bend a new one. This we accomplished, and at 8 o'clock a close-reefed main topsail brought the ship more head to the sea, and relieved her very much. After the refreshment of some hot coffee and a slight breakfast — of which I could not partake — we again turned to and sent down the wreck of the fore topsail yard and sail, and as all this work had to be done in the teeth of a severe gale, it occupied us until noon. I now judged that it was impossible to be more than 2 or 3 miles from the land, and I imagined every moment I could 'hear the warning voice of the lee shore, speaking in breakers,' when, of a sudden, we were taken hard aback by the westerly wind, blowing off shore, and shortly a clear sky showed us that we were distant from the breakers about ten miles, but that the direction in which we were drifting would have enabled us to keep off shore about 12 hours longer, had the gale continued. Thanks to a merciful and prayer-hearing God, we were preserved from wreck, and in the afternoon got up a new topsail yard, bent new sails, and, at sunset, when the sea had subsided, bore away with fair wind and an unclouded and beautiful evening, for Monterey. At midnight hove to, to wait for daylight."

CHAPTER XV

THE RECKLESS HERO OF INDIAN FAME, JAMES P. BECKWOURTH

HIGH up in the list of pioneer scouts must be placed the name and fame of James P. Beckwourth. Of reckless daring and undaunted courage, he won a recognized position in his own day and a fame which time will not dim. There is some doubt as to his birth, but it is sure that there was some negro blood in his veins, and this gave him enough of an Indian appearance to enable him — whenever he wished to do so — to pass himself off as an Indian. The extent and character of his adventures were such that many people have been inclined to doubt them, but Leland, who edited an English edition of his *Life*, says:

"My own honest opinion of the work is that it is true in the main, simply because it was impossible for its hero to have lived through the life which other sources prove that he experienced, and not have met with quite as extraordinary adventures as those which he describes. Life is, even to this day (1891), as exciting and as full of peril in some parts of America as is possible," and he tells a story which was given to him by a reliable eye witness, which Beckwourth had not related in his memoirs. The story is as follows:

"I do not think that Beckwourth was ever head chief among the Crow Indians, though I dare say he made himself out to be such; but that he was really a sub-chief is true, for I myself was on the ground when they made him one — and a strange sight it was. Beckwourth was a very powerful man — he had been a blacksmith — and he certainly was a desperately brave fighter.

"A very large grizzly bear had been driven into a cave, and Beckwourth asked of a great number of Crows who were present whether any of them would go in and kill the creature. All declined, for it seemed to be certain death. Then Beckwourth stripped himself naked, and wrapping a Mexican blanket around his left arm, and holding a strong, sharp knife, he entered the cave, and after a desperate fight, killed the bear. I came up to the place in time to see Beckwourth come out of the cave, all torn and bleeding. He looked like an evil demon if ever man did. The Crows were so much pleased at this that he was declared a sub-chief on the spot."

Beckwourth was born in Fredericksburg, Virginia, in 1798. In 1854–1855 T. D. Bonner — a wanderer in the mountains of California — found him there, became interested in his story and wrote it. In his preface Bonner says:

"After ten thousand adventures, Beckwourth finally became involved in the human stream that set toward the Pacific, and, almost unconsciously, he established a home in one of the pleasant valleys that border on Feather River. Discovering a pass in the mountains — now incorrectly known as Beckwith Pass — that fa-

cilitated emigrants in reaching California, his house became a stopping-place for the weary and dispirited among them, and no doubt the associations thus presented have done much to efface his natural disposition to wander and seek excitement among the Indian tribes."

I have heard Miss Ina Coolbrith, the poet, tell the story of the meeting between the party in which were her father and his family (herself of the number), and Beckwourth. The party had traveled for months over the plains and now, tattered in garments, wearied in body, harassed in mind, sun-burned and weather-beaten, they had reached the place where the plains ended and the steep mountain chain of the Sierras towered before them. Indians were dogging their footsteps, and the little girl, supposed to be asleep in the wagon, heard the men talking of the possibility of attack; and there, wide-eyed and full of alarm at danger, the full extent of which she did not begin to comprehend, she lay and trembled, watching such shadows as were cast and imagining them the outward signs of the horrors she felt within. Then Beckwourth came to their relief. He offered to guide the party through his recently discovered pass to Spanish Ranch in Plumas County. Well does she remember his coming. Like a picture that one is not sure one has seen or only dreamed of, he appears to her mental vision now. A dark-faced man, something like a mulatto, with long, braided hair reaching down to his shoulders, dressed in beaded buckskin, with moccasins on his feet, and no hat upon his head, he rode into the camp. His horse was half-

saddled, as Indians used to ride in that day. His voice was strong and masterful but pleasant to the ears of the child, for, as soon as he saw there were children in the train, he took sweetmeats from his pockets and a bag he had on his saddle, and began to distribute them, saying words that cheered the youngsters and made his appearance and dress only the peculiarities of a hero. When he saw Ina and her two little brothers, the boys in their short dresses, tears came into his eyes and he said, "God! they're the sweetest things in life." Then he began to talk to Mrs. Pickett (Miss Coolbrith's mother) of the great attraction children were to him. What a romantic figure he made riding ahead and leading the train, and how happy the little Ina felt to have him by and by come back to her father's wagon, reach over and lift her up to a place in front of him on his saddle, and then go on again to the front.

No romance can be more interesting than the record of Beckwourth's life on the border in the early day, and it belongs peculiarly to young Californians to read and enjoy it. Of all Beckwourth's early adventures, I have no room here to speak. He was once paid an annual salary by the United States government (it is said two thousand dollars) to keep the Crow tribe from molesting the whites who were crossing the plains. Several times he was on the United States pay-roll as a scout. For a time he was an Indian trader. He was about fifty years old when he reached California and settled down. The following is a part of his story:

"I was now inactive for some time again, and occupied my leisure in rambling about the environs of

DONNER LAKE, CALIFORNIA.

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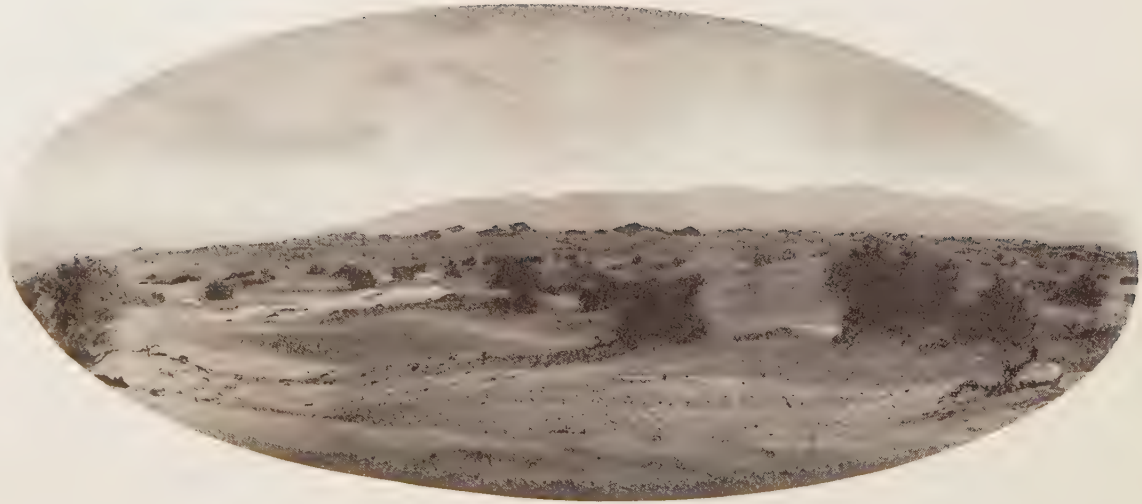
U. S. Geological Survey, W. C. Mendenhall, Photo.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE COLORADO DESERT.



A GLIMPSE OF THE SLOPE OF DEATH VALLEY, THE FUNERAL MOUNTAINS IN THE DISTANCE.

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Monterey. I then engaged in the service of the commissariat at Monterey, to carry despatches from thence to Captain Denney's ranch, where I was met by another carrier. On my road lay the mission of San Miguel, owned by a Mr. Reed, an Englishman; and, as his family was a very interesting one, I generally made his home my resting-place. On one of my visits, arriving about dusk, I entered the house as usual, but was surprised to see no one stirring. I walked about a little to attract attention, and no one coming to me, I stepped into the kitchen to look for some of the inmates. On the floor I saw some one lying down, asleep, as I supposed. I attempted to arouse him with my foot, but he did not stir. This seemed strange, and my apprehensions became excited; for the Indians were very numerous about, and I was afraid some mischief had been done. I returned to my horse for my pistols, then, lighting a candle, I commenced a search. In going along a passage, I stumbled over the body of a woman; I entered a room, and found another, a murdered Indian woman, who had been a domestic. I was about to enter another room, but I was arrested by some sudden thought which urged me to search no farther. It was an opportune admonition, for that very room contained the murderers of the family, who had heard my steps, and were sitting at that moment with their pistols pointed to the door, ready to shoot the first person who entered. This they confessed subsequently.

"Thinking to obtain farther assistance, I mounted my horse and rode to the nearest ranch, a distance of twenty-four miles, where I procured fifteen Mexicans

and Indians, and returned with them the same night to the scene of the tragedy. On again entering the house, we found eleven bodies all thrown together in one pile for the purpose of consuming them; for, on searching further, we found the murderers had set fire to the dwelling; but, according to that Providence which exposes such wicked deeds, the fire had died out.

"Fastening up the house, we returned immediately back to the ranch from which I had started with my party, making seventy-two miles I rode that night. As soon as I could obtain some rest, I started, in company with the alcalde, for San Luis Obispo, where, it was believed, we could get assistance in capturing the murderers. Forty men in detached parties, moving in different directions, went in pursuit. It was my fortune to find the trail, and with my party of six men I managed to head off the suspected murderers so as to come up with them in the road from directly the opposite direction from Reed's. When I came opposite, one of the men sang out, 'Good day, señors.' I replied, but kept on riding in a lope.

"The bandits, thrown entirely off their guard, insisted upon entering into conversation; so I had a fair opportunity of marking them all, and discovering among them a horse belonging to the unfortunate Reed. I then rode to Santa Barbara, a distance of forty miles, and, with a party of twenty men, started boldly in pursuit. After much hard travel, we finally came upon the gang, encamped for the night. Without a moment's hesitation, we charged on them, and gave a volley of rifles, which killed one, and wounded all

the others, save an American, named Dempsey. The villains fought like tigers, but were finally mastered and made prisoners.

" Dempsey turned State's evidence. He stated that, on the night of the murder, his party stopped at Reed's ; that Reed told them that he had just returned from the mines, whereupon it was determined to kill the whole family and take his gold, which turned out to be the pitiful sum of one thousand dollars. After the confession of Dempsey, we shot the murderers, along with the ' State's evidence,' and thus ended the lives of fourteen villains, who had committed the most diabolical deed that ever disgraced the annals of frontier life."

For four months he engaged in this messenger service and then traded in the mines at Sonora for awhile, then in Sacramento, and finally proceeded to Greenwood Valley, in the Sierras, to establish his winter quarters. Unfortunately, he was seized with rheumatism, and this gave him a great deal of trouble that winter; yet it did not diminish his love of adventure, as the following story proves:

" Before I was able to get about, I was called on by the inhabitants to go several miles to shoot a grizzly bear, and as I was unable to walk the distance, several of them volunteered to carry me. The bear was in the habit of walking past a row of cabins every morning on his return to his den, he having issued forth the preceding night to procure his evening meal. They had fired several shots at Bruin as he passed, but he had never deigned to pay any attention to the molesta-

tion. I mounted a horse, and rode some distance along his customary path, until I came to a tree which offered a fair shelter, to await his approach. I placed my back against it as a support while I awaited his coming, the neighbors drawing off to a safe distance to witness the sport. By and by grizzly came in sight, walking along as independently as an alderman-elect. I allowed him to approach till he was within twenty paces, when I called out to him; he stopped suddenly, and looked around to ascertain whence the sound proceeded. As he arrested himself, I fired, and the ball entered his heart. He advanced ten or fifteen paces before he fell; the observers shouted to me to run, they forgetting in their excitement that I had not strength to move. The bear never stirred from where he fell, and he expired without a groan. When dressed, he weighed over fourteen hundred pounds."

After recounting, with many details, one of his experiences in trading with a demoralized band of Indians, he concludes:

"This trading whisky for Indian property is one of the most infernal practices ever entered into by man. Let the reader sit down and figure up the profits on a forty-gallon cask of alcohol, and he will be thunderstruck, or rather whisky-struck. When disposed of, four gallons of water are added to each gallon of alcohol. In two hundred gallons there are sixteen hundred pints, for each one of which the trader gets a buffalo robe worth five dollars! The Indian women toil many long weeks to dress these sixteen hundred robes. The white trader gets them all for worse than

nothing, for the poor Indian mother hides herself and her children in the forests until the effect of the poison passes away from the husbands, fathers, and brothers, who love them when they have no whisky, and abuse and kill them when they have. Six thousand dollars for sixty gallons of alcohol. Is it a wonder that, with such profits in prospect, men get rich who are engaged in the fur trade? Or is it a miracle that the poor buffalo are becoming gradually exterminated, being killed with so little remorse that their very hides, among the Indians themselves, are known by the appellation of a pint of whisky?"

As a matter of record, it is well to preserve Beckwourth's own account of the discovery and history of the pass that bears his name. He was going from American Valley up to the home of the Pitt River Indians at the time. Says he:

"While on this excursion, I discovered what is now known as 'Beckwourth's Pass' in the Sierra Nevada.[1] From some of the elevations over which we passed I remarked a place far away to the southward that seemed lower than any other. I made no mention of it to my companion, but thought that at some future time I would examine into it farther. I continued on to Shasta with my fellow-traveler, and returned after a fruitless journey of eighteen days.

"After a short stay in the American Valley, I again started out with a prospecting party of twelve men. We killed a bullock before starting and dried the meat, in order to have provisions to last us during the trip.

[1] It is marked on the maps and locally known as Beckwith's Pass.

We proceeded in an easterly direction, and all busied themselves in searching for gold; but my errand was of a different character; I had come to discover what I suspected to be a pass.

"It was the latter end of April when we entered upon an extensive valley at the northwest extremity of the Sierra Range. The valley was already robed in freshest verdure, contrasting most delightfully with the huge snow-clad masses of rock we had just left. Flowers of every variety and hue spread their variegated charms before us; magpies were chattering, and gorgeously-plumaged birds were carolling in the delights of unmolested solitude. Swarms of wild geese and ducks were swimming on the surface of the cool, crystal stream, which was the central fork of the Rio de las Plumas, or sailed the air in clouds over our heads. Deer and antelope filled the plains, and their boldness was conclusive that the hunter's rifle was to them unknown. Nowhere visible were any traces of the white man's approach, and it is probable that our steps were the first that ever marked the spot. We struck across this beautiful valley to the waters of the Yuba, from thence to the waters of the Truchy (Truckee), which latter flowed in an easterly direction, telling us we were on the eastern slope of the mountain range. This, I at once saw, would afford the best wagon-road into the American Valley approaching from the eastward, and I imparted my views to three of my companions in whose judgment I placed the most confidence. They thought highly of the discovery, and even proposed to associate with me in opening the road. We also

found gold, but not in sufficient quantity to warrant our working it; and, furthermore, the ground was too wet to admit of our prospecting to any advantage.

"On my return to the American Valley, I made known my discovery to a Mr. Turner, proprietor of the American Ranch, who entered enthusiastically into my views; it was a thing, he said, he had never dreamed of before. If I could but carry out my plan, and divert travel into that road, he thought I should be a made man for life. Thereupon he drew up a subscription list, setting forth the merits of the project, and showing how the road could be made practicable to Bidwell's Bar, and thence to Marysville, which latter place would derive peculiar advantages from the discovery. He headed the subscription with two hundred dollars.

"When I reached Bidwell's Bar and unfolded my project, the town was seized with a perfect mania for the opening of the route. The subscriptions toward the fund required for its accomplishment amounted to five hundred dollars. I then proceeded to Marysville, a place which would unquestionably derive greater benefit from the newly-discovered route than any other place on the way, since this must be the *entrepôt* or principal starting-place for emigrants. I communicated with several of the most influential residents on the subject in hand. They also spoke very encouragingly of my undertaking, and referred me before all others to the mayor of the city. Accordingly, I waited upon that gentleman (a Mr. Miles), and brought the matter under his notice, representing it as being a legitimate

matter for his interference, and offering substantial advantages to the commercial prosperity of the city. The mayor entered warmly into my views, and pronounced it as his opinion that the profits resulting from the speculation could not be less than from six to ten thousand dollars; and as the benefits accruing to the city would be incalculable, he would ensure my expenses while engaged upon it.

"I mentioned that I should prefer some guarantee before entering upon my labors, to secure me against loss of what money I might lay out.

"'Leave that to me,' said the mayor; 'I will attend to the whole affair. I feel confident that a subject of so great importance to our interests will engage the earliest attention.'

"I thereupon left the whole proceeding in his hands, and, immediately setting men to work upon the road, went out to Truckee to turn emigration into my newly-discovered route. While thus busily engaged I was seized with erysipelas, and abandoned all hopes of recovery; I was over one hundred miles away from medical assistance, and my only shelter was a brush tent. I made my will, and resigned myself to death. Life still lingered in me, however, and a train of wagons came up, and encamped near to where I lay. I was reduced to a very low condition, but I saw the drivers, and acquainted them with the object that had brought me out there. They offered to attempt the new road if I thought myself sufficiently strong to guide them through it. The women, God bless them! came to my assistance, and through their kind attentions and

excellent nursing I rapidly recovered from my lingering sickness, until I was soon able to mount my horse, and lead the first train, consisting of seventeen wagons, through 'Beckwourth's Pass.' We reached the American Valley without the least accident, and the emigrants expressed entire satisfaction with the route. I returned with the train through Marysville, and on the intelligence being communicated of the practicability of my road, there was quite a public rejoicing. A northern route had been discovered, and the city had received an impetus that would advance her beyond all her sisters on the Pacific shore. I felt proud of my achievement, and was foolish enough to promise myself a substantial recognition of my labors.

"I was destined to disappointment, for that same night Marysville was laid in ashes. The mayor of the ruined town congratulated me upon bringing a train through. He regretted that their recent calamity had placed it entirely beyond his power to obtain for me any substantial reward. With the exception of some two hundred dollars subscribed by some liberal-minded citizens of Marysville, I have received no indemnification for the money and labor I have expended upon my discovery. The city has been greatly benefited by it, as all must acknowledge, for the emigrants that now flock to Marysville would otherwise have gone to Sacramento. Sixteen hundred dollars I expended upon the road is forever gone, but those who derive advantage from this outlay and loss of time devote no thought to the discoverer; nor do I see clearly how I am to help myself, for every one knows

I cannot roll a mountain into the pass and shut it up. But there is one thing certain: although I recognize no superior in love of country, and feel in all its force the obligation imposed upon me to advance her interests, still, when I go out hunting in the mountains a road for everybody to pass through, and expending my time and capital upon an object from which I shall derive no benefit, it will be because I have nothing better to do.

"In the spring of 1852 I established myself in Beckwourth Valley, and finally found myself transformed into a hotel-keeper and chief of a trading-post. My house is considered the emigrant's landing-place, as it is the first ranch he arrives at in the Golden State, and is the only house between this point and Salt Lake. Here is a valley two hundred and forty miles in circumference, containing some of the choicest land in the world. Its yield of hay is incalculable; the red and white clovers spring up spontaneously, and the grass that covers its smooth surface is of the most nutritious nature. When the weary, toil-worn emigrant reaches this valley, he feels himself secure; he can lay himself down and taste refreshing repose, undisturbed by the fear of Indians. His cattle can graze around him in pasture up to their eyes, without running any danger of being driven off by the Arabs of the forest, and springs flow before them as pure as any that refresh this verdant earth."

Since this chapter was written I note that the Western Pacific Railway is built through the pass discovered by Beckwourth, and that the officials of that railway, with wise and enlightened desire to preserve historic accuracy, are denoting it as Beckwourth, instead of Beckwith, on their maps and literature.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DARING HEROES OF THE PONY EXPRESS AND THE OVERLAND STAGE

THIS is not so much the recital of individualistic exploits of heroism and bravery, as of collective acts of great daring and courage, in which extraordinary heroism was the daily experience of all the active participants. No man could ever have engaged in the work of the old overland stage, or the pony express, unless he were at least physically brave. And, when one comes to analyze acts, or especially a life, of physical bravery, it is sometimes hard to draw the line and say where that ends and moral heroism begins.

To fully realize these preliminary words, it is but necessary to recall the conditions under which the overland stage was started and the circumstances that surrounded its daily operation. California was seized for the Union by Commodore Sloat, on Tuesday, July 7, 1846. Gold was discovered by Marshall in January, 1848. The news speedily reached Salt Lake by means of the Mormons, and Oregon by way of Honolulu, and immediately an influx of gold-seekers began. But it was not until the end of the year that the East fully awoke to the importance of the discovery. There were no rapid means of communication, — no regular methods of any kind. The con-

vention called by General Riley to frame a civil constitution for the new State convened on September 3, 1849, and on October 13 the work was accomplished and the constitution signed. The first election took place November 13, when Peter H. Burnett was elected first governor, and the constitution was ratified by a vote of twelve thousand and sixty-four against eight hundred and eleven. Burnett was installed on November 20, and on December 15 the State legislature met at San José and elected Frémont and Gwin United States Senators.

Here, then, was a State practically three thousand miles away from the seat of federal government, and without means of speedy communication between them, save by special despatch at enormous expense. The mail was carried via Panama and came once a month. In 1851 this was extended to twice a month, at a cost of between seven hundred thousand and eight hundred thousand dollars a year. This state of affairs continued until 1858, when the Butterfield route from San Francisco to St. Louis was established via Los Angeles, Yuma, Tucson, and over New Mexico, Texas and Arkansas. Nothing, however, was gained in time by this change, for it required about as long as to come by the steamers. The fastest time made at this period from San Francisco to New York was twenty-one days. The only advantage was that the overland stage went twice a week, whereas the steamers sailed only twice a month.

At this time (1858) Messrs. Russell, Majors and Waddell were running a daily stage between St. Joseph,

Missouri (then the terminus of the railway lines) and Salt Lake City, as well as transporting large quantities of government stores by freight wagons over the same line. This route for some time had engaged the attention of Senator Gwin. He realized how much shorter it was than the Butterfield route, but every attempt to get his colleagues in the United States Senate to consider the construction of such a route, by subsidy or otherwise, was met with their assurances that such a route was not feasible during a large part of the year. The Sierran barrier, they urged, would effectually prevent any regular stage from running, even were a road constructed, and therefore it was a waste of time to consider such a project. Senator Gwin, however, was not so easily daunted, and in 1859, meeting Mr. Russell in Washington, he used his most eloquent endeavors to persuade him to start such a line. He assured the stage man that if he would demonstrate its feasibility he would guarantee a large subsidy for carrying the mail that would more than indemnify his firm for the large outlay, but that it was useless to ask his colleagues for their vote for a subsidy until the route had actually been opened and operated during the winter months.

Enthusiastic over the idea, Mr. Russell came west to confer with his partners. On looking at it from the purely commercial standpoint, these practical men threw cold water upon the scheme, but when Russell urged it afresh, on the ground of its national importance, the benefit it would be to the northern States in case of any conflict with the South, and further, because it would gain them an influential friend in Senator Gwin,

they finally decided to accede to his wishes and go ahead.

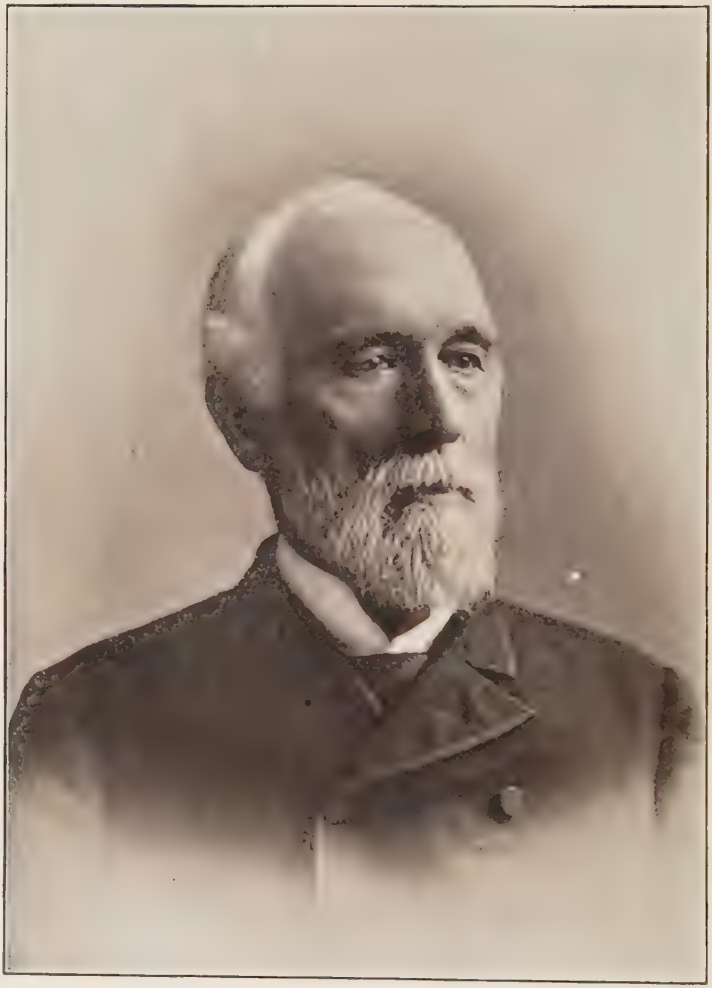
Accordingly, five hundred of the fleetest horses of the country were purchased, and the services of over two hundred competent men secured, eighty of whom were chosen, because of their slimness, as riders. The lighter the man the better for the horse, as in some portions of the route the scheduled time required a speed of twenty miles an hour.

The stage company already had stage stations some ten to twelve miles apart, located between St. Joseph and Salt Lake City, but an entirely new set of stations had to be built between Salt Lake City and Sacramento. These were located at a distance of about seventy-five miles apart, and through a country that none but heroes would have engaged to work in. It was infested with wild animals, hostile Indians, and occasionally with abandoned whites, who were more cruel and bloodthirsty than either. It was wild and desert country, totally uninhabited, except for the roving Indians and desperadoes, who valued human life less than they valued that of a buffalo or an antelope. In the summer, the hot, dusty, alkali plains were as dangerous and trying as were the rocky Sierras, deeply covered with snow, in the winter. None but brave men, experienced scouts, Indian fighters, plainsmen, inured to hardship and ready for any adventure, would have dared undertake the work. They were paid one hundred and twenty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month for their services, and were engaged because of their vigilance, bravery, agility and determination to "get

A BUCKING HORSE IN THE HEART OF THE COLORADO DESERT.

U. S. Geological Survey, F. B. Weeks, Photo.

TEN MILES SOUTH OF FURNACE CREEK, DEATH VALLEY.



ALEXANDER MAJORS.
Founder of the Pony Express.

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through." Their romantic story has never fully been told.

The day of the first start was April 3, 1860. It was an epoch-forming day in transcontinental transportation, for not only did it cut down the time to ten days, but it clearly demonstrated that the central route was feasible, and thus prepared the congressional mind, as well as that of the public, for the building of the Central Pacific Railway.

Harry Roff was the first rider. Mounted on a spirited bronco, he left Sacramento and covered the first twenty miles, including one change, in fifty-nine minutes. On reaching Folsom, he changed again and started for Placerville, at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, fifty-five miles away. Here a rider named " Boston " took the mail-pouch and dashed on to Friday's Station, crossing the Sierra, where pack-trains and mules were kept constantly moving back and forth to tread down the snow, which in some places was over thirty feet deep. Sam Hamilton relieved " Boston," and took the ride through Genoa, Carson City, Dayton and Reed's Station to Fort Churchill, — seventy-five miles. So far, one hundred and eighty-five miles, the time consumed was fifteen hours and twenty minutes, in spite of the crossing of the snow-covered range. At Fort Churchill, Robert H. Haslam — better known as " Pony Bob," — took the sack and carried it one hundred and twenty miles through the country of the hostile and warlike Paiutis to Smith's Creek. From this point Jay G. Kelley rode to Ruby Valley, Utah, one hundred and sixteen miles; thence H. Richardson carried the pre-

cious mail one hundred and five miles to Deep Creek. The last rider, George Thatcher, took it to Rush Valley (Old Camp Floyd), eighty miles, and on to Salt Lake City, — fifty miles.

The westward mail from St. Joseph, Missouri, started at the same time and passed from rider to rider by way of South Pass, Salt Lake, Humbolt River and Carson Valley over the Sierras to Sacramento, which it reached on April 13. The news of its coming caused great excitement and enthusiasm; crowds went out to meet it, and both houses of the State legislature then in session adjourned to welcome it and do honor to the occasion. The carrier came in time for the regular afternoon steamboat for San Francisco, and with his horse and the precious mail-bag, just as he had arrived, was put on board, and conveyed to San Francisco, where he arrived at one o'clock on the morning of the fourteenth. That city already had telegraphic communication with Sacramento, so the whole city was on hand to welcome the solitary rider with brass bands, torches and all the acclaim of a great public event. A procession was formed, the music struck up, and the crowd, enthusiastically cheering, conveyed the mail-carrier and his precious pouch to the post-office.

Thus was inaugurated the celebrated Pony Express, which continued in active operation for only about two years. There were two mails a week, each way, but only about two hundred letters could be carried each time. Tissue paper ordinarily was used for the correspondence, and the postage was fixed at five dollars for each half ounce.

" Pony Bob " thus describes some of his experiences, which may be regarded as fairly typical of those of his compeers:

" About eight months after the Pony Express commenced operations, the Paiuti War began in Nevada, and as no regular troops were then at hand, a volunteer corps, raised in California, with Colonel Jack Hayes and Henry Meredith — the latter being killed in the first battle at Pyramid Lake — in command, came over the mountains to defend the whites. Virginia City, Nevada, then the principal point of interest, and hourly expecting an attack from hostile Indians, was only in its infancy. A stone hotel on C Street was in course of erection, and had reached an elevation of two stories. This was hastily transformed into a fort for the protection of women and children.

" From the city the signal fires of the Indians could be seen on every mountain peak, and all available men and horses were pressed into service to repel the impending assault of the savages. When I reached Reed's Station, on the Carson River, I found no change of horses, as all those at the station had been seized by the whites to take part in the approaching battle. I fed the animal that I rode, and started for the next station, called Buckland's, afterward known as Fort Churchill, fifteen miles down the river. This point was to have been the termination of my journey (as I had been changed from my old route to this one, in which I had had many narrow escapes and been twice wounded by Indians), as I had ridden seventy-five miles, but, to my great astonishment, the other rider

refused to go on. The superintendent, W. C. Marley, was at the station, but all his persuasion could not prevail on the rider, Johnnie Richardson, to take the road. Turning then to me, Marley said: 'Bob, I'll give you fifty dollars if you make this ride.'

"I replied: 'I'll go you once.'

"Within ten minutes, when I had adjusted my Spencer rifle — a seven-shooter — and my Colt's revolver, with two cylinders ready for use in case of an emergency, I started. From the station onward was a lonely and dangerous ride of thirty-five miles, without any change, to the sink of the Carson. I arrived there all right, however, and pushed on to Sand Springs, through an alkali bottom and sand hills, thirty miles farther, without a drop of water all along the route. At Sand Springs I changed horses, and continued on to Cold Springs, a distance of thirty-seven miles. Another change, and a ride of thirty miles more, brought me to Smith's Creek. Here I was relieved by J. G. Kelley. I had ridden one hundred and eighty-five miles, stopping only to eat and to change horses.

"After remaining at Smith's Creek about nine hours, I started to retrace my journey with the return express. When I arrived at Cold Springs, to my horror I found that the station had been attacked by Indians, the keeper killed and all the horses taken away. What course to pursue I decided in a moment — I would go on. I watered my horse — having ridden him thirty miles without stop, he was pretty tired — and started for Sand Springs, thirty-seven miles away. It was growing

dark, and my road lay through heavy sage-brush, high enough in some places to conceal a horse. I kept a bright lookout, and closely watched every motion of my poor horse's ears, which is a signal for danger in an Indian country. I was prepared for a fight, but the stillness of the night and the howling of the wolves and coyotes made cold chills run through me at times, but I reached Sand Springs in safety and reported what had happened. Before leaving I advised the station-keeper to come with me to the sink of the Carson, for I was sure the Indians would be upon him the next day. He took my advice, and so probably saved his life, for the following morning Smith's Creek was attacked. The whites, however, were well protected in the shelter of a stone house, from which they fought the Indians for four days. At the end of that time they were relieved by the appearance of about fifty volunteers from Cold Springs. These men reported that they had buried John Williams, the brave keeper of that station, but not before his body had been nearly devoured by wolves.

" When I arrived at the sink of the Carson, I found the station men badly frightened, for they had seen some fifty warriors, decked out in their war-paint and reconnoitering the station. There were fifteen white men here, well armed and ready for a fight.

" The station was built of adobe, and was large enough for the men and ten or fifteen horses, with a fine spring of water within ten feet of it. I rested here an hour, and after dark started for Buckland's, where I arrived without a mishap and only three and a

half hours behind schedule time. I found Mr. Marley at Buckland's, and when I related to him the story of the Cold Springs tragedy and my success, he raised his previous offer of fifty dollars for my ride to one hundred dollars. I was rather tired, but the excitement of the trip had braced me up to withstand the fatigue of the journey. After a rest of one and a half hours, I proceeded over my own route, from Buckland's to Friday's Station, crossing the western summit of the Sierra Nevada. I had traveled three hundred and eighty miles within a few hours of schedule time, and surrounded by perils on every hand."

Alexander Majors, one of the founders of the Pony Express, in his *Memoirs* says: "Two important events transpired during the term of the Pony's existence. One was the carrying of President Buchanan's last message to Congress, in December, 1860, from the Missouri River to Sacramento, a distance of two thousand miles, in eight days and some hours. The other was the carrying of President Lincoln's inaugural address of March 4, 1861, over the same route in seven days and, I think, seventeen hours, being the quickest time, taking the distance into consideration, on record in this or any other country, as far as I know.

"One of the most remarkable feats ever accomplished was made by F. X. Aubery, who traveled the distance of eight hundred miles, between Santa Fé, New Mexico and Independence, Missouri, in five days and thirteen hours. This ride, in my opinion, in one respect was the most remarkable one ever made by any man. The entire distance was ridden without

stopping to rest, and having a change of horses only once in every one hundred or two hundred miles. He kept a lead-horse by his side most of the time, so that when the one he was riding gave out entirely, he changed the saddle to the extra horse, left the horse he had been riding, and went on again at full speed.

" At the time he made this ride, in much of the territory he passed through he was liable to meet hostile Indians, so that his adventure was daring in more ways than one. In the first place, the man who attempted to ride eight hundred miles in the time he did took his life in his hands. There is perhaps not one man in a million who could have lived to finish such a journey."

Another rider, J. G. Kelley, thus tells some of his own experiences. He was appointed assistant to the station-keeper at Sand Springs:

" The war against the Paiuti Indians was then at its height, and we were in the middle of the Paiuti country, which made it necessary for us to keep a standing guard night and day. The Indians were often seen skulking around, but none of them ever came near enough for us to get a shot at them, till one dark night, when I was on guard, I noticed one of our horses prick up his ears and stare. I looked in the direction indicated and saw an Indian's head projecting above the wall.

" My instructions were to shoot if I saw an Indian within shooting distance, as that would wake the boys quicker than anything else; so I fired and missed my man.

" Later on we saw the Indian camp-fires on the

mountain, and in the morning saw many tracks. They evidently intended to stampede our horses, and if necessary kill us. The next day one of our riders, a Mexican, rode into camp with a bullet hole through him from the left to the right side, having been shot by Indians while coming down Edwards Creek, in the quaking-asp bottom. This he told us as we assisted him off his horse. He was tenderly cared for, but died before surgical aid could reach him.

"As I was the lightest man of the station, I was ordered to take the Mexican's place on the route. My weight was then one hundred pounds, while I now weigh two hundred and thirty. Two days after taking the route, on my return trip, I had to ride through the forest of quaking-asp trees where the Mexican had been shot. A trail had been cut through these little trees, just wide enough to allow a horse and rider to pass. As the road was crooked and the branches came together from either side, just above my head when mounted, it was impossible to see ahead more than ten or fifteen yards, and it was two miles through the forest.

"I expected to have trouble, and prepared for it by dropping my bridle reins on the neck of my horse, put my Sharp's rifle at full cock, kept both spurs in the flanks, and we went through that forest like a 'streak of greased lightning.'

"At the top of the hill I dismounted to rest my horse, and looking back, saw the bushes moving in several places. As there were no cattle or game in that vicinity, I knew the movements must be caused by Indians,

and was more positive of it when, after firing several shots at the spot where I saw the bushes moving, all agitation ceased. Several days after that, two United States soldiers, who were on the way to their command, were shot and killed from the ambush of those bushes, and stripped of their clothing, by the red devils."

These stories are but typical. Others could be told equally interesting of adventures " by flood and field," — fording dangerous streams, sinking into quicksands, swallowed up by floods and cloudbursts, caught in sandstorms, perishing in snow-drifts, scorching to death in alkali flats that reflected the fierce rays of the summer sun, bewildered by mirages, tormented by thirst, etc., etc. These gallant men deserve a monument to their memory and work, for every day saw them do brave and heroic deeds.

Equally meritorious was the profession of stage-driving in those early and Indian-threatening days. Most of the old-time " knights of the whip " were true heroes.

Regardless of all obstacles, they resolutely endeavored to get through " on time." Attacks by Indians, " hold-ups " by " road agents," blockings of the road by snow, mud or drifted sands, the flooding of streams that must be forded, the breaking of bridges, accidents to themselves, stock, or coaches, — anything, everything must be overcome and the wheels roll into the station on " schedule time." Many a time have I ridden with these old knights of the whip, for thirty years ago, when I first came to the West, though the Central Pacific Railway had ousted the overland stage,

there were many side routes in California, Nevada and Arizona over which stages still ran.

This chapter cannot better be concluded than by a quotation from a novel, one of the first written by a Californian, which gives a true account of a portion of a stage-ride over the Sierra Nevada:

"The brake was left untouched, and the vehicle pushing upon the horses sent them flying down the grade with fearful rapidity. It was not driving that Jack now did. It was too dark to drive. He could only hold the lines in his hand and let the horses follow their own instinct. True, they would not go over the precipice of their own accord; but they might go so near the edge at any moment as to let the coach fall over. . . .

"And so they thundered along the narrow shelf cut in the mountain-side, at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, trusting all to the instinct of six mustangs.

"At each half minute a gleam of lightning would blaze forth, and show them the yawning gulf, fifteen hundred feet deep, along the very edge of which they were madly rushing. So, round and round, they twisted and curved with the spurs and angles of the mountain, at times running out upon a projecting point, at the end of which, seemingly, nothing but wings could rescue them from the fearful plunge that lay beyond; but, just as the leap was to be taken, the jaunty lead horses would turn a sharp corner of the projecting wall, followed by the others, and at last the coach itself would sway over the abyss, and then, with a roll and a swing, follow the flying horses along the ledge, still in safety."

CHAPTER XVII

THE STREET-PREACHING HERO OF "FORTY-NINE," WILLIAM TAYLOR

REGARDLESS of differences of opinion in theology and churches, every person can recognize courage, bravery and heroism in actions prompted by religious belief. Intelligent Methodists appreciate the spirit of the work of Padre Serra as much as do the Catholics, and good Christian Scientists can see the bravery and courage of Livingstone as well as the Scotch Presbyterians. Whatever a man's belief, it certainly requires faith, bravery, courage of a high order — in a word, heroism — to preach a pure and simple religion in all its rigor to men of openly wicked lives. It will not be denied by any student, and certainly not by any pioneer, that there was much open wickedness in California, both in San Francisco and the mines, in the early days after the discovery of gold. While it is not true, as some have rashly asserted, that the greater part of the pioneers were men of irreligious and immoral lives, it must be confessed that for many years certain phases of wickedness were rampant, open and defiant. Senator Wilson Flint says that in 1850 three sides of Portsmouth Square in San Francisco "were mostly occupied by buildings which served the double purpose of hotels and gambling-

houses, the latter calling being regarded at that time as a very reputable profession."

A writer in 1876 says: "Gambling! It is not strange that, to-day, San Franciscans are so fond of speculative sports and businesses. Twenty and twenty-five years ago they *all* gambled. The finest and most substantial houses in the city were the 'gilded palaces of chance.' Faro, roulette, monté, and rondo were all favorite games. Gold was so easily obtained and so abundant, that everybody had money to stake on the game. Sometimes these stakes were enormous. Twenty thousand dollars were risked on the turn of a single card. Such large bets were, of course, rare; but one thousand, three thousand, and five thousand dollars were almost nightly lost and won as single stakes.

"So popular was the game, that men who had quit the pulpit, the deaconship, the Sabbath-school teacher's place, to come to California, as naturally drifted into the gambling-house and took their turn at play as the most hardened gamester. The gambling-houses were the only places of resort. Every lodging-house was full and overflowing; hotels were crowded, and as there were no homes in this strange community, the restless people must needs seek shelter in the barrooms where the games went on. These places were comfortable at least; they were well lighted at night, there was that other subtle attraction, that exciting and intoxicating amusement that, once indulged in with success, becomes fascinating."

The writers of the *Annals of San Francisco* state that: "The general population of San Francisco

in 1852, with shame it must be confessed, in those days — as is *still* the case in 1854, to a considerable extent — drank largely of intoxicating liquors. A great many tippled at times, and quite as many swore lustily. They are an adventurous people, and their enjoyments are all of an exciting kind. They are bold and reckless, from the style of the place and the nature both of business and amusement. Newcomers fall naturally into the same character."

Again they say: "There is a sad recklessness of conduct and carelessness of life among the people of California, and nearly all the inhabitants of San Francisco, whatever be their native country, or their original pacific disposition, share in the same hasty, wild character and feeling."

I have quoted these passages, but deem them all, except that of Senator Flint, exaggerated. The openness of vice was so glaring that it obstructed the vision of the ordinary observer, and prevented him from seeing and knowing the large number of good men the city possessed. But it was bad enough, and honest, true, sober, and Christian men of every faith, Catholic and Protestant alike, felt that something should be done to check the open spirit of profligacy, vice and immorality.

A common expression of those early days to palliate man's open indulgence in wrong-doing was "God doesn't hold any man responsible for his conduct after he crosses the Missouri River," and another: "It is impossible to live religion in California, and therefore it's no use to try."

These quotations, even though exaggerated, show that drinking, gambling, sensuality and carousing generally were openly indulged in, and both palliated and tolerated by many people. Nearly every man went fully armed. The revolver and bowie knife were almost as common possessions as an ordinary pocket-knife is to-day. Hence it can well be seen that a timid and hesitating soul would have deemed it the risk of his life to enter the stronghold of this class of men and boldly tell them of their lawlessness. But among the earliest arrivals in San Francisco after the gold discovery became known was a man who knew no fear, who had no timidity, who was bold to temerity, and outspoken to apparent recklessness. This man was William Taylor, a Methodist preacher from Baltimore, Maryland, who for seven years preached every Sunday in the streets of San Francisco, and afterwards wrote a book, entitled *Seven Years Street-Preaching in San Francisco*, from which most of the statements in this chapter are taken.

He arrived in San Francisco September 22, 1849, and on December 3, 1849, he announced at the little Methodist church "on the hill," that he would preach in the open air, in Portsmouth Square, at three P. M.

Says Taylor: "It was regarded by most persons present, if not all, as a very dangerous experiment; for the gamblers were a powerful and influential party in the city, and the Plaza was their principal rendezvous, and Sunday the best day of the seven for their business. The Plaza was nearly surrounded by gambling and drinking-houses. The gamblers oc-

cupied the best houses in the city, and had them furnished in the most magnificent style.

"The walls of these houses (the gambling and drinking-saloons) were hung with splendid paintings; 'the tables' contained 'piles' of gold and silver; the musicians occupied a high platform in the rear end of the saloon; the 'needful' was served out by 'a gentleman of the bar,' in one corner, near the entrance, where many a jolly circle drank to each other's health the deadly draught. These places, especially at night, all night, and on Sunday, were crowded with moving masses of humanity, of every age and complexion. So powerful was this class of men in the city, that I do not remember of ever hearing of one of them, in those days, being arrested, even for murder."

Here it was that William Taylor, his wife and another lady seated near by, took his stand on a carpenter's work-bench, and, after singing an old-fashioned Methodist hymn, began to preach to an immense crowd. To be a successful street-preacher requires genius of a peculiar order, and Taylor's introductory remarks at least foreshadowed his possession of this genius. He said: "Gentlemen, if our friends in the Atlantic States, with the views and feelings they entertained of California society when I left there, had heard that there was to be preaching this afternoon in Portsmouth Square, in San Francisco, they would have predicted disorder, confusion, and riot; but we, who are here, believe very differently. One thing is certain, there is no man who loves to see those Stars and Stripes

floating on the breeze" (pointing to the flag of our Union), "and who loves the institutions fostered under them; in a word, there's no true American but will observe order under the preaching of God's word anywhere, and maintain it, if need be. We shall have order, gentlemen." He then proceeded with his address, and this "proved to be the first of a series of nearly six hundred sermons preached in these streets, the confluence of all the various creeds, and isms, and notions, and feelings, and prejudices of the representatives of all the nations, Christian and heathen."

This shrewdness in introducing the subject to his peculiar audience was but one proof of his especial fitness for the work he had chosen. Other qualities were equally essential to success. He must be able to seize upon any passing or trivial circumstance, and turn it to advantage; he must be witty and skilful at repartee; he must be good-natured, patient and gentlemanly under diversely irritating and provoking circumstances, yet firm and insistent upon the maintenance of good order; fearless in speech and conduct; honest, sincere and simple in his daily life; and he must also be a devotee to that which he declares.

Scores of forceful instances might be related showing Taylor's power to seize and happily turn the passing circumstance to his advantage. He once preached, on the Pacific Street Wharf, with a barrel of whisky as a pulpit, and thus prefaced his discourse: "Gentlemen, I have for my pulpit to-day, as you see, a barrel of whisky. I presume this is the first time this barrel

has ever been appropriated to a useful purpose. The 'critter' contained in it will do me no harm while I keep it under my feet. And let me say now to you all, to sailors and to landsmen, never let the 'critter' get above your feet. Keep it *under your feet*, and you have nothing to fear from it."

The following Sunday his pulpit was a barrel of pork, and this led to the following introduction: "I see my pulpit of last Sabbath, the barrel of whisky, is gone, and I am very much afraid that my timely warning, as is too often the case, was not heeded, and that its contents have ere this gone down the throats of some of our fellow-citizens. I have in its stead to-day, as you see, a barrel of pork, literally less of the spirit and more of the flesh." He then proceeded to discourse upon the necessity of keeping under the lusts of the flesh if a man would attain to the happiness of wisdom.

A shrewd, homely wit aided this turning of circumstance to fortuitous advantage. One Sunday two fruit vendors, thinking to turn to profit the large crowds that Taylor always gathered around him, set up their movable stands, one on each side of his barrel pulpit. Appearing not to notice their presence, Taylor — as he quaintly terms it — began to "sing up" his congregation, and soon had a circle about twenty deep, standing as close as possible, with the Spanish and French fruit-dealers in the centre. He then cried out: "Grapes, pears, and oranges! Gentlemen, you must not suppose that I have any interest in this Sunday traffic in calling you together around it. I hope you

will not patronize these Sabbath-breakers. You are not so grape-hungry but that you can wait until to-morrow, and then during the six days in the week lay in a supply for Sunday. These fellows have set up here, expecting to make a fine speculation out of my audience this morning; but they will find that they have brought their fruit to the wrong market."

By this time the fruit-dealers were very uncomfortable, and would gladly have escaped, but they were so completely hemmed in that they were compelled to take the preacher's raillery, and then stand while he preached a longer sermon (doubtless) than usual, without the sale of a dime's worth of their fruit.

On another occasion, to quote from Mr. Taylor:

"Once, when a lean-looking man, driving a poor horse, was trying to urge his way through the crowd, I said: 'Look at that poor man! Working seven days in the week is bringing him rapidly down to his grave! A man cannot break the law of the Sabbath without violating a law of his own constitution. Look at his sunken, sallow cheeks, and his dim eyes! How the sin of Sabbath-breaking is telling on him! He'll die soon if he doesn't reform. Look at his poor old horse! The Lord ordained a Sabbath for that horse, but his merciless master is cheating him out of it. See there, how he beats him. After all, I had rather be the horse than the man, if he dies as he lives.'

"On another occasion a wag, thinking to have a little sport, tried to ride through the crowd on a burro. His animal refusing to go through, I said: 'See there, that animal, like Balaam's of the same kind, has more

WILLIAM TAYLOR.
From the engraving in his "Street Preaching in San Francisco."

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VIRGINIA REED MURPHY.

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SAN FRANCISCO IN 1849, FROM THE HEAD OF CLAY STREET.
From old wood-cuts.

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PIONEERS LINED UP FOR THEIR MAIL AT THE POST OFFICE, CORNER OF PIKE AND CLAY STREETS, SAN FRANCISCO, IN 1849.

respect for the worship of God than his master, who only lacks the ears of being the greater ass of the two.' "

Reference has already been made to Mr. Taylor's attacks upon what he conceived to be Sabbath-breaking. He was equally fearless in attacking other evils. Naturally the rum-seller came in for his share of these denunciations. " Look at that rum-seller. The house in which he lives, and from which are the issues of death, once belonged to a man of property and respectability. He lived there with his happy family; but the wily ' gentleman of the bar ' took advantage of the moral imbecility of his victim, just as the highwayman takes advantage of the physical imbecility of the man he murders and robs. He has long since sent his victim's shattered, bloated carcass to a drunkard's grave. His family are in the poorhouse, daily shedding fountains of tears more bitter than death."

Once he was called upon to preach a funeral discourse over a gambler who had been shot in a quarrel with a fellow-gambler. A habitue of the gambling-house went to Mr. Taylor, saying: " I think it would be a pity to bury the poor fellow without any kind of religious ceremony, and it will be a comfort to his friends."

Surrounded by gamblers, Mr. Taylor preached to them of the evil of their profession. Among other remarks, he said: " What are you about? What are you doing here in California? Look at that bloody corpse! What will his mother say? What will his sisters think of it? To die in a distant land, among

strangers, is bad; to die unforgiven, suddenly, unexpectedly, is worse; to be shot down in a gambling-house, at the midnight hour — Oh, horrible! And yet this is the legitimate fruit of the excitement and dissipation, chagrin and disappointment, consequent upon your business; a business fatal to your best interests of body and soul, for time and for eternity.

"Again, look at its influence upon society. The unwary are decoyed and ruined. Little boys, charmed by your animating music, dazzled by the magnificent paraphernalia of your saloons, are enticed, corrupted, and destroyed, to the hopeless grief of their mothers."

He was scathing in his denunciation of the land-sharks who preyed upon the poor sailors. In an elaborate and especially prepared address, he completely exposed their nefarious methods, and his book contains a chapter entitled "'Shanghaing' the Sailors." His sympathy with the sailor is shown on every page and in every line. He truthfully says: "The history of the sailor, his isolation from domestic society and the refinements and luxuries of home, his spirit of adventure, courage, patience, toils, sufferings by starvation, cold, shipwreck, confinement in foreign hospitals, adventures among savages and cannibals, his imprisonments and slow tortures, his death by the violence of war and piracy, by the violence of the hurricane that sweeps the ocean, and by the more dreadful tortures of wasting famine, has been written in detached fragments on every page of the history of commercial nations, and especially of our own country."

He defines "shanghaing" as follows: "The term

'shanghaing' is of Californian origin, and was introduced in this way. A few years ago it was very difficult to make up a crew in San Francisco, especially for any place from which they could not get a ready passage back to this land of gold. Crews could be made up for Oregon, Washington Territory, the Islands, and the ports of South America; for from any of these places they could readily return. Even from Canton, they could stand a pretty good chance of a direct run back; but from Shanghai, there were seldom ever any ships returning to California. To get back, therefore, from Shanghai, they must make the voyage around the world. That was getting quite too far away from the 'placers' of our mountains. Hence, to get crews for Shanghai, they depended almost exclusively on drugging the men. Crews for Shanghai were, therefore, said to be 'shanghaied'; and the term came into general use to represent the whole system of drugging, extortion and cruelty."

The preacher went on to show how a perfect system existed for swindling and oppressing the sailor, so that he was robbed on every hand, often maltreated, shipped against his will, kept in a state of abject subjection, drugged and poisoned, and even sometimes brutally murdered if he dared resist the oppressions of these fiends in human form. "To drown men's souls in rum, to poison, enervate, and destroy their bodies, and rob them of all their hard earnings, and leave their widowed mothers, wives, and children, who are dependent upon them, to beg or starve, is perfect sport for the 'land-shark.' The great man-

eater of the deep is satisfied to get the stray carcass of a sailor occasionally, but these dry-land monsters must have soul, body, and estate of all the sailors, if possible."

He was equally fearless in his impeachment of duelling. It is interesting here to note that he was an intimate friend of James King of William, and, of course, heartily approved of the latter's brave and courageous stand on the subject of "the code." He it was who nursed King, day and night, after he was shot by Casey, and was with him when he died. Hence it can well be imagined that he would have no "soft words" to utter when, in 1854, he was asked to preach the funeral sermon of Colonel Woodlief, who had been killed in a duel by a man named Kewen. While offering all the consolation and sympathy he could to the bereaved widow, he expressed his sincere regrets that the husband had not had the moral courage to do as James King had done, viz., to refuse to meet the challenger, whom he called a *moral* coward. His arraignment of the "code" was bitter and severe. He showed that those who participated in duelling were law-breakers, both in the sight of God and man, and that the sooner men abandoned their ideas of such false "honor" the better it would be for them and the country.

One Sunday he preached on the subject "King David's Fool." His text was "The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God." In the plainest, most direct and simple fashion he thrust home these plain words of the psalmist, and contended that *lives* speak louder than *words*. He asserted that the lives of the

gamblers, rum-sellers, sensualists and others proclaimed more loudly and certainly than words their belief in the statement of King David's fool. Then he showed the folly of the belief, and contended for the wisdom that recognized the moral control of the universe to which every human being is subject, and to which, sooner or later, he must bow.

One thing it is well to note in this street-preaching work of Mr. Taylor. Though he conducted about six hundred services, he never took up a collection for his own personal needs. Several times his enthusiastic auditors started to take up a collection — and it is well known that the miners and sailors who often comprised a large part of his audiences were most liberal and generous men — but he always restrained them. He positively refused to have his street services trammeled by collections. He determined that no man should be able to impugn his motives and say that he preached for money.

It is an important historical fact that should not be forgotten that to William Taylor California owes its great eucalyptus forests and plantations. After this chapter was written, I came across his own statement as to how the eucalyptus was introduced. He says: "There were no such trees on that coast when I went there in 1849. I sent the seed from Australia to my wife in California in 1863. Her seed-sowing made such a marvelous growth that a horticulturist neighbor of ours wrote me to send him a pound of the seed — the smallest of all seeds — and the nurseries, thus seeded, dotted the whole country with great forests

of evergreen, the most prominent floral landmarks of the Pacific Coast."

It is interesting to note the conditions of things when Mr. Taylor settled in San Francisco. The Reverend O. C. Wheeler, the Baptist minister, was paying five hundred dollars *a month* rent for a five-roomed house. The newcomer was aghast at such prices, and soon decided that the only way for him to live would be to build a house. But how? Lumber was selling at from three to four hundred dollars per thousand feet, and the members of his little church were so poor that a subscription raised only twenty-seven dollars — about enough to buy nails and hinges. He then decided to cross the Bay to the redwoods, and cut out enough lumber to serve for the building of a house. He was neither a sawyer, a carpenter, or a builder, but already he was possessed of that spirit of California that enables a man of spirit to turn his hand to anything and accomplish results. A friend accompanied him. Passage was taken in a whaleboat, and fortunately another friend lived up the mountain, five miles away, whither the two walked. In two weeks they secured enough lumber for the house. Here is Mr. Taylor's own account: " My scantlings, which I bought in the rough, split out like large fence rails, I hewed to the square with my broadaxe. I made three thousand shingles, and exchanged them with a pit-sawyer for twenty-four joists, each seventeen feet long. I bought rough clapboards six feet long, and shaved them about as regularly and as smoothly with my draw-knife as if with a plane. These were for the

weather-boarding. I used similar boards, slightly shaven, for roofing, which were waterproof and very enduring. I bought the doors from a friend at the 'reduced price' of eleven dollars per door; the windows for one dollar per light, twelve dollars for each window. Hauling my stuff from the redwoods to the landing cost me twenty-five dollars per thousand feet. The regular price for transport thence to San Francisco was forty dollars per thousand feet, but by hiring a boat and working with my own hands, I got the work done for less than half that price."

He bought a lot on Jackson Street, above Powell, for twelve hundred and fifty dollars (on time), and under the instruction of a brotherly house-builder set to work. He hired a few carpenters at twelve dollars a day until the house was roofed in, and then completed the work himself with such casual help as friends could afford to give. The result was a comfortable, two-story house, sixteen by twenty-six feet, built at a cash outlay of $1491.25.

He also enclosed the back part of the lot, and started a garden. It was the second garden planted in San Francisco, and was a great surprise and pleasure to passers-by. A restaurant-keeper one day asked if he might purchase some of the growing green-stuff, and was told he might do so at his own price. He gathered a pailful and offered ten dollars for it, and came again for more. Three chickens were bought for eighteen dollars, and though a house was built, with a secure lock, for their protection, some thief pulled a board off the back of the house and robbed the roost of its

contents. This was exasperating, especially as eggs were selling at six dollars a dozen, wholesale, to be retailed at nine dollars. To provide milk for his little girl, Mr. Taylor went to Sacramento and bought a cow for two hundred dollars. Before this he had been paying a dollar a quart, and this was supposed to be a reduced rate.

As we have seen, for seven years he preached in the streets and elsewhere, in San Francisco, and this was the beginning of an active career of missionary endeavor that spread over many lands, carried on with characteristic energy for over fifty years. Whatever one may think of his theology, his preaching had wonderful effect in bringing men to see the folly of their evil lives, and in leading them into paths of sobriety, honesty, truth and religion. Shortly before he left California, he went with a gentleman and his wife and two children for a holiday in the mountains. When Sunday came some one suggested that he preach to the couple. With his usual directness, fearlessness and frankness, and his avowed principle of always adapting his sermon to his hearers, he gave the two a most searching and admonitory address. He called the wife's attention to her forgetfulness of former religious professions, and censured his host for his harsh speech to his little boy, and his profanity. At the close of his address the husband grasped him by the hand and remarked: "I thank you for your candor and your kindness."

In October, 1856, he and his family returned east, where he preached for three years; then he established

missions in Australia, South Africa, India and South America. In 1884 he was suddenly and unexpectedly made Missionary Bishop of Africa for the Methodist Church, and continued at this work until his death.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE FEARLESS CIVIC HERO OF SAN FRANCISCO, JAMES KING OF WILLIAM

"True to your God, you were to your country true,
And we will love God more for knowing you."

THE Vigilance Committees of San Francisco have been discussed all over the civilized globe, and it is well that young Californians should have a clear idea of what these committees were, and the facts that brought them into existence. In the appendix will be found references to those works that give a full history. The purpose of this chapter is to show the heroism of the life of James King of William, whose murder caused the organization of the most important of the Vigilance Committees, viz., that of 1856.

He was born in Georgetown, District of Columbia, on January 28, 1822. When a young man " he assumed the term 'of William,' which was found to be necessary in order to distinguish him from a number of other James Kings then living at Georgetown. William was his father's name. Some men distinguish themselves from others of the same name by using the word ' senior ' or ' junior ' ' 1st,' ' 2nd,' and so on. The same end was attained in this instance, by adopting the

affix 'of William.' It is a custom in some parts of the United States, and particularly in Maryland, thus to take the father's given name as a portion of the son's."

He had an elder brother who was a member of Frémont's expedition of 1846, which crossed the Rockies to California, and who was with his second expedition of 1848. This brother so filled the mind of James King with glowing pictures of the future possibilities of the land by the Sunset Sea that he decided to emigrate there. This was before gold was discovered and while California was still an integral part of Mexico. Accordingly, in 1848, he left Washington for New York, intending to set sail at once. While waiting for a vessel he received a letter from his brother which intimated the change of government which had just taken place and is interesting reading:

"You must recollect that society is not formed yet properly in California, and as the population increases they will gradually form laws, adapted to their own peculiar circumstances. I think it would be well to inform yourself of the situation of the country and of the rights of the people, for as soon as the treaty is ratified, public attention there will be at once turned to the establishment of a civil government. . . . I think it would be best to invest your money, or a portion of it, in a good *rancho*, and if you can purchase Joachim Estrada's, near the mission of San Luis Obispo, anyways reasonable, with the stock, do it by all means. Only, have the title examined. This last advice I give you upon the supposition that you would like an agri-

cultural life. If you can buy a lot or a few yards of the Quicksilver Mine, you had better do it. The best one is about six miles from the Pueblo San José, near Mr. Cooke's *rancho*. If you travel by land between San Francisco and Monterey, you will pass through San José, and it is but a short ride to the mine. Visit it by all means, if you are in the neighborhood."

He left New York on May 24, 1848, crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and sailed for Valparaiso, hoping there to find a vessel going to California. On his arrival he found Chile excited by the news of the discovery of gold. Purchasing some goods, he hired nine Chileños to proceed with him to work in the mines. Upon their arrival in San Francisco, six of his workmen deserted him. He and the other three at once hurried to Hangtown (as Placerville was then called) and in three weeks time secured enough gold to pay for his goods and his expenses from Valparaiso. Then he went to Sacramento and engaged for awhile in business, but, as he was a banker by training, he decided to go East, secure capital, and open a bank in San Francisco, which he did on December 5, 1849. He was a man of sterling integrity, and soon became known throughout the whole State, doing a large and thriving business. His wife and four children joined him in 1851, and his home was one of the hospitable mansions of the new city.

Owing to a diversion of a large sum of money which he had entrusted to one of his agents in the mines for the purchase of gold dust, he became saddled with a speculation. This distressed him, and led him to

invest more than he felt his business would warrant, and such was the high and noble principle of the man that, immediately he felt in the slightest degree insecure, he turned over *everything he possessed*, including his beautiful home, to another large banking firm, on their undertaking to pay in full all his creditors.

This sensitiveness of honor and scrupulous honesty added to the high esteem in which he was already held. For it must be remembered that, while among men of honor the standard of business morality was quite as high then as it is now, the public sentiment of San Francisco was more liable to be a variable quantity. The early population of this city was not only cosmopolitan, but woefully varied. While there were many men of the highest integrity and purest life, there were, says Hittell, "thieves and ruffians from all parts of the world, and particularly from the British penal colonies of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land." This criminal element was present in such large force that "outrages, ever increasing in atrocity, were committed by them. There was hardly a crime, from pocket-picking to murder, that was not common; and in the presence of so many and such bold desperadoes no one was secure of his property or even of his life. Thefts, robberies, arsons, and assassinations were of almost daily occurrence, and of late months (1851) fearfully on the increase; while the courts, being conducted by judges and officers who, if not corrupt, were at least inefficient, afforded no relief."

In 1849 the city had been cleared of notorious ruf-

fians, but in 1851 matters were again so bad that a Vigilance Committee was organized, and another clearing out took place.

In 1853, King of William was foreman of the grand jury, and was thus publicly called upon to do something to suppress the moral and social abominations and the political corruptions which were again swamping the community. So fearlessly did he proceed with this work that his name became a synonym for courage, purity and integrity.

Then came the change in his fortunes and the transfer of his business. A little later, to his intense distress, the banking firm to whom the transfer had been made and with which he had allied himself, as well as other prominent houses, failed, and in their failure brought the usual suffering and loss to many others. While there has never been the slightest doubt in the minds of all best qualified to know that King's course was prompted by the highest principles, and while it is confessed that not a single person lost financially through him, it can well be understood that he would be the object of attack at this time. His replies to his enemies show a frankness, a candor, and ingenuousness, and disposition to have the world know all the facts that are absolutely incompatible with anything but unimpeachable integrity. But, as a necessary consequence, this placed others in a less enviable light, and one of these — a prominent citizen, by name Alfred A. Cohen — felt himself aggrieved by what King had both written and said. Three days later they met on Montgomery Street, and in the encounter that took place Cohen

considered himself insulted. That afternoon he sent to King, by the hand of John K. Hackett, a challenge to fight a duel. To this challenge Mr. King replied with the following letter in the newspapers, a letter that should be well digested by every young student of the history of moral progress.

"San Francisco, July 18, 1855.

"Mr. John K. Hackett,

"Sir: I now proceed to give you my reply to the note you handed me last night. At first, waiving other insuperable objections to the mode indicated of settling such difficulties, I could not consent to a hostile meeting with Mr. Cohen. The public have already been fully advised of my estimate of his character. The relative positions of Mr. Cohen and myself are entirely unequal in worldly fortune, and domestic relation. He is understood to be possessed of an abundant fortune. In the event of his fall, he would leave ample means for the support of his wife and child. Recent events have stripped me entirely of what I once possessed. Were I to fall, I should leave a large family without the means of support. My duties and obligations to my family have much more weight with me than any desire to please Mr. Cohen or his friends in the manner proposed. I have ever been opposed to duelling on moral grounds. My opinions were known to Mr. Cohen, and when he addressed me the note which you had the impudence to deliver, he was well aware that it would not be accepted or answered affirmatively. That fact is sufficient to demonstrate his contemptible cowardice

in this silly attempt to manufacture for himself a reputation for ' chivalry.'

" Whilst nothing could induce me to change my principles upon the subject of duelling, my conscience is perfectly easy as to my right and the propriety of defending myself should I be assaulted.

" Do not flatter yourself, sir, that this communication is made out of regard either to yourself or to Mr. Cohen. I write this for publication in the newspapers. I avow principles of which I am not ashamed, and shall abide the result.

" James King of Wm."

Here was the gauntlet flung with dignity and power in the very face of the " chivalry." It was the first time in the history of California that any one had had the moral courage to refuse to fight a duel when challenged. Expressions of sympathy and gratification at Mr. King's course at once began to pour in upon him, among others the following, signed by seventy of the most prominent and honored men of the city:

" Your fellow citizens, whose names are subscribed to this letter, desire to express to you their admiration of the moral courage and sound principle manifested in your refusal to accept the challenge of Mr. Cohen to meet him in a duel. We believe that the so-called code of honor which requires all who consent to be governed by it to submit every injury, insult, misrepresentation or misunderstanding to the decision of the pistol or the knife, and to be in violation of the law

of God, and of the laws of this State, and of those sacred obligations which a man owes to his family, his relatives and dependents, and to society.

"We are convinced that if an expression of the sentiment of this community could be had upon this subject, a very large majority would be found to view with abhorrence the risking of life for insufficient cause, and often upon a mere punctilio; and that we express the feeling common to them, as well as ourselves, when we thank you for the bold, manly and uncompromising manner in which you have refused to sanction the practice. With the expression of an earnest hope, that if no higher principle should govern our fellow citizens, a regard for their interest may soon induce them to see to it that good laws well administered shall in future save us from violence and bloodshed; and with assurances of our high esteem and regard, we remain,

"Your obedient servants."

Hittell says: "King's stand upon the subject (of duelling), on account of its accordance with the law and its being recognized as dictated by enlightened principle, was considered as doing him great credit, and gained him very great applause. Nearly all the newspapers of the day heartily praised it; and no one dared openly to disapprove obedience to the constitution and statutes. Though some duels have since taken place and some men still adhere or profess to adhere to the code, few or no duels between otherwise respectable men have taken place for a number of years; and

James King of William, more than any other man, is entitled to the praise of having started the movement that put a stop to the barbarous practice."

We now come to the part James King of William played in exposing municipal corruption, his assassination, and the resulting formation of the great Vigilance Committee of 1856.

Owing to his financial troubles and those of the firm of Adams and Company, he was called upon to make several defences and explanations in the public papers. "His success in these and a consideration of the effect produced by his plain, direct, incisive, Anglo-Saxon sentences upon the public mind seem to have suggested to himself and some of his friends the feasibility of starting a newspaper. Accordingly he made the proper arrangements, and on the evening of Monday, October 8, 1855, issued the first number of the *Daily Evening Bulletin*, a small sheet of four pages, ten by fifteen inches in size. In his salutatory, he said that necessity, not choice, had driven him to the experiment, and that no one could be more fully sensible than himself of the folly of a newspaper enterprise as an investment of money. "But," he continued, "we invest no money of our own (for we have none); and only a few hundred dollars, generously advanced us by a few friends, is all that we have risked in the enterprise. If successful, we shall be able to feed, clothe and shelter our family in San Francisco, where the school facilities are such as in justice to those who have claims upon us, we are unwilling to forego."

Then began a series of attacks of the most fearless,

direct, open and manly character upon every person, firm, institution, judge, senator, congressman, called by name, whom he regarded as guilty of dishonest, corrupt, wicked or fraudulent acts. He spared no one. "His language was not choice, nor his denunciations as well rounded and rhetorical as they might have been! But he was an honest man, a true patriot, and deadly in earnest to save the city and State he loved from being made the playthings of corrupt men, who desired nothing but their own unholy gain and ambitions."

The result was the people had faith in him, and his paper bounded into a success and popularity that was as instantaneous as it was remarkable. As stated by himself: "Would the San Francisco public sustain a truly independent journal — one that would support the cause of morality, virtue and honesty, whether in public service or private life, and which, regardless of all conseqences, would fearlessly and undauntedly maintain its course against the political and social evils of the day?"

"The answer Yes! was soon and loudly made, and enthusiastically echoed from every town and mining camp in the country."

"A notorious and professed banking house, but which was virtually a political institution (that of Palmer, Cook and Co.), that had long overridden the constitution, and made and unmade — against the will of the people, and by the most disreputable means — nearly every officer of the city and State, was assailed by the *Bulletin* in regular form; and its corruption, its inso-

lent and dangerous usurpation, and at the same time its inherent weakness, exposed. The wrongers and swindlers of the unfortunate creditors of Adams and Company (the bankers with whom he had been connected), were pitilessly attacked and held up to the scorn and detestation of the people. The demoralizing system of bestowing Federal, State and city appointments chiefly on professional gamblers, duellists, rowdies and assassins — on the debauched, illiterate, idle, criminal, and most dangerous class of the mixed population of the country — was forcibly pointed out and indignantly condemned. A high standard of honesty was laid down for all public men. The law's cruel delay, the baseness and corruption of its ministers, the dishonorable professional conduct of leading pleaders in the courts, all were made plain to the honest and unsuspecting, and properly stigmatized. In short, the glaring evils of the body politic, the denial and perversion of justice, and the unworthy personal character and incapability of the general class of men who held office, or who were connected with the courts of law, were loudly and unsparingly denounced. Mr. King did not waste his energies by uttering smooth, general homilies on evil doings; he struck directly at the evil-doer. If a man whose conduct required to be publicly exposed were really a swindler, a gambler, or a duellist, a common cheat, a corrupt judge, or a political trickster, the *Bulletin*, standing alone in this respect among the timid, time-serving, or bribed city press, dared so to style him. But not only did Mr. King, in his paper, expose scoundrelism, vice and crime,

and smite their votaries wherever he detected them; he also endeavored, and not in vain, to aid in whatever could restore and strengthen the moral tone of society. He urged the decent observance of the Sabbath; he recalled public attention to the plainest and most necessary dictates of religion; he encouraged the establishment of public schools, and dwelt on the blessings of a sound and liberal education; he frowned on gambling, duelling, and wilful idleness; he sought to soothe and reinspire the desponding who had the desire but lacked the opportunity, and especially the energy and perseverance, to earn a living by the sweat of their brow; he strove to free the city from the unblushing presence of the lewd who had so long assumed insolently to follow, if not often to lead, the virtuous and decent portion of the community. The political knave, the dishonest office-holder, the gambler, swindler, loafer, and duellist, the base class of lawyers — in brief, the vicious, lewd and criminal of every kind, were in consternation; their unhallowed practice and gains were disappearing."

Hittell declares: "No such newspaper, or anything like it, had appeared in the city or country, and perhaps not in any other country before. It was an ideal fighting journal. It was heroic. Whatever might be its mistakes and its errors, it was sincere and it meant right. . . . It was exactly what the people wanted and they responded unreservedly. In the fearful condition of public affairs, with fraud and corruption and crime and immorality of every kind and nature on every side, it formed a rallying point, towards which all the

elements of law, order, honesty, and integrity could converge, and around which they could arrange themselves."

Things thus continued until on Saturday evening, November 17, only a little more than a month after the *Bulletin* was started, the city was startled by the cowardly assassination of William H. Richardson, United States marshal for the district of California, by a gambler named Charles Cora. It cannot be denied that Richardson was not altogether an ornament to his high office, but the murder was so flagrant, so cowardly, so despicable, that public feeling ran high, and there was an instant demand that the city officials do their duty.

But Cora had protectors of financial strength in the class to which he belonged, and also in the fact that a dissolute woman of great wealth was his paramour. It soon became rumored that the most eloquent and able lawyers had been retained in his defense, and also that a corruption fund had been raised. At this, King's voice rang out clear. He demanded a full trial and a speedy one, and that if the officials failed in their duty the people should arise again in their majesty as the source of political power and with full observance of justice duly try and punish these recreants and betrayers of the public trust. He mentioned the keeper of the city jail and the sheriff by name, and placed the responsibility for the murderer's safe-keeping where it belonged.

The trial was had, the facts of the murder were clearly established, yet, as the public anticipated, the jury

was hung, seven voting for a verdict of murder, one for manslaughter, and four for acquittal. The *Bulletin* that afternoon came out with a terrific onslaught on the disreputable element, on trickery of the law, and the veniality of the lawyers. Day after day, his sledge-hammer blows continued. People who professed to despise his paper, who had cause for fear, were in hourly dread lest their misdeeds should be made known. King became the most powerful man in the State, because of his simple, direct, unpurchasable honesty, his fearlessness and his determination to expose those who were ruining the city he loved.

There was but one result to be anticipated. Even in our day, with all the officials of our large cities ostensibly enrolled on the side of the cause of civic righteousness, it would be dangerous for a man to call by name those who were in high position and engaged in criminal or immoral pursuits. Whether a conspiracy was formed, as was alleged, or not, there is no doubt but that the forces of evil combined and it was determined to "put King out of the way." The occasion arose four months later, when King opposed the appointment of one Bagley to the position in the United States Custom-house, on the ground that he had, shortly before, engaged in a pistol fight with James P. Casey, one of the supervisors. But while Bagley was attacked, Casey was not spared, for the editorial continued (and it must be remembered that King's statements were true): "It does not matter how bad a man Casey has been, nor how much benefit it might be to the public to have him out of the way, we

cannot accord to any one citizen the right to kill him, or even beat him, without justifiable personal provocation. The fact that Casey has been an inmate of Sing Sing prison in New York is no offense against the laws of this State; nor is the fact of his having stuffed himself through the ballot-box, as elected to the board of supervisors from a district where it is said he was not even a candidate, any justification why Mr. Bagley should shoot Casey, however richly the latter many deserve having his neck stretched for such fraud on the people."

The upshot of this attack on Casey was that, after an interview between himself and King, when the latter ordered him out of his office, Casey shot him with the same cold-blooded deliberation that Cora had displayed in the murder of Richardson. For while King lingered six days, it was feared that his wound was fatal. This murder drove the city wild. The populace was now aroused, and woe betide any lawyer or official or judge who would dare, in the slightest, to obstruct the path of speedy justice. King was still in the hands of the physicians, when it was quietly rumored that the call for the gathering of the Vigilance Committee had been sent out. This rumor was premature, but it was made a fact the following day. The next few days saw the committee reënrolled, fully organized in companies of one hundred, well-armed, in perfect control and under efficient leadership, and on the following Sunday morning, at noon, San Francisco witnessed the quiet and orderly assembling of several companies of the *Vigilantes*, who, at a given

moment, silently and solemnly marched to the old Broadway jail under the shadow of Telegraph Hill. " They came together," says Hittell, " with admirable, almost mathematical precision; and, as they fell into position, they of course understood what was intended. It was an extraordinary spectacle. The whole place was closely invested by armed men, not indeed in uniform, but with muskets and bayonets flashing in the brilliant sunlight. Some few had hunting rifles or shot-guns, and one tall Nantucket whaleman, besides a navy revolver in his belt, carried a harpoon and several fathoms of rope on his shoulder. Around and, as it were, hemming in all, crowding the streets, covering the summit and vacant slopes of Telegraph Hill and the neighboring roofs, and filling the porticoes and windows, were dense masses of people, eager to see what was to be done, and hushed in expectation."

The leaders of the *Vigilantes* demanded from Sheriff Scannell the surrender of the jail, and also the persons of the two prisoners, — Cora (who was being held for a new trial) and Casey. In due time they were both forthcoming, and were lodged in an impromptu jail provided by the Vigilance Committee at their head-quarters.

The day of Cora's trial was set for Tuesday, the 20th of May, and soon after it began the marshal announced the death of King, which had just occurred. Cora was found guilty. Then Casey's trial took place, with the same result. Both men were sentenced to death, and, on Thursday, the twenty-second, at the time King's funeral was taking place, Cora and Casey

were hanged at the Vigilance Headquarters on Sacramento Street. King was buried at Lone Mountain, while Cora and Casey were both entombed in the old Mission Dolores Cemetery, where their elaborate tombstones are still objects of interest to the curious.

King was dead, but his memory still lives, and though corruption has since flourished in the city for which he gave his life, there can be no question but that the good he accomplished has continued to seed and will in the years yet to come bring forth good fruit.

CHAPTER XIX

THE ELOQUENT HERO OF PATRIOTISM, THOMAS STARR KING

IT will be difficult for almost every young reader of this sketch of Thomas Starr King to realize to the full the significance of the statement that, during our Civil War, this Unitarian clergyman was, without question, the foremost citizen of California. To understand this term aright, even in a limited measure, it is necessary to make clear the condition California was in at the dawn of the rebellion. There was a large Southern population, and some of the important offices were held by open Southern sympathizers. Prior to 1860 it might be said with truth that a large number of Californians were in favor of slavery and Southern principles in general. In the presidential campaign of 1860 John B. Weller delivered a speech for the Breckenridge, or so-called "chivalry" Democrats, in which he said: "I do not know whether Lincoln will be elected or not, but I do know that, if he is elected and if he attempts to carry out his doctrines, the South will surely withdraw from the Union. And I should consider them less than men if they did not."

The Democrats of the State were widely divided in the 1860 election, but there can be little doubt that, had they stood together, they would have carried the

State by an overwhelming majority, the combined vote of the two sections of the party totalling about seventy-two thousand, while the Republican vote was only about thirty-nine thousand. And had the State had a Democratic governor and officials, there is no knowing what a struggle the loyalists would have had thrust upon them. As it was, the fight was sharp and severe, for while Governor Downey was a professed Unionist, he was "still hampered with old-time doctrines when slavery ruled unquestioned, and he did not receive and welcome soon enough the new light of freedom which had arisen in the land." The military commander of the Department of California was Brigadier-General Albert Sidney Johnston, a native of Kentucky, and a strong Southern champion. But he was relieved in favor of a Union general, went immediately South, and was killed while leading the secession army at the battle of Shiloh. Yet in July, 1861, — over three months after Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and the war was fairly begun, — a prominent lawyer named Edmund Randolph, who had been thought to be a staunch Unionist, made a speech at a Democratic convention in Sacramento in which he said: "My thoughts and my heart are not here to-night in this house. Far to the east, in the homes from which we came, tyranny and usurpation, with arms in its hands, is this night, perhaps, slaughtering our fathers, our brothers, and our sisters, and outraging our homes in every conceivable way shocking to the heart of humanity and freedom. To me it seems a waste of time to talk. For God's sake, tell me of battles fought and won.

THOMAS STARR KING.
Taken about 1858.

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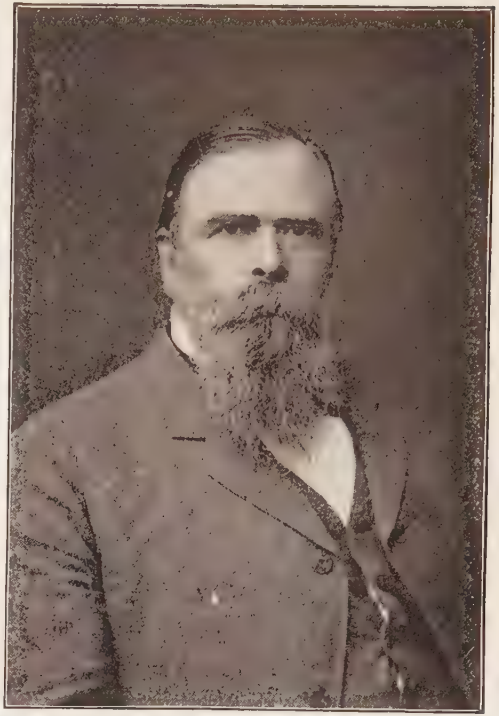

JOHN BIDWELL. TAKEN IN 1880.

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JAMES CAPEN ADAMS, FROM AN OLD WOODCUT.

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Tell me of usurpers overthrown; that Missouri is again a free State, no longer crushed under the armed heel of a reckless and odious despot. Tell me that the State of Maryland lives again; and oh! let us read, let us hear, at the first moment, that not one hostile foot now treads the soil of Virginia! If this be rebellion, then I am a rebel. Do you want a traitor? Then am I a traitor. For God's sake, speed the ball; may the lead go quick to his heart, and may our country be free from the despot usurper that now claims the name of President of the United States."

Not so much was thought or said of this, as it was put down to the extravagance of excitement, but when, the following month, the leading Presbyterian clergyman of San Francisco, who had come from New Orleans, began to preach secession to his congregation (in which were many Unionists as well as Southern sympathizers), and to pray for "presidents and vice-presidents," the city and State were up in arms.

Out over the tumult of the city at once was heard a trumpet call to duty that thrilled every heart. It was a comparatively new voice in California, and that of a man only about thirty-five years of age, yet it had already been heard by delighted thousands on various topics of spiritual and ethical value. It was that of Thomas Starr King. He had already clearly shown his position in regard to the rebellion by lectures on Washington, Daniel Webster and the Constitution of the United States, Lexington and Concord, and by preaching a rousingly patriotic sermon entitled "The Great Uprising." In this sermon, "after emphatically de-

claring that it is the duty of a Christian minister to feel no personal animosity to any human being, he distinguished between a wrong done to himself and a wrong done to the community. He illustrated the distinction in this reference to the President of the Confederate States: 'He is a representative to my soul of a force of evil. His cause is pollution and a horror. His banner is a black flag. I could pray for him as one man, a brother man, in his private, affectional, and spiritual relations to heaven. But as President of the seceding States, head of brigand forces, organic representative of the powers of destruction within our country, — *pray* for him! — as soon for Antichrist! Never!' It would, he added, be as incongruous for *him* as he prayed for Abraham Lincoln, as it would be for an English churchman, during the Sepoy rebellion, to have prayed for Queen Victoria and Nana Sahib in the same breath." The close of his sermon solemnly echoed the tone that rang through the paragraphs preceding it: "God bless the President of the United States, and all who serve with him the cause of a common country! God grant the blessing of repentance and return to allegiance to all our enemies, even the traitors in their high places! God preserve from defeat and disgrace the sacred flag of our fathers! God give us all the spirit of service and sacrifice in a righteous cause!"

The effect of such clean-cut, direct patriotism was soon felt, not only in San Francisco and the State of California, but throughout the whole nation. In California, besides the large number friendly to the South,

and the Unionists, there was a considerable army of the timid, the lukewarm, the "temporizers," — those who doubted the wisdom or prudence of using force against the rebels.

To convince these of their duty to the Union became Starr King's passion, and he went up and down the State, into cities, towns, lumber and mining camps, agricultural settlements, tiny villages and hamlets, anywhere, everywhere he could secure an audience, and cried aloud his message of patriotism and loyalty. In the words of a former president of the State University, his own son-in-law, Horace Davis: "His power and influence were soon felt, and strong measures were used to force him out of the field. He received anonymous letters hinting at assassination. He was openly threatened with personal violence, and pistols were actually drawn on him in rude interior camps; but no persuasion, either of love or fear, could turn him from what he deemed his high privilege of defending his country."

After the elections had made all secure as far as official loyalty was concerned, he set forth with equal earnestness, vigor and eloquence to call upon the people of his adopted State to give real and practical, visible and tangible help to the cause, as well as their sympathy. The East was sending men and money. California was sending neither. He cried: "If the government thinks it best not to call on us for men, we can at least send our money for the wounded, the sick and the suffering."

In Mr. Davis's words: "Mr. King entered into

his movement with intense energy, for it appealed to his whole nature. . . . He traversed the State in its length and breadth, appealing to their love of country and their pity for the sick and wounded soldiers, organizing committees everywhere to carry on the work, over the Siskiyou Mountains by stage into Oregon, and on north to Puget Sound and Vancouver's Island. You know the result, the inestimable mercies and comforts that came to our soldiers from these gifts. The Pacific Coast gave nearly one and a half million dollars; and its gifts came at the most critical period, when they could do the greatest good.

" The money thus raised was the ' Sanitary Fund,' supplying the ' ammunition ' for the work of the Sanitary Commission, which cared for the sick and wounded soldiers and their wives and children; and California and the Pacific Coast, aroused by Starr King's stirring eloquence, raised for this work almost as much as the rest of the United States combined. He showed us it was our duty to do this, owing to our not sending any soldiers to participate actively in the conflict."

At his death, one of our California poets and philosophers, James Linen, thus wrote: " Although physically weak, Thomas Starr King was mentally strong, and the deep-toned thunders of his voice made the formidable fabric of political corruption tremble to its base. No man could wield intellectual weapons more vigorously, or like him carry by storm the convictions of an audience. By his warm and powerful appeals, stubborn prejudice melted away. His was never a

puerile conflict, but a battle of moral strength. It was a warfare enlisted on the side of grand patriotic principles, which he proudly refused to compromise. His glowing eloquence threw a charm and splendor over all his controversies. His mind was liberal and comprehensive. Free from arrogance and pride, he was affable and courteous in his manner. He was plain in appearance and gentle as a lamb among his friends. He was terrible, however, in his grand philippics against rebels and the abettors of treason. Viewing slavery as a moral, withering evil, an enemy of free institutions, and the cause of all his country's troubles, he sought its overthrow as a national curse, and consequently directed all the energies of his mental power against the demoralizing system. He loved his country, and glorified in its starry flag, which gives assurance of protection to millions.

"No one could question the lofty purity of his patriotism. While he regretted the existing rebellion, he nobly advocated its speedy repression. His warmest sympathies were with the sacred cause of freedom, which he looked upon as the cause of God. His feelings were entirely on the side of Liberty and her brave defenders, the gallant soldiers of the North."

Tireless in his efforts, sparing not himself in the great cause that was so dear to his heart, his feeble body felt the fearful strain. As one of his Eastern friends wrote:

"The soul of this Christian patriot seemed to kindle into an ever-increasing blaze with the fuel which the events of the war supplied, and it constantly broadened as it blazed. Indeed, the only question started by

his admiring friends was this: How long will this unwearied inward fire continue before it begins to consume the frail body which contains it?"

It was not long before the question was answered. Attacked by a throat disease, supposed to have been diphtheria, he was carried away so rapidly that his physician, when the distinguished patient demanded to know his condition, was compelled to answer that he did not think he could live another half hour. With bravery and calmness he heard this death-sentence, dictated and signed his will, sent messages to his Eastern friends, bade a loving adieu to his loved ones, and quietly and fearlessly took the hand of Death, and went into the presence of God.

The Rev. William D. Simonds thus tersely states the effect of his life upon his own and succeeding generations: "Scarcely forty years of age, a Californian only from 1860 to 1864, he had in this brief period so won the hearts of men that in honor of his funeral the legislature and all the courts adjourned, the national authorities fired minute guns in the bay, while all the flags in the city of San Francisco and on the ships hung at half-mast. How Californians loved this man we can but dimly understand, the feeling was so tender, strange and deep. Men of the most diverse creeds, agreeing in little else, were united in calling Starr King the 'Saint of the Pacific Coast.' Not all the years that since have passed — years so fatal to many reputations — have hidden from the thought of the people the story of that saintly life. One of the giant sequoia trees of the Mariposa Grove bears his

name, and a dome of the High Sierras near the Yosemite Valley is called Mount Starr King. Loving hands have made his grave under the shadow of that church which is his monument, and Golden Gate Park contains a splendid statue of the preacher and patriot — the man ' who saved California to the Union.' "

WHITTIER ON THOMAS STARR KING

"The great work laid upon his two score years
Is done, and well done. If we drop our tears
Who loved him as few men were ever loved,
We mourn no blighted hope nor broken plan
With him whose life stands rounded and approved
In the full growth and stature of a man.
Mingle, O bells, along the western slope,
With your deep toll a sound of faith and hope!
Wave cheerily still, O banner, half-way down,
From thousand-masted bay and steepled town!
Let the strong organ with its loftiest swell
Lift the proud sorrow of the land, and tell
That the brave sower saw his ripened grain.
O east and west, O morn and sunset, twain
No more forever! — has he lived in vain
Who, priest of freedom, made ye one, and told
Your bridal service from his life of gold."

CHAPTER XX

THE HEROIC HUNTER OF GRIZZLY BEARS, JAMES CAPEN ADAMS

IN the early '50's and '60's one of the picturesque figures of San Francisco was James Capen Adams, well known over the whole continent as hunter and tamer of grizzly bears, who had taught two great grizzlies to carry his packs for him when he went on his mountaineering trips. Indeed, so remarkable were his adventures, that Theodore H. Hittell, one of California's historians, wrote a dignified book of nearly four hundred pages giving a graphic account of his experiences. From this book the following extracts are made.

Adams was born in Medway, Massachusetts, in 1807. He was whole-souled in whatever he undertook, so when he grew tired of shoe-making and engaged himself to capture wild animals for a company of showmen, he entered into his new enterprise with a will. While still a young man, the rash daring of his character revealed itself in his determination to conquer a Bengal tiger that had hitherto proven intractable. After entering its cage several times, he began to pride himself upon his success, when the treacherous creature fell upon him, swept him to the ground and drove his teeth and claws into him. He was rescued with the utmost difficulty.

This disaster put a stop to Adams's hunting for some fifteen or more years; and for a time rendered it problematical whether he would ever recover.

When the California gold excitement broke out, Adams joined the great army of pioneers and reached the Golden State by way of Mexico in the fall of 1849. He had various experiences, until, in the fall of 1852, to use his own words, "disgusted with the world and dissatisfied with myself, I abandoned all my schemes for the accumulation of wealth, turned my back upon the society of my fellows, and took the road towards the most unfrequented parts of the Sierra Nevada, resolved henceforth to make the wilderness my home and wild beasts my companions."

He became friendly with a near by band of Indians, and they helped him in various ways, showing him their method of tanning the skins of the animals he shot. He made for himself a complete suit of buckskin, and ever after this was his costume. When the Indians moved down the river to avoid the winter, Adams remained alone, and for months he did not see a human being. Yet he declares these to have been the happiest months of his life. He thus describes the grizzly king of the mountains:

"The mountains are the favorite haunts of the grizzly bear, the monarch of American beasts, and, in many respects, the most formidable animal in the world to be encountered. In comparison with the lion of Africa and the tiger of Asia, though these may exhibit more activity and blood-thirstiness, the grizzly is not second in courage and excels them in power.

Like the regions which he inhabits, there is a vastness in his strength which makes him a fit companion for the monster trees and giant rocks of the Sierra, and places him, if not the first, at least in the first rank of all quadrupeds.

. . . . . .

"The grizzly bear of California, in the consciousness of strength and magnanimity of courage, alone of all animals, stands unappalled in the face of any enemy, and turns not from the sight of man. He may not seek the conflict, but he never flies from it. He may not feed upon royal meat, nor feel the flow of royal blood in his veins; but he is unapproachable, overwhelming. The lion and the tiger are like the desert with its fiery simoons and tornadoes; the grizzly bear of California like the mountains with their frosts and avalanches. . . .

"He sometimes weighs as much as two thousand pounds. He is of a brown color, sprinkled with grayish hairs. When aroused, he is, as has been said before, the most terrible of all animals in the world to encounter; but ordinarily will not attack man, except under peculiar circumstances. It is of this animal that the most extraordinary feats of strength are recorded. It is said, with truth, that he can carry off a full-grown horse or buffalo, and that, with one blow of his paw, he can stop a mad bull in full career. When roused, and particularly when wounded, there is no end to his courage; he fights till the last spark of life expires, fearing no odds, and never deigning to turn

his heel upon the combat. It is to him that the appellations of science, *ursus ferox* and *ursus horribilis* are peculiarly applicable."

Adams thus describes his camp: "It consisted merely of a convenient spot, where wood, water and herbage were near at hand. There we would unpack our mules, turn them out to graze, and build a large fire, which was seldom allowed to go down. In the day, this fire served for culinary purposes; at night, for warmth and protection. I slept invariably in my blankets, upon the ground; never in any house, or within any inclosure, unless the weather was rainy, when a few boughs, disposed into a kind of booth, would constitute all my shelter from the elements. On a few occasions, a blanket was spread to keep off the rain or dampness; but, as a general rule, my bed was entirely exposed."

When Adams entered the mountains, it was with no intention of becoming a hunter of bears. This change came about owing to the fact that his brother discovered his whereabouts, came to see him, and finally urged him to enter into a partnership, by the terms of which he was to capture wild animals alive, or secure their skins, send them to his brother and receive a certain share of the proceeds. About this time he fell in with a man named William Sykesey, who for some time became a sharer in his perils and dangers.

One of his first experiences was to shoot a grizzly bear and then capture her two year-old cubs, both of which he tamed, and one of which became his insep-

arable companion and friend for many years, — the celebrated Lady Washington.

After slaying the mother, he thought he could easily secure the cubs. Says he: " As I rushed at them, they retreated; as I pursued, they broke away, and, doubling, shot past with a rapidity of motion which defied all my skill. I chased a long time without success; and, finally, when they and I were nearly worn out, they suddenly turned and made so violent an attack upon me that I was compelled, for my personal safety, to betake myself to a tree, and was glad to find one to climb. Although but little more than a year old, I saw that they had teeth and claws which were truly formidable."

For half an hour they kept him treed and then, not " understanding the art of starving an enemy " — as an older bear does — they went away. But he was now bent on their capture, and with the aid of some Indians finally succeeded in doing so by lying in wait for them at the spring where they came to drink. While awaiting their coming and a good opportunity to capture them, he shot and killed another grizzly, which supplied him with meat. Here is his account of his part of the capture. When the animals came he pursued one and the Indians the other: " My cub, which proved to be a female, bounded into the plain, and required a long chase. She ran quite a mile before it was possible for me to throw the lasso, which was no sooner over her head than she poked it off, and started on again. I followed several miles, and threw the lasso over her again and again, as many as seven times, before it kept

its place; but it did finally retain its hold, and she was mine. I immediately sprang from my horse, and, whipping out a muzzle and cords from my pockets, soon had her bound head and foot. She was so beautiful that I had to stop and admire her some time before going to see what my comrades had done.

"They had been equally successful, though they had not come off so easily in the combat, having been pretty well scratched."

Adams gives a long account of his experiences in taming Lady Washington and Jackson, as he respectively named his two cubs, and he contends that if the bear be taken early enough — even the dreaded grizzly — "he grows up a devoted friend, exhibiting such remarkable qualities of domestication as almost to lead one to suppose that he was intended, as well as the dog, for the companionship of man."

Be this as it may, it certainly was not long before he had these cubs well-trained, and in the course of his narrative he tells us of Lady Washington's accompanying him on his trips, carrying his packs, warning him of the presence of foes, sleeping by his side and saving him from cold, and of Ben Franklin — another grizzly which he captured later — saving his life, for he had taught Ben to go hunting with him.

On one occasion he and Sykesey built a bear trap opposite a precipitous hill which was covered with chaparral, and appeared entirely overgrown with a thick and vigorous vegetation of creeping and branching vines which had become interwoven. Here let Adams tell the story.

" One evening as we were about giving over work for the day, my attention was attracted by a noise on this hill; and, upon casting my eyes upward, I beheld a large grizzly bear coming down, back foremost, allowing her weight to carry her, while she retarded what would otherwise have been too rapid a descent by holding on to the rocks and bushes with her claws. So ludicrous was this mode of progression, — if coming down tail foremost can be called progression, and so droll her movements in catching at every twig and branch in her course, that, but for the danger of my situation, I could have laughed outright. As, however, laughing or any other noise, under the circumstances, might have exposed us to immediate peril, I kept perfectly silent, and beckoned Sykesey to reach me my rifle, which was leaning against a tree near where he stood. As he did so, I whispered that we were in a dangerous situation, and that it would require all our coolness and nerve to escape destruction. At the same time, I cautioned him to reserve his fire and be ready in case my shot should prove ineffectual; and, at all events, to stand by me in case of extremity. I spoke thus, because the fellow seemed frightened; but this solemn talk frightened him still more; he, however, promised to obey my instructions, and stand by me like a man.

" By this time the bear had slid down within shooting distance; but, her position not presenting so fair a mark as was desired, and there not now being light enough to procure good aim, I was loath to fire; nevertheless, feeling that it would be the only opportunity,

and trusting to good fortune, I blazed away. The smoke hardly lifted, and the echoes were hardly still, when, crack! went Sykesey's rifle too; and, upon looking around, I saw that he not only had fired, but had also taken to his heels, and was running as fast as his legs would carry him, leaving me to take the chances alone. There was, however, no time to reprove this cowardly conduct, for the bear now came down with a tumbling plunge, and I drew my bowie-knife in the expectation of an immediate conflict. Indeed, I braced myself for a deadly encounter, when, very unexpectedly, the bear rushed past, perhaps not seeing me, and bounded away for the dense thicket in the ravine below. Her motions, and a few drops of blood which stained her course, showed that she was badly wounded. Catching up my rifle, and reloading as quickly as possible, I pursued, in hopes of obtaining another shot and finishing the business; but before I was able to overtake her she gained the thicket, which was too dense, and it was now too dark, to attempt to enter."

The following day, as they passed the spot where the bear disappeared in the chaparral, Adams taunted Sykesey and declared that if he would exhibit a little more courage than he had done on the preceding evening he would enter the chaparral and look for the animal. On Sykesey protesting that he would "stand by him to the last drop of his blood," they entered the thicket and followed the track of the bear, only to find her dead in her den.

Soon after this they saw several large black wolves in a ravine, while they were on the top of a high preci-

pice almost over them. Adams shot, killing two and wounding another in the shoulder. He says:

"Having no thought of any difficulty, I dropped my rifle, drew my knife, climbed down the precipice, and gave the wounded wolf chase. Upon overtaking him I seized him by the tail and threw him upon the ground, with the object of stabbing him; but, by an unexpected turn, he snapped at my right forearm and completely penetrated it with his fangs, and so potent was the bite that the knife dropped from my unnerved hand. For a few moments the pain was excessive; but when the first paroxysm was a little over, I drew my revolver, and finished the beast by a shot in the heart. Upon turning up my buckskin sleeve, the blood flowed profusely, and the wound showed itself to be severe; one of much less severity, received from a coyote bite since my return from the wilderness, and the help of three surgeons, kept my arm in a sling eight months, and came near costing me my hand.

"But, in the mountains, I acted as my own doctor, and practised the water-cure system with great success. I therefore merely directed my Indian, when he had loaded his rifle, and came up, to wet my handkerchief in cold water and wrap it tightly about the wound. In civilized life, when an injury of this kind is received, it is poulticed and bandaged; sometimes probed and lanced; and, frequently, very bad work indeed is the result; but experience has taught me that cold water and nature are apt to be better than salves and doctors; and I would undertake to cure almost any bite, not poisonous, by simply dressing it with cold water. A

made out of the finger by nature heals rapidly, but, if plastered up, remains sore many days."

While thus wounded he had to walk to his camp, several miles through an almost unexplored region, and on the way killed a coyote and had a good scare from a panther. The next morning, after more water treatment, his wound was free from soreness and soon healed.

One day, as he was returning home, he gave his rifle to one of his companions, and with Lady Washington started to go alone. Tempted to shoot some antelope with his pistol, he got into thick chaparral, then suddenly bethought himself that it might be dangerous, as there were signs of numerous grizzlies around. He finally decided to return and began backing out. "Suddenly," he says, "Lady Washington gave a snort and clattered her teeth. I wheeled around at this, and directly behind the Lady, full in sight, standing upon his hind legs and wickedly surveying us, stood a savage old grizzly. That he had hostile intentions, all his actions clearly showed; and there I was, almost without arms, and with the Lady as well as myself to take care of.

"In this emergency, I seized the chain with which the Lady was usually tied, and which was now wrapped about her neck, and unwound it as noiselessly as possible. I was then about to move to a tree which stood near, when the enemy dropped upon his all fours, came a little nearer, and rose again. Here was a dilemma. I knew from the nature of the beast that if I moved now, I was to expect him either to instantly attack or pre-

cipitately fly, — but the former much more probable than the latter. I did not wish to hasten an unforeseen determination on his part, however, and therefore stood stock-still, with my pistol in my hand; and thus we both, motionless as stone, eyed each other. It is difficult to tell how long the bear would have gazed without acting, — not long, probably; but seeing his indecision, I resolved to turn it to my advantage; and suddenly discharging the pistol, rattling the iron chain, and at the same time yelling with all my might, I had the gratification of seeing the enemy turn tail and run, as if frightened out of his wits. Not satisfied with this, I followed after him yelling and shouting, with the Lady growling, and the chain clanking. It seemed as if a thousand evil ones had sprung up all at once in the wilderness, and the old bear tore through the bushes as if each particular one was after him."

One day he was chasing some buffaloes, when they dashed into a marsh. " Seeing them fairly in the mud, we sought low places in the bank, and rode after them; but, as the soil grew less and less firm, we soon dismounted, and pursued on foot. The animals plunged deeper and deeper, and, being hampered with their great bodies, completely mired; so that we easily reached them, and in a few minutes slaughtered four.

" There was one lying in the mud a little further distant, and, as my rifle was discharged, I resolved to kill him with my bowie-knife. . . . I approached without sufficient caution, for, upon getting close, with my knife drawn ready to plunge into his neck, he suddenly made a mighty effort, lunged against me, and

laid me sprawling before him. He then, with his crooked horns, butted against my prostrate form, and pressed me deeply into the mire; so that I was in great danger from being drowned. The mud was soft and yielding, and my body sank deeply; but this turned out to be a fortunate circumstance; for, had the ground been harder, I should certainly have been ground to pieces. While thus going down into what threatened to be my grave, Kimball ran up, and, just as I was disappearing, sent a ball into the bull's body, which made him throw up his head. In this moment, I sprang to my feet, with the knife still in my hand, and stabbed the beast to the heart, and he soon expired."

About a week later the whole camp was awakened by the presence of a grizzly which, however, retreated before a pistol shot. " This adventure excited the whole camp, and particularly Foster, who was of a chivalrous and impulsive character, and wished to go after the beast, even in the darkness. Such madness I would by no means allow; but, in the morning, we had hardly started upon the hunt, when we came upon a large grizzly with two large cubs. She was probably the visitor of the previous night; and Foster was almost beside himself for a shot. I cautioned him to go around with the rest of us to a wooded knoll beyond the animal; but he thought he could kill a bear as easily as a buck, and determined to advance from where he was.

" Seeing that he was bent upon his self-willed resolution, we exacted only a promise that he would not fire until we reached the knoll; but, before getting upon the top of it, we were startled by the report of his rifle,

and, at the same time, one of those terrific roars which the grizzly makes when it rushes for a man. I knew, in an instant, there was danger, and sprang forward; but only in time to witness poor Foster's death. He had wounded the brute, and then ran for a tree; but, before he could climb out of reach, the bear seized his feet in her mouth, and dragged him to the ground, and later, with one blow, dashed out his life."

Another time, in the Yosemite, — that grand mountain valley that stands unique as one of the most picturesque and varied in the world, and whose name, in the Indian, *Yo-ham-e-te*, signifies Grizzly Bear, — he waited for three days for a bear to come out of her cave, and when he grew impatient, went in, determined to bring the adventure to a close. " Before putting my plan into execution, I stuck my cap full of green twigs, and stationed myself in such a manner in the bushes that it would take a nice eye to discern my form, even though looking directly towards me. Having thus disposed myself, cocking and drawing my rifle, I uttered one of those terrific yells with which I have so often started a grizzly to his feet. It echoed like the roar of a lion up the canyon; and in a moment afterwards there was a booming in the den like the puffing and snorting of an engine in a tunnel, and the enraged animal rushed out, growling and snuffing, as if she could belch forth the fire of a volcano. She rose upon her hind feet, and exhibited a monster form, — limbs of terrible strength. She looked around in every direction; but in a few moments, seeing nothing to attack, she sat down upon her haunches, with her back towards me

and her face towards the opposite side of the canyon, as if her enemy were there.

" During these few minutes I stood as motionless as a statue, hardly breathing, waiting and watching for an opportunity to fire. Had I met such an animal unawares, in an unexpected place, her ferocity would have made me tremble; but after my long watch I was anxious to commence the attack, and felt as steady as a piece of ordnance upon a battery. As I watched, I saw her turn her head towards the den, and, fearing she would retire, I gave a low, sharp whistle, which brought her to her feet again, with her breast fronting directly towards me. It was then, having my rifle already drawn, that I fired; and in an instant, dropping the rifle, I drew my pistol in one hand and my knife in the other. The bear, as the ball slapped loudly in the fat of her body, staggered and fell backwards, and began pawing and biting the ground, — a sure sign of a deadly hurt. . . . The work was nearly done; but so anxious was I to complete it at once that I commenced leaping over the bushes; when, gathering her savage strength, she arose, and, with one last, desperate effort, sprang towards me. The distance between us was only thirty feet, but, fortunately, full of brush, and she soon weakened with the prodigious energy requisite to tear her way through it. I discharged the six shots of my revolver, the last of which struck under the left ear, and laid her still for a moment; when, leaping forward, my knife gave the final stroke."

Later, Adams captured a young grizzly cub, which he called Ben Franklin, and which he afterwards

brought to San Francisco where it became as well-known as Lady Washington. It was not until he had had many years of such exciting adventure that he finally settled down, giving to others some of the pleasure that he himself enjoyed in the friendship and companionship of his tame grizzly bears, and telling with quaint humor the stories the historian has preserved for those who will come to live in our State when a wild bear will be as rare as it now is in England.

CHAPTER XXI

THE MAIL-CARRYING HERO OF THE SNOW-CROWNED SIERRAS, SNOW-SHOE THOMPSON

THERE are those whose daily deeds, if performed by men in a different sphere of life, would be heralded as worthy of the world's praise. Yet the men who engage in such occupations perform them without a thought of outside considerations, regarding the discharge of their duty as the chief thing to be considered. Doubtless many and various motives could be found which have induced such men to enter upon their adventurous careers, and where the desire to benefit, or bring comfort to their fellow men is a prime motive, disinterestedness must be added to the heroism they display.

Such was the characteristic of "Snow-shoe Thompson," one of the pioneer heroes of California, who, though well-known fifty years ago, is now almost forgotten. To William Wright, a compeer of Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, and the earlier writers of California, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Dan de Quille, in the *Overland Monthly* of October, 1886, I owe the following interesting story.

"The most remarkable and most fearless of all our Pacific Coast mountaineers was John A. Thompson, popularly known as 'Snow-shoe Thompson.'

For over twenty years he braved the winter storms, as both by day and by night he traversed the high Sierra. His name was the synonym for endurance and daring everywhere in the mountains, where he was well-known, and was famous in all the camps and settlements. He was seldom seen in the valleys, or any of the large towns except Sacramento, where he only went when business called him. Notwithstanding that he seldom left his mountain home, there are but few persons of middle age on the western side of the continent who have not heard of 'Snow-shoe Thompson,' or who have not in times past read an occasional paragraph in regard to some of his many wonderful exploits. Before the completion of the Central Pacific Railroad, when he was regularly crossing the Sierra Nevadas during the winter months, with the mails strapped upon his back, more was heard of him, through the newspapers and otherwise, than during the last few years of his life, yet every winter up to the last he lived, he was constantly performing feats that excited the wonder and admiration even of his neighbors and friends, though for years they had been familiar with his powers of endurance, and his undaunted courage.

"These feats would have been heralded far and wide had they been performed in a more accessible or populous region. He, however, thought lightly of the daring and difficult things he did. They were nearly all done in the course of his regular business pursuits. It was very seldom that he went out of his way to do a thing merely to excite astonishment, or elicit applause."

JOHN A. THOMPSON.
(*"Snow-Shoe" Thompson.*)

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SNOW SHED IN THE SIERRAS.

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Thompson was born at Upper Tins, Prestijeld, Norway, April 30, 1827. Ten years later his parents moved to the United States, and for a year lived in Illinois, before pushing on further into Missouri. Then in 1841 they moved to Iowa, remaining there until 1845, when they returned to Illinois. In 1851 John, then twenty-four years of age, was allured by the gold call, and came overland to Hangtown (now Placerville), at which place, and also at Coon Hollow and Kelsey's Diggings, he worked as a miner. He soon became dissatisfied with the labor of mining, so, in 1854–1855, he went to Putah Creek, in the Sacramento Valley, and set up as a rancher. But his eyes were constantly turned to the mountains, which he ardently loved, and he waited, longing and hoping for the time when he could return.

" Early in the winter of 1856, while still at work on his Putah Creek ranch, Mr. Thompson read in the papers of the trouble experienced in getting the mails across the snowy summit of the Sierra Nevada Mountains. At the time he was engaged in cutting wood on his ranch. What he heard and read of the difficulties encountered in the mountains, on account of the great depth of the snow, set him to thinking. When he was a boy, in Norway, snow-shoes were objects as familiar to him as ordinary shoes are to the children of other lands. He determined to make a pair of snow-shoes out of the oak timbers he was engaged in splitting. Although he was but ten years of age at the time he left his native land, his recollections of the shoes he had seen there were in the main correct.

Nevertheless, the shoes he then made were such as would at the present day be considered much too heavy, and somewhat clumsy. They were ten feet in length, were four inches in width behind the part on which the feet rest, and in front were four inches and a quarter wide.

"Having completed his snow-shoes to the best of his knowledge, Thompson at once set out for Placerville, in order to make experiments with them. Placerville was not only his old mining camp, but was also the principal mountain town on the 'Old Emigrant Road' — the road over which the mails were then carried. Being made out of green oak, Thompson's first shoes were very heavy. When he reached Placerville, he put them upon a pair of scales, and found that they weighed twenty-five pounds. But their owner was a man of giant strength, and he was too eager to be up and doing to lose time in making another pair out of lighter wood.

"Stealing away to retired places near the town, Thompson spent several days in practising on his snow-shoes, and he soon became so expert that he did not fear letting himself be seen in public on his snow-shoes.

"When he made his first public appearance, he was already able to perform such feats as astonished all who beheld them. His were the first Norwegian snow-shoes ever seen in California. At that time, the only snow-shoes known were those of the Canadian pattern. Mounted upon his shoes — which were not unlike thin sled runners in appearance — and with his long balance-pole in his hands, he dashed down the sides

of the mountains at such a fearful rate of speed as to cause many to characterize the performance as foolhardy. Not a few of his old friends among the miners begged him to desist, swearing roundly that he would dash his brains out against a tree, or plunge over some precipice and break his neck. But Thompson only laughed at their fears. With his feet firmly braced, and his balance-pole in his hands, he flew down the mountain slopes, as much at home as an eagle soaring and circling above the neighboring peaks.

" He did not ride astride his guide-pole, nor trail it by his side in the snow, as is the practice of other snow-shoers when descending a steep mountain, but held it horizontally before him, after the manner of a tight-rope walker.

" Having satisfied himself in regard to what he could do on his snow-shoes, Thompson declared himself ready to undertake to transport the mails across the mountains. His first trip was made in January, 1856. He went from Placerville to Carson Valley, a distance of ninety miles. With the mail bags strapped upon his back, he glided over fields of snow that were in places from thirty to fifty feet in depth, his long Norwegian shoes bearing him safely and swiftly along upon the surface of the great drifts.

" Having successfully made the trip to Carson Valley and back to Placerville, Show-shoe Thompson became a necessity, and was soon a fixed institution of the mountains. He carried the mails between the two points all that winter. Through him was kept up the only land communication there was between the Atlantic

States and California. No matter how wild the storms that raged in the mountains, he always came through, and generally on time.

"The loads that Snow-shoe Thompson carried strapped upon his back would have broken down an ordinary man, though wearing common shoes and traveling on solid ground. The weight of the bags he carried was ordinarily from sixty to eighty pounds; but one winter, when he carried the mails for Chorpenning, his load often weighed over one hundred pounds.

"In going from Placerville to Carson Valley, owing to the great amount of uphill traveling, three days were consumed; whereas, he was able to go from Carson Valley to Placerville in two days, making forty-five miles a day. Not a house was then found in all that distance. Between the two points it was a Siberia of snow.

"While traveling in the mountains, Snow-shoe Thompson never carried blankets, nor did he even wear an overcoat. The weight and bulk of such articles would have encumbered and discommoded him. Exercise kept him warm while traveling, and when encamped he always built a fire. During the first year or two after he went into the business, he carried a revolver. Finding, however, that he had no use for such a weapon, and it being of the first importance to travel as light as possible, he presently concluded to leave his pistol at home.

"All that he carried in the way of provisions was a small quantity of jerked beef, or dried sausage, and a few crackers or biscuits. The food that he took into

the mountains was all of a kind that could be eaten as he ran. For drink he caught up a handful of snow, or lay down for a moment and quaffed the water of some brook or spring. He never took with him liquor of any kind. He was a man that seldom tasted liquor.

" ' Snow-shoe ' never stopped for storms. He always set out on the day appointed, without regard to the weather, and he traveled by nights as well as in the daytime. He pursued no regular path — in a trackless waste of snow there was no path to follow — but kept a general route or course. By day he was guided by the trees and rocks, and by night looked to the stars, as does a mariner to his compass. With the places of many stars he was as familiar as ever was Hansteen, the great astronomer of the land of his birth.

" At the time Thompson began snow-shoeing in the Sierras, nothing was known of the mysteries of ' dope ' — a preparation of pitch, tallow, and other ingredients, which being applied to the bottom of the shoes, enables the wearer to lightly glide over snow softened by the rays of the sun. Dope appears to have been a California discovery. It is made of different qualities, and different degrees of hardness and softness. As Thompson used no dope, soft snow stuck to, and so clogged his shoes, that it was sometimes impossible for him to travel over it. Thus, it frequently happened that he was obliged to halt for several hours during the day, and resume his journey at night, when a crust was frozen on the snow.

" Snow-shoe's night camps — whenever the night was such as prevented him from pursuing his journey,

or when it was necessary for him to obtain sleep — were generally made wherever he happened to be at the moment. He always tried, however, to find the stump of a dead pine, at which to make his camp. After setting fire to the dry stump, he collected a quantity of fir or spruce boughs, with which he constructed a sort of a rude couch or platform on the snow. Stretched upon his bed of boughs, with his feet to his fire, and his head resting upon one of Uncle Sam's mail bags, he slept as soundly as if occupying the best bed ever made; though, perhaps, beneath his couch, there was a depth of from ten to thirty feet of snow.

" When unable to find a dry stump, he looked for a dead pine tree. He always selected a tree that had a decided lean. If he could avoid it, he never made his camp beside a tree that was perfectly straight. For this there was a good reason. It very often happened that the tree set on fire in the evening was burned through, and fell to the ground before morning. When he had a leaning tree, at the foot of which to encamp, he was able to make his bed on the safe side; but when the tree stood perfectly erect, he knew not on which side of it to build his couch. It not infrequently happened that he was aroused from sleep in the morning hours by the loud cracking of the tree at the foot of which he was reposing, and he was then obliged to do some fast as well as judicious running, in order to save his life. This was a bit of excitement that he did not crave when wearied with a hard day's travel.

" However, he did not always camp by trees and stumps. He sometimes crawled under shelving rocks,

and there made his bed of boughs, building a small fire on the bare ground in front of it. At a place called Cottage Rock, six miles below Strawberry Valley, he had a small, dry cavern, in the shape of an oven, in which he was in the habit of housing, as often as he could make it convenient to do so. There, his bed of boughs was always ready for him. Curled up in his cavern — which was but little larger than an ordinary baker's oven — with a fire of blazing logs in front, he slept in comfort and safety. He only camped when he felt the necessity of obtaining sleep, and when sufficiently refreshed by his slumbers was in the habit of arising and pursuing his journey, whatever the hour of the day or night, provided that a blinding snowstorm and utter darkness did not prevail."

In all of his experiences, through darkness and storms, fog and blizzard, he was never once known to have lost his way. He accounted for this by an intuitive sense. He used to affirm, not boastingly, but as a matter of fact: "I was never lost — I can't be lost. I can go anywhere in the mountains, day or night, storm or shine. I can't be lost." Then tapping his forehead with his forefinger, he continued: "There's something in here which keeps me right."

It has often been remarked that "republics are ungrateful," and in Thompson's case the aphorism was well justified. As Mr. Wright says:

"Snow-shoe Thompson was one of those unfortunate persons whose lot in life is to do a great deal of work and endure many hardships for very little pay. For twenty winters he carried the mails across the Sierra

Nevada Mountains, at times when they could have been transported in no other way than on snow-shoes. After he began the business he made his home in the mountains, having secured a ranch in Diamond Valley, when for five winters in succession he was constantly engaged in carrying the mails across the snowy range. Two years he carried the United States mails when there was no contract for that service, and he got nothing. On both sides of the mountains he was told that an appropriation would be made and all would come out right with him; but he got nothing except promises.

" When Chorpenning had the contract for carrying the mails, Thompson turned out with the oxen from his ranch and kept the roads open for a long time; and when there at last came such a depth of snow that the road could no longer be broken, he mounted his snow-shoes and carried the mails on his back. Chorpenning failed, and Thompson never received a dime for his work.

" First and last, he did a vast deal of work for nothing. Some seasons our overland mail would not have reached California during the whole winter, had not Thompson turned out on his snow-shoes and carried the sack across the mountains. He took pride in the work. It challenged the spirit of adventure within him. It was like going forth to battle, and each successive trip was a victory. This being his feeling, he was all the more readily made to believe that in case he turned in and did the work, he would eventually be paid. As Mr. Thompson approached his fiftieth year, he

began to think that in his old age he ought to receive something from the government in reward for the services he had performed. He asked but six thousand dollars for all he had done and endured during the twenty years. His petition to Congress was signed by all the State and other officials at Carson City, and by everyone else that was asked to sign it. In the winter of 1874 he went to Washington to look after his claim, but all he got was promises.

" Thompson was a man of splendid physique, standing six feet in his stockings and weighing one hundred and eighty pounds. His features were large, but regular and handsome. He had the blond hair and beard, and fair skin and blue eyes of his Scandinavian ancestors, and looked a true descendant of the sea-roving Northmen of old. Although he spoke English as well as a native-born American, one would not have been surprised to have heard him break forth in the old Norse. Had he lived in the days when his ancestors were carrying terror to all the coasts of Europe, he would have been a leader, if not a king, among them. On the sea he would have been what he was in the mountains — a man most adventurous, fearless, and unconquerable.

" He died at his ranch in Diamond Valley, thirty miles south of Carson City, Nevada, May 15, 1876, after an illness of but a few days, and when he was but forty-nine years and fifteen days old. His tomb is in Genoa, where a stone, on the top of which is carved a pair of snow-shoes, was erected by his widow.

"He was the father of all the race of snow-shoers in the Sierra Nevadas; and in those mountains he was the pioneer of the pack-train, the stage-coach and the locomotive. On the Pacific Coast his equal in his particular line will probably never again be seen. The times and conditions are past and gone that called for men possessing the special qualifications that made him famous."

CHAPTER XXII

THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING HEROES OF THE SIERRAS, CLARENCE KING AND RICHARD COTTER

IN a certain library is one whole shelf of large books in reddish binding titled *Annual Reports of the United States Geological Survey.* At the head of the row is a small — and compared with the others, insignificant — volume. It has no great intrinsic value, and yet, to some people, that volume is more interesting than any of the others, for the reason that it is the First Annual Report of the Geological Survey, and bears the name of a different director from any of the others. Clarence King was the first director of the great scientific institution that was afterwards fully organized by that one-armed science-hero of Gettysburg — Major J. W. Powell; and he is intimately associated with California and dear to Californians because, in 1871, he published a volume — *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada* — that is one of the classics of English literature. But, different from many classics, this book is pulsating with fresh life. It is full of red blood, and out-of-doors and climbing and riding and adventure that thrills one as he reads. One of California's living authors of renown says there is but one book in her library that she cares to read every year, and that book is King's *Mountaineering.* This book, to some readers, is full of

that unconscious heroism, where the true hero writes simply and naïvely of great deeds, dismisses them without a word of comment, and leaves you to discover them for yourself. Hence, some parts of it are worthy of being read many times a year, as a few quotations may prove.

The Geological Survey of California came into existence in 1861, under the guidance of Professor Josiah Whitney. It worked for about eleven years and was then practically given up, — nor has it since been resumed.

One morning in 1864 Professor Brewer and his assistant, Hoffman (after whom two majestic mountains in the Sierra are named), attempted to reach the highest point in the range. They returned at night, terribly fatigued. "For eight whole hours they had worked up over granite and snow, mounting ridge after ridge, till the summit was reached about two o'clock," writes Clarence King.

"These snowy crests bounding our view at the eastward we had all along taken to be the summits of the Sierras, and Brewer had supposed himself to be climbing a dominant peak, from which he might look eastward over Owen's Valley and out upon leagues of desert. Instead of this, a vast wall of mountains, lifted still higher than his peak, rose beyond a tremendous canyon, which lay like a trough between the two parallel ranks of peaks. Hoffman showed us on his sketch-book the profile of his new range, and I instantly recognized the peaks which I had seen from Mariposa, whose great white pile had led me to believe them the highest point in California.

"Their peak, as indicated by the barometer, was in the region of thirteen thousand, four hundred feet, and a level across to the farther range showed its crests to be at least fifteen hundred feet higher. They had spent hours upon the summit scanning the eastern horizon, and ranging downward into the labyrinth of gulfs below, and had come at last with reluctance to the belief that to cross this gorge and ascend the eastern wall of peaks was impossible.

"Brewer and Hoffman were old climbers, and their verdict of impossible oppressed me as I lay awake thinking of it; but early next morning I had made up my mind, and, taking Cotter aside, I asked him in an easy manner whether he would like to penetrate the *terra incognita* with me at the risk of our necks, provided Brewer should consent. In a frank, courageous tone he answered, after his usual mode, 'Why not?' Stout of limb, stronger yet in heart, of iron endurance and a quiet, unexcited temperament, and, better yet, devoted to me, I felt that Cotter was the one comrade I would choose to face death with, for I believed there was in his manhood no room for fear or shirk."

Brewer finally gave his consent, though not without reluctance, and the trip was successfully made. Several times, both on the ascent and the descent, they came to the places which try men's souls. They had lively work in crossing King's Canyon and came at last to a spot where, "Looking down over the course we had come, it seemed and I really believe it was, an impossible descent; for one can climb upward with

safety where he cannot downward. To turn back was to give up in defeat; and we sat at least half an hour, suggesting all sorts of routes to the summit, accepting none and feeling disheartened. About thirty feet over our heads was another shelf, which, if we could reach, seemed to offer at least a temporary way upward. On its edge were two or three spikes of granite; whether firmly connected with the cliff, or merely blocks of debris, we could not tell from below. I said to Cotter, I thought of but one possible plan: it was to lasso one of these blocks, and to climb, sailor-fashion, hand over hand, up the rope. In the lasso I had perfect confidence, for I had seen more than one Spanish bull throw his whole weight against it without parting a strand. The shelf was so narrow that throwing the coil of rope was a very difficult undertaking. I tried three times, and Cotter spent five minutes vainly whirling the loop up at the granite spikes. At last I made a lucky throw, and it tightened upon one of the smaller protuberances. I drew the noose close, and very gradually threw my hundred and fifty pounds upon the rope; then Cotter joined me, and for a moment we both hung our united weight upon it. Whether the rock moved slightly, or whether the lasso stretched a little we were unable to decide; but the trial must be made, and I began to climb slowly. The smooth precipice-face against which my body swung offered no foothold, and the whole climb had therefore to be done by the arms, an effort requiring all one's determination. When about half-way up I was obliged to rest, and, curling my feet in the rope, managed to relieve my arms for a moment.

In this position I could not resist the fascinating temptation of a survey downward.

" Straight down, nearly a thousand feet below, at the foot of the rocks, began the snow, whose steep, roof-like slope, exaggerated into an almost vertical angle, curved down in a long, white field, broken far away by rocks and polished, round lakes of ice

" Cotter looked up cheerfully, and asked how I was making it; to which I answered that I had plenty of wind left. At that moment, when hanging between heaven and earth, it was a deep satisfaction to look down at the wild gulf of desolation beneath, and up to unknown dangers ahead, and feel my nerves cool and unshaken.

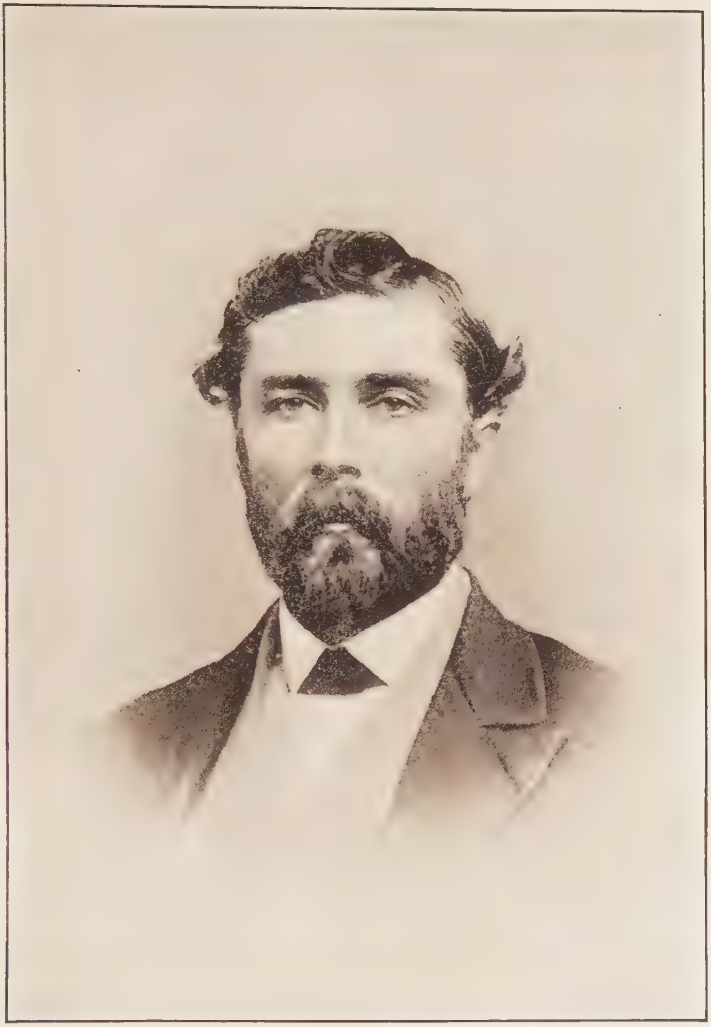
" A few pulls hand over hand brought me to the edge of the shelf, when, throwing an arm around the granite spike, I swung my body upon the shelf, and lay down to rest, shouting to Cotter that I was all right, and that the prospects upward were capital. After a few moments' breathing I looked over the brink, and directed my comrade to tie the barometer to the lower end of the lasso, which he did, and that precious instrument was hoisted to my station, and the lasso sent down twice for knapsacks, after which Cotter came up the rope in his very muscular way, without once stopping to rest."

They reached the dividing ridge up which they had hoped to go to reach the summit, and found it impracticable. There seemed but one way open to them. That was to descend into Kern Canyon and make the ascent that way.

"One look at the sublime white giant decided us. We looked down over the precipice, and at first could see no method of descent. Then we went back and looked at the road we had come up, to see if that were not possibly as bad; but the broken surface of the rocks was evidently much better climbing-ground than anything ahead of us. Cotter, with danger, edged his way along the wall to the east and I to the west, to see if there might not be some favorable point; but we both returned with the belief that the precipice in front of us was as passable as any of it. Down it we must go.

"After lying on our faces, looking over the brink, ten or twenty minutes, I suggested that by lowering ourselves on the rope we might climb from crevice to crevice; but we saw no shelf large enough for ourselves and knapsacks too. However, we were not going to give it up without a trial; and I made the rope fast around my breast, and, looping the noose over a firm point of rock, let myself slide gradually down to a notch forty feet below. There was only room beside me for Cotter, so I made him send down the knapsacks first. I then tied these together by the straps with my silk handkerchiefs, and hung them off as far to the left as I could reach without losing my balance, looping the handkerchiefs over a point of rock. Cotter then slid down the rope, and, with considerable difficulty, we whipped the noose off its resting-place above, and cut off our connection with the upper world.

"'We're in for it now, King,' remarked my comrade, as he looked aloft, and then down; but our blood



THEODORE D. JUDAH.

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THE HIGH SIERRA, CALIFORNIA, CROSSED BY THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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THE HIGH SIERRAS SURVEYED BY THEODORE JUDAH.

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was up, and danger added only an exhilarating thrill to the nerves.

"The shelf was hardly more than two feet wide, and the granite so smooth that we could find no place to fasten the lasso for the next descent; so I determined to try the climb with only as little aid as possible. Tying it around my breast again, I gave the other end into Cotter's hands, and he, bracing his back against the cliff, found for himself as firm a foothold as he could, and promised to give me all the help in his power. I made up my mind to bear no weight unless it was absolutely necessary; and for the first ten feet I found cracks and protuberances enough to support me, making every square inch of surface do friction duty, and hugging myself against the rocks as tightly as I could. When within about eight feet of the next shelf, I twisted myself round upon the face, hanging by two rough blocks of protruding feldspar, and looking vainly for some further hand-hold; but the rock, besides being perfectly smooth, overhung slightly, and my legs dangled in the air. I saw that the next cleft was over three feet broad, and I thought possibly I might, by a quick slide, reach it in safety without endangering Cotter. I shouted to him to be very careful and let go in case I fell, loosened my hold upon the rope and slid quickly down. My shoulder struck against the rock and threw me out of balance; for an instant I reeled over upon the verge, in danger of falling, but, in the excitement, I thrust out my hand and seized a small Alpine gooseberry-bush, the first piece of vegetation we had seen. Its roots were so firmly fixed

in the crevice that it held my weight and saved me.

"I could no longer see Cotter, but I talked to him, and heard the two knapsacks come bumping along till they slid over the eaves above me, and swung down to my station, when I seized the lasso's end and braced myself as well as possible, intending, if he slipped, to haul in slack and help him as best I might. As he came slowly down from crack to crack, I heard his hobnailed shoes grating on the granite; presently they appeared dangling from the eaves above my head. I had gathered in the rope until it was taut, and then hurriedly told him to drop. He hesitated a moment, and let go. Before he struck the rock I had him by the shoulder, and whirled him down upon his side, thus preventing his rolling overboard, which friendly action he took quite coolly.

"The third descent was not a difficult one, nor the fourth; but when we had climbed down about two hundred and fifty feet, the rocks were so glacially polished and water-worn that it seemed impossible to get any farther. To our right was a crack penetrating the rock, perhaps a foot deep, widening at the surface to three or four inches, which proved to be the only possible ladder. As the chances seemed rather desperate, we concluded to tie ourselves together, in order to share a common fate; and with a slack of thirty feet between us, and our knapsacks upon our backs, we climbed into the crevice, and began descending with our faces to the cliff. This had to be done with unusual caution, for the foothold was about as good as

none, and our fingers slipped annoyingly on the smooth stone; besides, the knapsacks and instruments kept a steady backward pull, tending to overbalance us. But we took pains to descend one at a time, and rest wherever the niches gave our feet a safe support. In this way we got down about eighty feet of smooth, nearly vertical wall, reaching the top of a rude granite stairway, which led to the snow; and here we sat down to rest, and found to our astonishment that we had been three hours from the summit.

"After breathing a half minute we continued down, jumping from rock to rock, and having, by practice, become very expert in balancing ourselves, sprang on, never resting long enough to lose the *aplomb;* and in this manner made a quick descent over rugged *débris* to the crest of a snow-field, which, for seven or eight hundred feet more, swept down in a smooth, even slope, of very high angle, to the borders of a frozen lake.

"Without untying the lasso which bound us together, we sprang upon the snow with a shout, and glissaded down splendidly, turning now and then a somersault, and shooting out like cannon-balls almost to the middle of the frozen lake; I upon my back, and Cotter feet first, in a swimming position. The ice cracked in all directions. It was only a thin, transparent film, through which we could see deep into the lake. Untying ourselves, we hurried ashore in different directions, lest our combined weight should be too great a strain upon any point."

There was plenty more of excitement before they reached the summit. When they did so, King says:

"I rang my hammer upon the topmost rock; we grasped hands, and I reverently named the grand peak MOUNT TYNDALL."

Now came the descent. At one place "the rock was so steep that we descended in a sitting posture, clinging with our hands and heels. I heard Cotter say, 'I think I must take off these moccasins and try it barefooted, for I don't believe I can make it.' These words were instantly followed by a startled cry, and I looked round to see him slide quickly toward me, struggling and clutching at the smooth granite. As he slid by, I made a grab for him with my right hand, catching him by the shirt, and, throwing myself as far in the other direction as I could, seized with my left hand a little pine tuft, which held us. I asked Cotter to edge along a little to the left, where he could get a brace with his feet and relieve me of his weight, which he cautiously did. I then threw a couple of turns with the lasso round the roots of the pine bush, and we were safe, though hardly more than twenty feet from the brink. The pressure of curiosity to get a look over that edge was so strong within me that I lengthened out sufficient lasso to reach the end, and slid slowly to the edge, where, leaning over, I looked down, getting a full view of the wall for miles. Directly beneath, a sheer cliff of three or four hundred feet stretched down to a pile of *débris* which rose to unequal heights along its face, reaching the very crest not more than a hundred feet south of us."

There was still excitement ahead. They came to a place where King's River dashed, "a broad, white

torrent, fretting its way along the bottom of an impassable gorge. . . . To the south of us, a little way up stream, the river flowed out from a broad, oval lake, three-quarters of a mile in length, which occupied the bottom of the granite basin. Unable to cross the torrent, we must either swim the lake or climb around its head. . . .

"Around the head of the lake were crags and precipices in singularly forbidding arrangement. As we turned thither we saw no possible way of overcoming them. At its head the lake lay in an angle of the vertical wall, sharp and straight like the corner of a room; about three hundred feet in height, and for two hundred and fifty feet of this a pyramidal pile of blue ice rose from the lake, rested against the corner, and reached within forty feet of the top. Looking into the deep blue water of the lake, I concluded that in our exhausted state it was madness to attempt to swim it. The only alternative was to scale that slender pyramid of ice and find some way to climb the forty feet of smooth wall above it. . . .

"We found the ice-angle difficultly steep" . . . but finally reached its top. There "we found a narrow, level platform, upon which we stood together, resting our backs in the granite corner, and looked down the awful pathway of King's Canyon, until the rest nerved us up enough to turn our eyes upward at the forty feet of smooth granite which lay between us and safety. Here and there were small projections from the surface, little, protruding knobs of feldspar, and crevices riven into its face for a few inches.

"As we tied ourselves together, I told Cotter to hold himself in readiness to jump down into one of these in case I fell, and started to climb up the wall, succeeding quite well for about twenty feet. About two feet above my hands was a crack, which, if my arms had been long enough to reach, would probably have led me to the very top; but I judged it beyond my powers, and, with great care, descended to the side of Cotter, who believed that his superior length of arm would enable him to make the reach.

"I planted myself against the rock, and he started cautiously up the wall. Looking down the glare front of ice, it was not pleasant to consider at what velocity a slip would send me to the bottom, or at what angle, and to what probable depth, I should be projected into the ice-water. Indeed, the idea of such a sudden bath was so annoying that I lifted my eyes towards my companion. He reached my farthest point without great difficulty, and made a bold spring for the crack, reaching it without an inch to spare, and holding on wholly by his fingers. He thus worked himself slowly along the crack toward the top, at last getting his arms over the brink, and gradually drawing his body up and out of sight. It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing; but when I asked if he was all right, cheerfully repeated 'All right.'

"It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometer, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me, in an easy, confident tone, 'Don't be afraid

to bear your weight." I made up my mind, however, to make the climb without his aid, and husbanded my energies as I climbed from crack to crack. I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself upward with a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. In an instant I had grasped it with my right hand also. I felt the sinews of my fingers relax a little, but the picture of the slope of ice and the blue lake affected me so strongly that I redoubled my grip, and climbed slowly along the crack until I reached the angle and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done. As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that, instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth, roof like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no brace for his feet, nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly, with the rope tied around his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided; certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me, and perhaps made it impossible. The shock I received on seeing this affected me for a moment, but not enough to throw me off my guard, and I climbed quickly over the edge. When we had walked back out of danger we sat down upon the granite for a rest.

"In all my experience of mountaineering I have never known an act of such real, profound courage as this of Cotter's. It is one thing, in a moment of excitement,

to make a gallant leap, or hold one's nerves in the iron grasp of will, but to coolly seat one's self in the door of death, and silently listen for the fatal summons, and this all for a friend, — for he might easily have cast loose the lasso and saved himself, — requires as sublime a type of courage as I know."

It was in this fashion and by such men that the exploring of the mountains of California was accomplished, and to read Clarence King's book is to bathe one's self, not only in the largeness of the wide landscapes of California's out-of-doors, but also in the largeness of heart of extraordinary men.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE ENGINEERING HERO OF THE SIERRAS, THEODORE D. JUDAH

IN a gigantic enterprise there is often scope for the widest exercise of several varieties of genius. As the next chapter will show, the building of the Central Pacific Railroad developed a commanding genius of finance, — Huntington; a genius of equal calibre as a constructor, — Crocker; another genius as a politician to remove obstacles, — Stanford; and still another, as a watch-dog of its own treasury, – Hopkins. Each man stands out conspicuous; and Huntington, Stanford and Crocker especially are more than local characters. They loom large as celebrities, and their names are already written boldly and broadly in the nation's autograph album of great men.

But another name, though less known, is equally entitled to this honor, in connection with the work of organizing the Central Pacific Railroad. The work of this man was earlier, and in many respects more exacting, more arduous, and required greater knowledge and greater skill in handling men. Not only that; it must also be recognized that his was the far-seeing vision, the prophetic soul that fired into life the commercial instincts of the other four geniuses who bore the burden of actually achieving what he had the

daring to conceive, the ability to plan, and the wisdom to urge. This man, who for all time should stand as a moral hero to young Californians, was Theodore D. Judah. He was young when he died, for the toll of his years was but thirty-seven. Thirty-seven, and yet he had accomplished so much! Born in Bridgeport, Connecticut, he was induced to come to California in 1853 to superintend the selection of a route and construction of a railroad from Sacramento to the northern mines. Sacramento, as the chief city at the head of navigation, was to be the starting-point, and the railway was to cross the Sacramento valley, strike the foot-hills of the Sierra Nevadas, and then proceed north to the mines. In the face of the great cost of labor — who was going to work making railroad grades for a few dollars a day when he might work at the mines and perhaps become a millionaire? — and the equally great cost of materials, all of which had to be transported from the East either around Cape Horn, or across the Isthmus, the first twenty-three miles was constructed to Folsom, and, with much rejoicing, on February 22, 1856, the opening ceremonies were held. But it stopped there! By 1856 the mines were less profitable than they had been in 1848, 1849 and 1850, and the new railroad was not doing the business its promoters anticipated.

In the meantime Mr. Judah was studying the field. In his native Connecticut he had never seen such mountains as these California Sierras. How they shouldered their way up to the sky! How they dominated the valley! How proudly their snow-crested summits

fellowshiped with the sun! What a barrier they were between the here and the — what was beyond. By and by, their very presence became a challenge to Judah, and he determined to solve their mysteries, and to know what was beyond them; then his engineering pride was aroused, and he determined to find a way to scale them with a railroad.

One day he secured a holiday and took a stage ride over to Nevada. He was such an indefatigable worker that his trip was a surprise to people. They wondered at Judah — of all men — taking a rest. But there was a great purpose in this seeming holiday. Several times Judah came near being left. He would leave the stage and take "short cuts," or would wander from the road to get outlooks from higher points. It was clear to an observer that he was a much interested man. On his return, the results of his trip became apparent in that new interests had been awakened in his soul. He began to talk of a railway across the Sierras. Then — with his essentially practical mind — he began to work to find the route for it. He was only about thirty years old, but it was not long before he saw clearly that a railway could be built, and as soon as that was determined he threw himself, heart and soul, into the work of its accomplishment. Week after week, month after month, year after year, he tramped up and down canyons, slid down or wearily climbed up steep slopes, visited every possible pass, stood on every available summit, suffered heat and cold, rain, sleet, snow and storm, until he knew the Sierras, by heart.

In 1859 — September 20 — a railroad convention

was held in San Francisco, of which John Bidwell was chairman, with delegates from California, Oregon, Washington and Arizona, for the purpose of taking such steps as should ensure the building of a transcontinental railway. Judah was present, and it is universally conceded that he was the best posted and most efficient delegate. Called upon for information, he freely poured forth his stored-up knowledge. An older man might have withheld much, for fear that others might forestall him and reap the advantage of his labor. But Judah never seemed to have had any fear of anything of this kind. He was too large-hearted to put a national scheme upon the basis of a proposition for personal profit. He was unanimously selected, therefore, to go to Washington as the representative of this convention, see the President of the United States, the heads of the various departments, the leaders of Congress and all others he might deem desirable, to the end that, by his influence, legislation would be set in motion for the furtherance of the transcontinental railway.

With fidelity, knowledge and zeal he accomplished his part of the Washington mission, and I would that every reader of this sketch could read Judah's report of his labors. He failed in his mission, owing to the sectional jealousies between North and South, raging at their height, but his report is a model of clear, dispassionate statement of facts, without prejudice or discouragement, and reaffirming his faith in the feasibility and practicability of the project and its ultimate consummation. And then — lesson for the grafters of

to-day — he enclosed a bill of expenses for forty dollars! His actual expenditures for stage fare, hotel bills, carriage hire, etc., had amounted to twenty-five hundred dollars, but that he would pay himself. The bill was for necessary printing, which was all he expected the convention officials to pay.

During these years of hard and unremunerative work Judah attracted the attention and engaged the interest of the Sacramento men who afterwards became the " Big Four " of the Central Pacific Railroad. If this young engineer from Bridgeport was so sure of the feasibility of building a railroad, why were they not interested? Leland Stanford was a dealer in groceries and provisions, Crocker a dry-goods merchant, and Huntington and Hopkins sold hardware. None of them was rich, but they were " big " men, though neither they nor any one else knew it at the time.

The building of a great railroad is a tremendous project; and its financing a great problem. When one considers the way millions are spent — locating the route, surveying, grading, blasting, shoveling, filling, tunneling, bridging, cutting, the cost of the rails, transporting them from the mills to the road-bed, laying them, keeping them in order, the rolling stock, engines, passenger and freight cars, stations, depots, freight-houses, switches, side-tracks, offices, etc., — the mind of the ordinary man is bewildered. To others, however, these matters are simple. They grasp the problems, see the needs, the compensations for the expenditures, and then, if they can but convince others that they see clearly, their success is assured.

Judah had seen these things very early, and he soon made the "Big Four" see them. They went into politics. Stanford was nominated for governor of California on the Republican ticket, and *ten days later*, June 28, 1861, the Central Pacific Railroad Company of California was organized, with Stanford as president, Huntington vice-president, Judah engineer, Hopkins treasurer, and James Bailey, a Sacramento jeweler, secretary. The capital stock was named as eight million five hundred thousand dollars, divided into eighty-five thousand shares of one hundred dollars each. The "Big Four" and Judah each subscribed for one hundred and fifty shares, and paid into the treasury ten dollars per share as a working fund. Judah was at once sent back to the mountains to complete his surveys and make a final determination of routes.

What a history-making epoch! What an honored position and high responsibility for a young man! How much depended upon his wisdom and judgment, his care and thoroughness!

Judah's report of 1861 (October 1) should be regarded as one of the Classics of California Historic Literature. It ought to be read by every intelligent man and woman, who to-day is enjoying the results of his thorough and careful work.

Eleven days after the report was submitted, Judah was on the steamer, going to Washington, by way of Panama, as the Railroad Company's representative to Washington. A man who was to be of great service to the cause was on the steamer with him, and Judah at once set to work, with the same zeal that had won

THE PALISADES OF THE HUMBOLDT RIVER, NEVADA, THROUGH WHICH THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY RUNS.

SNOW PLOW ON THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILWAY, IN THE HIGH SIERRAS.

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him the passes of the Sierras, to win his adherence and helpfulness. This was Representative A. A. Sargent, who had just been elected and was on his way to take his seat in the House. Before he reached Washington, Judah had pumped him full of knowledge in regard to routes, costs per mile, tunnels, probable amount of tonnage freight, of passengers and everything else a Congressman ought to know, so that when the bill finally came before the House, he was able thoroughly and properly to present it.

In New York he met United States Senator James A. McDougall, at whose request he prepared a bill for presentation to the Senate.

Then he himself entered into the campaign of education in Washington. In this he was materially helped by both the gentlemen above named, and when the bill came up for action, they did valiant service in both the House and the Senate, and on July 1, 1862, they had the pleasure of knowing that it had become a law.

As soon as the bill was passed, Judah prepared and filed in the office of the Secretary of the Interior a map and designation of the route of the Central Pacific Railroad through California; whereupon, as provided by the act, lands to the distance of fifteen miles on each side of the route were withdrawn from private enterprise, preemption or sale. He then proceeded to New York and began making provisional contracts for iron and equipments for the first fifty miles of the road. On July 21, having successfully accomplished the objects of his mission, he took the steamer from New York, carrying with him a testimonial from a large

number of senators and representatives in Congress, thanking him for his assistance in aiding the passage of the bill, assuring him that his examinations and surveys had settled the question of the practicability of the route and enabled many of them to vote confidently on the great measure, and bearing witness to the value and effectiveness of his indefatigable exertions and intelligent explanations. He had indeed succeeded admirably; and, so far as seen, his success was due almost entirely to himself and achieved without soiling his hands or leaving a stain upon his name.

Immediately upon his return to California, he began to show to the people the great advantages the government had conceded and the wisdom of aiding the work in every possible way. At the same time he bent his marvellous energies to the proper launching of the engineering end of the enterprise. The road to Folsom was abandoned, and he conclusively showed the reason why, so that even those who protested against it were left without argument. He also called especial attention to every detail of the requirements of Congress, with a conscientious anxiety to meet every promise, and to keep all pledges made to the State of Nevada. Not only this, but he had experts at work examining the minerals and rocks along the route, and these he exhibited with their reports.

In October, 1863, Judah again started for Washington, in order to be present at the sessions of Congress when new and additional railroad legislation was proposed. On the way he was stricken with fever, and died in New York on November 2, 1863. Hittell

says: "In him perished a genius — one of the greatest in his important line — without whom the way over the Sierra would not have been found perhaps for many years. Like many other men of genius, his reward consisted chiefly in his own activity and the consciousness and satisfaction of doing noble work thoroughly and well. He made for others, or enabled them to make, uncounted wealth and to occupy places of first-class prominence in the world; but, for himself, he made in the way of money comparatively nothing; and in name and recollection, as new and inferior men took his place and easily continued in the path he had found and so clearly pointed out, he was in a short time substantially forgotten. While the railroad in its completed state, and its offspring and imitations, which now span the continent, have changed the face of the globe, and engrossed to a greater or less extent the attention of courts and cabinets in almost every quarter of the earth, it is only in old records and reports that the name of Judah, the bright spirit that called them into being, is to be found. But whether remembered and recognized or not — and it is only to posterity and not to him that it can make any difference — his admirable work is his monument, and it must and will forever remain so."

Can anything be added to these generous words? The fact that in the few short years since 1863 the name of Judah is almost forgotten, and his work is known to but few, is proof of the need of the proper instruction of our youth in the lives and work of such heroes of peace as he. To be a civil engineer, and

personally conduct the surveys; a practical builder of railways, so that he could intelligently estimate the cost of a new road; a superintendent of operation, so that he could equip and organize a force to run the railroad; a business man, so that he could let contracts; a promoter, so that he could — as Hittell says, " without soiling his hands or leaving a stain upon his name " — push a bill for such a gigantic undertaking and involving such vast millions, such princely gifts of the public domain, and affecting so many millions of people, through the halls of Congress; a financier, so that he could induce capital to help forward the plans; a conciliator, so that he was able, more than any other man the Central Pacific Railroad Company ever had, to calm the jealousies, soothe the opposition and convert the obstructionists who were determined to put every possible obstacle in the way of the project, — to be all these things and more, was to be abundantly blessed of God. And then, to use all these divinely bestowed powers — not to make wealth for himself, not to snatch at the paltry honors of the hour, but to devote them earnestly, consistently, sincerely and constantly, up to the hour of his death, for the benefit of his fellows, — this was to have lived the life of a hero and to have fully earned the hero's crown.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE BUILDING HEROES OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC, HUNTINGTON, STANFORD, CROCKER AND HOPKINS

WITHOUT railroads, what would California be to-day, as far as material prosperity is concerned? When we think of the immense activity of all the different railways that now operate in California, the millions of tons of freight, both for the State and "in transit," and the hundreds of thousands of passengers carried each year, the mind is incapable of conceiving the chaos that would arise were the railroads to vanish at a word.

And yet it is not long — comparatively speaking — since there was not a mile of railway in California. Only forty years ago (May 10, 1869) the last spikes were driven that wedded the Union Pacific and Central Pacific Railways in the Salt Lake Desert near Promontory, and that gave to the Pacific Coast its first transcontinental railway.

"In this day of perfected transportation, with the civilized earth conquered and bound by innumerable cords of steel and wire, where the base of supplies is not so very far from the place of consumption, few can realize the problem before those intrepid men who, with little money and large hostility behind them," started to build from the Pacific Coast back to the

East. They had no base of supplies near at hand. Every pound of railroad steel and general supplies had to come nineteen thousand miles by water, around Cape Horn, from New York, and when, later, the Union Pacific Railway was built over Nebraska and Wyoming into Utah, they had to haul "their strenuously obtained subsistence and material over a thousand miles of poorly equipped road. They fought mountains of snow as they had never before been fought. They forced their weak, wheezy little engines up tremendous grades with green wood that must sometimes be coaxed with sage-brush gathered by the firemen running alongside of their creeping or stalled iron horses. There were no steel rails. Engineers worked unhelped by the example of perfected railroad building of later times. No tracks or charts of the man-killing desert! No modern helps, no ready, ever-eager capital seeking their enterprise! Only scepticism, hatred from their enemies, and 'You can't do it!' flung at them from friend and foe."

So writes Mrs. Sarah Pratt Carr, whose father was Charles Crocker's principal reliance in the field, and who, herself, saw the daily fight against Nature and Time and Space. Yet what she here describes was the difficulty of the work years and years after the enterprise had begun, and had received the official endorsement and financial help of the United States government. What of the time before this aid was secured? The whole story is one of bravery, daring, heroism, persistence and pluck that, in spite of whatever fault may be found with the railroad for some of

its acts, should never be forgotten by the youth of the State.

And here, before I proceed further, let me make clear that while I am personally opposed to the system of land and bond grants that made the building of the transcontinental railway possible (as will be revealed in a later chapter), I do not condemn those who, at this early date, held a different opinion. Nor does this mental attitude render me indifferent to the exhibition of heroism the building of the railway manifested, as the remainder of this chapter will prove.

As far back as 1836 John Plumbe, a Welshman by birth, an American by education and feeling, a civil engineer by profession, began to agitate, at Dubuque, Iowa, a project for a railroad from the Great Lakes across the Territory of Oregon to the Pacific Ocean. Other far-seeing men — some of our wiser statesmen — early recognized the possibilities, and one, Lewis Gaylord Clarke, in the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, prophesied its ultimate fulfilment. But neither the government, nor the country, at that early day, was prepared to undertake so gigantic a task, and even after the United States had acquired California, in 1846, Asa Whitney's project to aid the construction of a Pacific Railway by a grant of alternate sections of land, for a width of thirty miles on each side, found few earnest advocates, though it must be confessed it attracted almost universal attention.

When gold was discovered, things changed somewhat. The sea voyage, via Cape Horn, was too long and too dangerous. Even when the trip was broken at the Isthmus,

and a railway built there to speed the traveler, the time consumed was enormous; while the overland stage was equally objectionable, besides being tedious, expensive, and dangerous. Hence Congress, in March, 1853, made a first appropriation of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars to defray the expenses of searching for a practicable route. The War Department undertook the fitting out and equipment of six surveying parties, and, to Californians, there are few papers issued by the Government that are so interesting as the thirteen large volumes of Railroad Survey Reports, published between the years 1855-1860, when Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War, giving the results of these various explorations.

The subject was agitated constantly by the California legislatures, one after another, that of 1853 making quite an elaborate report and urging its immediate consideration upon the Federal government. It called attention to the fact that "the distance from San Francisco to Washington, by way of Cape Horn, was nineteen thousand miles, or more than the entire circumference of the globe in latitude thirty-eight degrees, the parallel of San Francisco, and that the distance by way of Panama or Nicaragua was as long as a direct line from Washington to Pekin. It urged the necessity of the road, not only in a business and social, but also from a military point of view."

As the State most interested, California had the right to urge her claims. Later on she showed that her gold had contributed a wonderful stimulus to railroad

building in all the Eastern States, where the number of miles in operation increased from eight thousand five hundred and eighty-eight, in the year 1850, to thirty thousand five hundred and ninety-eight in 1860. She showed how she was discriminated against by the lack of a railroad, in the fact that the money it would cost a family to reach her borders would settle them on a good farm in what was then called "the West." The transmission of a single letter by mail for a long time cost forty cents. But not until 1861 was anything practical in the way of actual preparation for real building accomplished, and that was done in California, as related in the preceding chapter. Stanford, Huntington, Crocker, Hopkins, Judah and a few others organized the Central Pacific Railroad Company, and in the most practical way proceeded to get the railway there had been so much talk about.

Not one of these men had much money, — all told they were not worth half a million dollars, — and none of them was supposed to have much influence. Stanford, however, had just come into the limelight, and revealed unsuspected power, by having gained the Republican nomination for governor. This latter fact helped considerably, but even that did not stop the torrent of abuse and ridicule that was poured out upon them for their audacity, their daring, their impudence, etc. But Judah's calm and serene confidence in his plans staggered the objectors, and Stanford's forceful conduct of public affairs after his election, in 1861, soon began to demonstrate that these men knew what they were doing. They had power,

and regardless of all opposition they went forward to the consummation of their plans.

Unfortunately — in one sense — these men were all Sacramentans, and San Francisco felt slighted. Mrs. Carr, in her *Iron Way*, makes Governor Stanford give expression to the following: "Poor San Francisco! She sits on her shifting hills, snubbing California, tyrannizing Nevada, scorning the world. She thinks she's Earth's only golden daughter, that she has no need of the iron thread we 'shopkeepers' are stringing across the Sierras. But our thread of iron shall become her chain of steel. The 'shopkeepers' shall be the arbiters of her fate. Poor, short-sighted city! She shall see her trade divided, her rivals prosperous. Where she should have been queen, she shall be vassal. Her children might be millions, — they will be only thousands. To-day she fights us, and throws away the chance of becoming America's greatest city."

There is no denying that for a while the governor's remarks about San Francisco's attitude were justified, and it was long before the foolish opposition ceased. In time, however, wiser counsels prevailed, and San Francisco did her share nobly to help on the great work, which was to make her the gateway to the Orient. And yet perhaps the very fact that the bankers and capitalists of San Francisco were sceptical as to the ability of the "Big Four" to carry on their project and refused them financial help, led them to seek the specific aid of the government by subsidies of bonds. The land grants were all right as far as they went, but no one wanted to buy land that as yet was unknown and

unreached, and *immediate* help was required. Here the genius of Huntington came into play. It was no doubt owing to his financial ability that bonds were suggested. The government was prevailed upon to give, for every mile of road completed, sixteen one thousand dollar bonds, bearing six per cent. interest, and falling due in thirty years.

Then Huntington in the East, and Stanford in California, bent their energies to raising the money necessary to meet the weekly pay-roll of graders, scrapers, drivers, engineers, track-layers, bridge-builders, tunnellers, carpenters, blacksmiths, and the hundreds who were doing the actual work of reaching and scaling the Sierras. Acts were passed in the State legislature empowering the various counties — Placer, San Francisco, Sacramento, San Joaquin — to issue bonds, when voted upon by the citizens, for the purpose of aiding the road. Then the State was to help with a contribution of half a million dollars. But enemies were at work. An attempt was made to repeal this latter act, and San Francisco placed obstacles in the way of the payment of its quota, which the courts did not remove until 1856.

Never was there a great enterprise that had more opposition than did the Central Pacific Railroad. There is, perhaps, a doubt as to whether even the power of the Big Four could have coped with the obstacles, had it not been for Judah's wondrous capacity and serene confidence. He rendered it possible for Huntington to go to Congress with his later requests and secure what was absolutely essential for the life of the undertaking. And while, in the struggles that

came after Judah's death, it must freely be confessed, the Big Four all developed into wonderful men, it is a question whether they would have had the opportunity so to develop had it not been that Judah's work carried them forward in the first arduous hours of the fight.

Huntington found he could not raise the money fast enough for the needs of operation, — as the government had put a time limit upon the completion of the road. So another financial move was determined upon. A bill was presented in Congress, which finally passed, giving to the railroad the power and right to issue first mortgage bonds to the extent of its mileage, of the same amount and character as those that the government had issued or was to issue. This act doubled the bonding power of the road, gave the railway company's bonds the first claims, and thus made them more easily negotiable, and, at the same time, while in a measure lowering materially the security of the government bonds, did not prevent their being sold at about the same rate as before.

Immediately a change took place in the finances of the company. Money now became as plentiful as hitherto it had been scarce, and the work was pushed with renewed vigor. The same act also increased the land grant from fifteen miles to twenty-five miles, alternate sections, on each side of the railway, and extended the time for the building of the first fifty miles of road, and required only twenty-five miles to be built each year thereafter, provided, however, that the whole distance to the State boundary be finished in another four years.

The whole of the construction work in the field was relegated by Stanford, Huntington and Hopkins to Crocker. Indeed, the directors of the railway (of which Crocker was one) let the contract for the building of the railway to Charles Crocker and Company (of which firm they were the " Company ").

From the counter and office of a small dry-goods store to the superintendency of a great railway building contract was a change that few men could safely undergo, but Charles Crocker made it as if by magic. He disappeared from the one position to reappear fully equipped for the other. He seemed to have an eye instantly to detect or discover the superintendent of construction, foremen and bosses needed. Between himself and Pratt, the man he placed in charge of the work in the field, there was a perfect understanding. Pratt was an Eastern man, who, with his wife and baby daughter, came west in time to enter into this work. With his whole heart and soul he bent his energies to it, devoting himself to Crocker and his interests with a fidelity that never swerved, and making the success of the Central Pacific his passion and his delight. His daughter, in her *Iron Way*, has done good service in her day and generation in picturing some of the scenes she lived among as a little girl. For her father, while retaining a home in California, was desirous of having his family with him, so he established them in a temporary, but comfortable home, which, as the work of building the railway progressed, was moved on along the right of way.

At one time the " enemy " sent its emissaries into the

working camps and persuaded the laborers that the "iron" — the rails — was being delayed, and that, if they pushed the work on, they would be laid off until it arrived. They were thus craftily urged to idle, to shirk, to "old soldier," and delay the progress. Men were bribed to wreck trains of supplies, for which the workers were waiting, and every conceivable obstacle that devilish cunning and craft could devise and fiendish ingenuity and courage execute, was set in motion to harass, delay and dishearten those who had the work in hand. The modern-day strike was not then invented, but men were bribed to desert by wholesale. Rumors were diligently spread abroad, at times, of new and rich strikes in mining camps at far-away distances, and laborers were thus inveigled to desert their work. Before they could find out they had been swindled, a week or two, or a month had gone by. Think of the heart-break of the railroad builders who were tied to time by their contract with the government, the State and the various counties.

It was these tactics, and not because they wished it, that led the Central Pacific officials to the use of Chinese labor. As early as 1862, in Governor Stanford's inaugural, he had openly proclaimed against further Chinese immigration. Their presence in the mines had already demonstrated their undesirability, — according to his opinion, — and he urged the repression of the influx of the Asiatic into California. Yet, when white labor was found to be so unreliable, and the work was pressing, Stanford was soon to learn that where the devil drives there is little choice. Crocker played a great

trick upon him in which he was compelled to acquiesce. Five hundred Chinamen were secretly marched from an incoming ship, loaded on a train and sent to the front before either they — the Chinamen — or any one else knew their destination, and when once they were set to work and their ability and reliability had been proved, there was no more talk against Chinamen on the part of railroad men who knew.

Day after day, week after week, month after month, Crocker and Pratt went up and down the line like restless Lucifers, fired with that everlasting urge and push that drove the demons of laziness and inertia out of thousands of men. What a tribute to the power of soul over body that two men could so enliven, encourage, compel thousands that they would work to the utmost of their physical power, in order to accomplish the will of their leaders.

Slowly but surely, the road crept up the western slope of the Sierras. Cape Horn was reached and finally the summit. Then the down grade was begun — past Donner Lake, Truckee to Reno — and finally Nevada was happy in having rail connection with the Pacific Coast. Then the race across Nevada began.

Two companies were to build the railroad from the Missouri to the Pacific, one working eastward, — the Central Pacific, — the other working westward, — the Union Pacific. Each was to be paid in bonds according to the miles of road built, and while the Union Pacific had the advantage of comparatively level country (fully five hundred miles) over a large part of its route to start with, the Central Pacific had

to surmount the Sierras at the outset. The former road began at Omaha, Nebraska. When the Northwestern Railway reached Omaha, in December, 1866, the Union Pacific was in direct railroad connection with its base of supplies, while the Central Pacific had to have its supplies transported nineteen thousand miles around Cape Horn.

In spite of these terrific obstacles, work was pushed with tremendous energy. By midsummer of 1867 the Central Pacific was completed to the summit of the Sierras; fifteen tunnels, embracing a length of six thousand two hundred and sixty-two feet, were being rapidly bored through the almost adamantine granite; while ten thousand men and thirteen hundred teams were working on the down grade of the eastern slope. Chinamen were now used by the thousands, and Charles Crocker was their general. They were organized into companies, with their officers, and drilled to obey the word of command exactly as do troops.

As the road progressed, it began to do business on the completed portion. This brought in large sums of money from freight and passenger receipts to aid the building fund, hence no reasonable expense was now spared to push the railway ahead as fast as men and money could accomplish it. The rivalry between the Union and Central became keener and keener as the gap grew smaller, and when, at the end of 1867, the Central Pacific reached Reno, there was great rejoicing in its councils, for the race would now be far more to its advantage than to its rival. The Union was far

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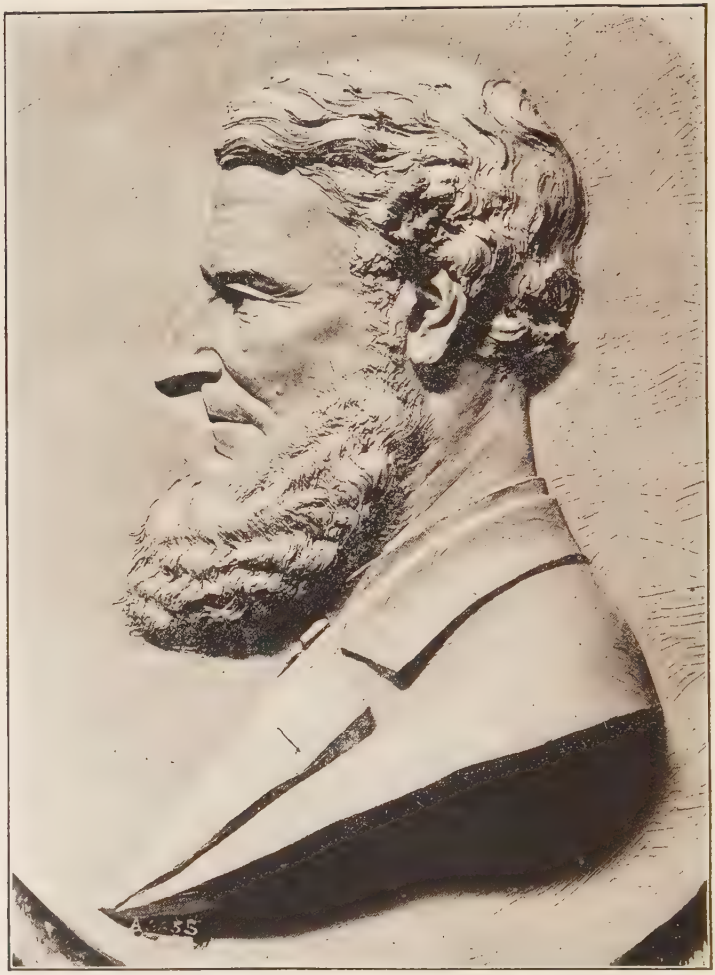
"DRIVING THE LAST SPIKE."

From the painting in the Museum, Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.



JAMES LICK.

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ahead, but it had four or five hundred miles of the Rockies to overcome, while the Central had only the comparatively smooth ground of the Nevada plateau to cross.

What an exciting chapter could be written on that race across Nevada, — how the enemies of the Central Pacific did not hesitate to resort to deception and fraud and even worse to hinder its progress! But the impetus gained was now too great to be stopped.

Over the desert the army of workers slowly pushed their way. The route was bustling with life. Thousands of employés built up numerous small towns as they advanced, some of which have totally disappeared, while others became the *nuclei* of permanent places, such as Wadsworth, Winnemucca, Palisade, Carlin. Saw mills were started in the Sierras to supply ties and lumber for buildings. Scores of axes echoed in the mountain forests, as they bit into the great trees. Where there were streams they were used to float the logs to the nearest available points. The excitement grew as the two gangs neared each other. One day the Central Pacific actually laid seven miles of track. Its directors were desperately anxious to reach Ogden at least, and the Union Pacific directors equally anxious to reach Monument Point, — west of the Salt Lake — though at one time they had declared it their intention to reach the California State line. But ultimately, on May 10, 1869, a clear, cloudless, glorious Nevada day, the "laurel" tie was placed, amid ringing cheers, the connecting rails were laid, the golden spike set, and the trans-American telegraph wire was adjusted.

The prayer of thanksgiving had been offered. Then, amid breathless silence, Governor Stanford, with a special silver hammer, gave the gentle ticks that sent the news flashing across the continent — the Atlantic-Pacific railway is completed; one may now ride in comfort from one side to the other of our great country.

It was a heroic achievement, a grand and glorious consummation of a sublime idea, and in its enjoyment the true Californian will never forget the silent tribute of his thanks and admiration to Judah and the Big Four whose pluck and heroism accomplished it.

CHAPTER XXV

THE BRILLIANT HERO OF INTELLECT. STEPHEN J. FIELD

THERE are heroes and heroes. All are not of the same kind, or in the same class. One is a hero of physical courage, another of religious zeal, another of bravery in facing political corruption, another in preventing wrong to the helpless. Yet the study of the life of each one is of use to us. We cannot look upon the life of any true hero without being profited.

In the case of Stephen J. Field we have the heroism of a man who devoted his gigantic intellect, with singleness of purpose, to the arduous task of fitting the laws of the United States to an alien civilization incorporated into our own, and where social and business conditions were entirely different from those found in any other part of the country.

The Field family is a noted one, Stephen Johnson Field's three brothers all having attained honor and fame, — David Dudley, equally great with his younger brother as a jurist; Cyrus West, as the sagacious, energetic and triumphant conqueror of space and ocean by his Atlantic cable; Henry Martyn, as a traveler, preacher and editor.

Stephen reached California December 28, 1849,

" with hardly any funds, and with no resources except untiring energy and capacity for work, great intellectual ability, natural and cultivated, the well-laid foundation of legal learning, and the high hopes of opening manhood." He went to Marysville, was its first *alcalde*, and one Monday in January, 1851, took his seat in the assembly of the State legislature as the member from his county. In this assembly he demonstrated his high heroic patriotism by devoting the whole of his energies to the formulation of most important laws, the chief of which were in connection with the mining interests. Here was no wire-pulling pettifogger seeking his own advancement, no " log-roller," looking for financial gain in his legislative action, but a hard-working, conscientious patriot, giving freely of his superlative mental powers that the chaotic condition of the mining industry might be changed to an orderly and legal method.

It is hard for us, in this day of calm, settled, peaceful, community life, to realize the wild and confused condition of affairs during the first years after the discovery of gold. In the great rush there were a few men of high character, education and culture who were capable of being leaders. " A larger number were of less education and culture," says Judge Pomeroy, " but still were full of energy, and, coming from the United States, were inclined to be law-abiding, possessing at least some of the American feeling of respect for the law and love of justice. A third, and it must be confessed, a large class, consisted of the worst characters of the older communities, — rogues, knaves, gamblers, and

professional criminals, acknowledging no laws, and defying all.

"The law of the country was itself chaotic. The civil law, as formulated in Spanish codes, and modified by Mexican legislation, was in operation prior to the cession of California to the United States. Large tracts of land were held as grants under the Mexican law, and — when confirmed — gave rights of absolute possession to their owners.

"The mixed mass of immigrants had brought with them their own ideas of law, — ideas as diverse as were their facial characteristics, and naturally they wished to base their conduct upon the laws with which they had hitherto been familiar. The first legislature of the State of California had adopted as the fundamental law of the State the Common Law of England. But this did not meet the peculiar conditions existent here. It left the mining interests in as confused a condition as if there were no law. And these interests, it must be remembered, in those early days overshadowed all others in their magnitude and importance.

"The mineral lands, as a whole, belonged to the United States, as a part of the public domain; but different opinions prevailed with respect to the ownership of the minerals themselves while still remaining in the soil. Some persons maintained that they belonged to the United States, others that they were owned by the State; but the conviction was universal that neither the national nor the State government should assert any right of ownership, and that its assertion would

greatly impair the development of the mineral wealth of the country."

Some miners had taken advantage of the "State ownership" doctrine, and they asserted their right to carry on their mining, not only in the public lands, but also in all land. They even asserted this right with respect to private lands which were actually occupied by their owners, and were used by them for other purposes than mining, — for agriculture, for grazing, for residence. "This claim was not an empty theory; it was carried into actual operation. The miners entered upon private lands at will, used and occupied for farms, cattle-ranches, vineyards, etc., in search for silver and gold, heaving up the soil and doing great damage."

In this condition of the country, the better class of miners had taken some important steps. They held meetings and passed rules and regulations which, to their own practical sense of right and justice, were feasible, — rules about priority of claims, extent of ground each person might appropriate, how he must work to keep it, and the like. These rules, once adopted, were enforced with that primitive vigor and strictness with which Bret Harte has made us familiar. Short was the shrift and severe the penalty on all violators, yet seldom could it be charged that, in the main, injustice was done. Naturally the rules slightly differed in the different camps, yet there was a general similarity in them all.

When elected to the State legislature, Mr. Field set himself to reduce this system to law. His keen and

logical mind, and his personal observations among the miners had shown him the wise, proper and judicial thing to do. Casting aside all precedents, going right to the heart of the difficulty in a manly and fearless manner, based upon common sense and justice, he — in effect — introduced a bill which, when passed, made into laws all the rules and regulations that the miners had voluntarily imposed upon themselves.

When he was elected to the judicial bench, many cases came before him for settlement where the old codes were relied upon, and when rude, rough, dangerous and desperate men, by force, even to the point of murder, were determined to gain their ends, right or wrong. As Professor Pomeroy has well said: "On the whole, the California judges were confronted by a task enormous in its difficulty and importance; wholly unprecedented in the legal and judicial history of the country; with little aid from the doctrines of jurisprudence prevailing in other States; and requiring to be grappled with, adjusted, and settled without delay, upon a just and solid basis. Their difficulties were enhanced by the character and dispositions of a large portion of the population. As was inevitable, the absence of legal and social restraints had induced great numbers of persons to engage in the most extensive schemes of fraudulent acquisition, of grasping and accumulating property through an open disregard of others' rights, of asserting the most unscrupulous and unfounded claims, of overriding law, order, equity and justice in every possible manner, having the semblance of legal sanction. These persons were often influential,

and could control the newspapers and other organs of temporary public opinion. When their projects were thwarted by judicial decisions, they attempted to coerce the court by public attacks of the most bitter nature upon individual judges, attacks such as have never been known, and would never for a moment be tolerated in the Eastern States, but which the court was powerless either to prevent or punish. The most able and upright members of the court were made the objects of virulent abuse, the extent and fierceness of which we can hardly realize at the present day. It is true that, in course of time, the truth gradually asserted its power, the public mind appreciated the justice and integrity of the decisions, perceived their wisdom, and acknowledged their beneficial results."

Taking the most independent and fearless course, Judge Field was perhaps the most often the victim of these unprincipled attacks. More than once was he threatened, and his life placed in actual jeopardy, yet it can truthfully be said, so far as a careful study of many of his decisions entitles me to speak with authority, that never once was he swerved from his sense of justice by threats or danger of any kind. When subtle bribes (and in many cases gold was almost openly used) were placed before him, he adhered to his duty. This element of fearlessness will be referred to later in reference to another phase of his work.

During his Assembly career, we owe to him another important and beneficent law. In the statutes of almost every State there have been trivial exemptions of personal property of debtors from execution, seizure

and sale. He felt that, in the new State, a scheme of exemption should be provided that was more generous, believing that even the strictest justice and the claims of creditors would be better subserved thereby. Not only should a debtor have his bedding, clothing and household effects preserved to him, but the tools and implements with which he worked. With these he might be able to secure employment and pay his debts; without them he was plunged into a morass of despair, which not only effectually prevented the payment of his debts, but possibly rendered him a burden to the community. Accordingly, he introduced a measure, which became law, exempting the implements, wagons, and teams of a farmer, the tools of a mechanic, the instruments of a surveyor, surgeon and dentist, the professional library of a lawyer and a physician, the articles used by the miner, the laborer, etc.

As a judge, the same qualities of statesmanship soon became apparent. New conditions existed in California, and old legal methods could not be made to apply. Judge Field at once showed that he had the moral courage, the daring, to do what is most unusual and rare in a lawyer or a judge. He dared to strike out entirely new paths, enunciate fundamental and living principles as the basis of his decisions and relegate to the lumber heap all the accumulated trash of the centuries, which, under the awful name of "precedent," ties the hands, blinds the eyes, befogs the judgments of nearly all the men who sit upon our legal benches. His gigantic intellect, his ready grasp of principles, his persistent determination to get at all

the facts in the case, his indomitable energy and capacity for hard work enabled him, when backed up by his upright soul and fearless courage, to do the thing that to a lesser man would have been impossible.

For it cannot be denied that some of the men who were elevated to judicial positions in the early days of the State were totally unfit — from every moral standpoint — to occupy their high and lofty places. Some of them were criminals and desperadoes, and had it not been for their high intellectual attainments they could not have been imposed upon any community for a single hour. Among such men Justice Field stood out preeminently in the isolation of his nobleness of character and purity of life.

These qualities of soul soon began to reveal themselves in some of the important decisions which he rendered. In litigation that affected but a few individuals it is comparatively easy to ignore the ill will of the defeated parties to the suit, but where a whole community, a county, a State is involved, the temptation to temporize is much enhanced. It is well known that in California the Chinamen had few friends, especially in the days prior to, and at the time of the passing of the Exclusion Acts. Judge Pomeroy declares that this State prejudice against the Mongolian has led to the enactment of both State and municipal legislation that violates the constitution and contravenes the treaty made between the United States and China.

On several occasions Judge Field took occasion to show that the prejudiced and hostile acts of California against the Chinese were neither good law

nor good morals, and regardless of the stir his decisions provoked, calmly went on the even tenor of his way.

In 1874 a case came before him in which it was proposed to return to China a certain woman who had been denied entrance in accordance with the terms of the State law of 1872. The woman took out a writ of *habeas corpus*, contending that she did not come under any of the classes that could justifiably be excluded. In his decision Judge Field said, among many other good things: "I am aware of the very general feeling prevailing in this State against the Chinese, and in opposition to the extension of any encouragement to their immigration hither. It is felt that the dissimilarity in physical characteristics, in language, in manners, religion and habits, will always prevent any possible assimilation of them with our people. Admitting that there is ground for this feeling, it does not justify any legislation for their exclusion, which might not be adopted against the inhabitants of the most favored nations of the Caucasian race and of the Christian faith. If their further emigration is to be stopped, recourse must be had to the Federal Government, where the whole power over this subject lies."

It was pleaded against the woman that she was immoral, but no proof was offered upon the subject, and only the commissioner's opinion was taken as sufficient justification to exclude her on that ground. Judge Field at once riddled that doctrine and defended the honor of the woman — even though a Chinese — against any but the most positive and legal proof.

Accordingly the woman won her suit and was duly discharged.

In July, 1870, an ordinance of the city and county of San Francisco was passed for the regulation of lodging-houses. It was confessedly an attack on the Chinese, and in 1873 a large number of them were arrested and fined ten dollars each. The parties fined in most cases preferred to go to jail rather than pay the fine. By a law of the State, each day's imprisonment discharges two dollars of the fine. The jails were crowded, and it was declared that the refusal to pay the fines was ordered by the heads of the Chinese Companies in order to make the city " sick " of feeding the Chinese in the city prisons.

The city authorities thereupon enacted a new ordinance, two provisions of which were avowedly against the Chinese, — though of course their name was not mentioned. These provided, first, that any person duly committed to the jail should have the hair of his head cut or clipped to the uniform length of one inch from the scalp, and second, that no person should remove or cause to be removed, from any cemetery or grave-yard within the limits of the city and county, the remains of any deceased person or persons without the written permit of the coroner.

There was a great deal of discussion about this ordinance, and much opposition on account of its manifest injustice and discrimination against the Chinese. That it was " smart " and " clever " no one denied. In 1876 the State legislature was drawn into the matter and passed an act which, with a re-

enactment of the hair-cutting ordinance, was to "do the trick."

A Chinaman, Ah Kow, was arrested under the ordinance, ordered to pay a fine of ten dollars, which he refused, was jailed and there had his queue cut off by the sheriff. Whereupon he sued the sheriff for ten thousand dollars damages.

The case came before Judge Field. His decision is most interesting and instructive reading, and I commend it to the youth of the State as a model of clean-cut justice, vigorous though legal English, and pure morality. Here are a few extracts:

"The second objection to the ordinance in question is equally conclusive. It is special legislation, on the part of the supervisors, against a class of persons who, under the Constitution and laws of the United States, are entitled to the equal protection of the laws. The ordinance was intended only for the Chinese in San Francisco. This was avowed by the Supervisors on its passage, and was so understood by every one. The ordinance is known in the community as the 'Queue Ordinance,' being so designated from its purpose to reach the queues of the Chinese, and it is not enforced against any other persons. The reason advanced for its adoption, and now urged for its continuance, is that only the dread of the loss of his queue will induce a Chinaman to pay his fine. That is to say, in order to enforce the payment of a fine imposed upon him, it is necessary that torture should be super-added to imprisonment. Then, it is said, the Chinaman will not accept the alternative, which the law allows, of work-

ing out his fine by imprisonment, and the State or county will be saved the expense of keeping him during his imprisonment. Probably the bastinado, or the knout, or the thumbscrew, or the rack, would accomplish the same end; and no doubt the Chinaman would prefer either of these modes of torture to that which entails upon him disgrace among his countrymen and carries with it the constant dread of suffering and misfortune after death. It is not creditable to the humanity and civilization of our people, much less to their Christianity, that an ordinance of this kind was possible.

"The class character of this legislation is none the less manifest because of the general terms in which it is expressed. The statements of Supervisors in debate on the passage of the ordinance, cannot, it is true, be resorted to for the purpose of explaining the meaning of the terms used; but they can be resorted to for the purpose of ascertaining the general object of the legislation proposed, and the mischiefs sought to be remedied. Besides, we cannot shut our eyes to matters of public notoriety and general cognizance. When we take our seats on the bench we are not struck with blindness, and forbidden to know as judges what we see as men; and where an ordinance, though general in its terms, only operates upon a special race, sect, or class, it being universally understood that it is to be enforced only against that race, sect, or class, we may justly conclude that it was the intention of the body adopting it that it should only have such operation, and treat it accordingly. . . . The complaint in this

case shows that the ordinance acts with special severity upon Chinese prisoners, inflicting upon them suffering altogether disproportionate to what would be endured by other prisoners if enforced against them. Upon the Chinese prisoners its enforcement operates as 'a cruel and unusual punishment.'

"Many illustrations might be given where ordinances, general in their terms, would operate only upon a special class, or upon a class with special severity, and thus incur the odium and be subject to the legal objection of intended hostile legislation against them. We have, for instance, in our community, a large number of Jews. They are a highly intellectual race, and are generally obedient to the laws of the country. But, as is generally known, they have peculiar opinions with respect to the use of certain articles of food, which they cannot be forced to disregard without extreme pain and suffering. They look, for example, upon the eating of pork with loathing. It is an offense against their religion, and is associated in their minds with uncleanness and impurity. Now, if they should, in some quarter of the city, overcrowd their dwellings, and thus become amenable, like the Chinese, to the act concerning lodging-houses and sleeping-apartments, an ordinance of the Supervisors requiring that all prisoners confined in the county jail should be fed on pork, would be seen by every one to be leveled at them; and, notwithstanding its general terms, would be regarded as a special law in its purpose and operation.

"During various periods of English history, legislation, general in its character, has often been enacted

with the avowed purpose of imposing special burdens and restrictions upon Catholics; but that legislation has since been regarded as not less odious and obnoxious to animadversion than if the persons at whom it was aimed had been particularly designated.

"But, in our country, hostile and discriminating legislation by a State against persons of any class, sect, creed, or nation, in whatever form it may be expressed, is forbidden by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution. That amendment in its first section declares who are citizens of the United States, and then enacts that no State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge their privileges and immunities. It further declares that no State shall deprive *any person* (dropping the distinctive term citizen) of life, liberty or property, without due process of law, nor deny to *any person* the equal protection of the laws. This inhibition upon the State applies to all the instrumentalities and agencies employed in the administration of its government; to its executive,legislative, and judicial departments; and to the subordinate legislative bodies of counties and cities. And the quality of protection thus assured to every one while within the United States, from whatever country he may have come, or of whatever race or color he may be, implies not only that the courts of the country shall be open to him on the same terms as to all others, for the security of his person or property, the prevention or redress of wrongs, and the enforcement of contracts; but that no charges or burdens shall be laid upon him which are not equally borne by others, and that in

the administration of criminal justice he shall suffer for his offenses no greater or different punishment."

Then, speaking of the hostility to the Chinese, he says: "Thoughtful persons, looking at the millions which crowd the opposite shores of the Pacific, and the possibility at no distant day of their pouring over in vast hordes among us, giving rise to fierce antagonisms of race, hope that some way may be devised to prevent their further immigration. We feel the force and importance of these considerations; but the remedy for the apprehended evil is to be sought from the general government."

In concluding his decision he affirmed: "Nothing can be accomplished by hostile and spiteful legislation on the part of the State, or of its municipal bodies, like the ordinance in question — legislation which is unworthy of a brave and manly people."

As soon as this decision was rendered, the press and public of the State began a storm of abuse against Justice Field that was fierce and virulent. "It seemed as though, for the time, reason had fled from the minds of the people of the State." But regardless of it all, Mr. Field adhered to the principles he had laid down, and few lawyers of to-day will be found who will dissent from them. That it required moral courage to do this no one will doubt, when I assert what was well known at the time, viz., that had it not been for that decision and the "fierce opposition and hatred it engendered among the lowest and most ignorant of the political party with which he was connected," he would have received the support of his own State and undoubtedly

the nomination of the National Democratic Convention for president.

These are but some of the causes with which the name of Justice Stephen J. Field is inseparably connected. His life and work throughout were characterized by the same devotion to principle, the same high sense of honor, the same fearless heroism in the discharge of his duty, hence it is well that he hold a high place on the roll of "the heroes of peace," who have added lustre to the fair fame of the State of his choice.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SAVING HERO OF PHILANTHROPY, JAMES LICK

THE term "miser" is one of opprobrium and obloquy, which no man of sensitive nature could wish to have applied to himself.

At the outset let it be distinctly understood that James Lick was not a miser of the usurer type. Instead, as will be shown later, he was at times so extravagant as to lead his neighbors to denounce his reckless expenditures. He was a strange mixture of penuriousness and open-handedness, and being a man of strong character, marked personality, unbending will, apparently caring for no friendships, almost morose and sullen in the presence of women, and confining his energies to his various business enterprises, there is little wonder at the many and conflicting statements current in regard to his life and its purposes.

He was born at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, August 25, 1796. As a youth he worked with an organ builder named Aldt, in Hanover, Pennsylvania, and in 1819 found employment with Joseph Hishey, a prominent piano manufacturer of Baltimore. He was working there one day, when a young man came in seeking employment. Lick interested himself on his behalf, gave him breakfast, and secured him a

position, thus forming a friendship which practically lasted for life, with Conrad Meyer, afterwards the noted piano maker of Philadelphia.

In 1820 Lick left Hishey's and went to New York to start in business on his own account, but as things did not shape themselves to his liking, he left the United States, and for ten years engaged in piano-making at Buenos Ayres. In 1832 he surprised Meyer by returning with a forty thousand dollar cargo of hides and nutria skins, which he speedily disposed of at a profit, but, soon growing restless for the larger life and freedom of the newer country, he returned to South America. Here he wandered about somewhat, from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, Callao, and Lima. Working with his usual industry and energy, he accumulated a fortune. He remained eleven years in Peru, but the last two years of his stay his mind was much taken up with California. He purchased and read everything he could find descriptive of the land, and became well informed as to its advantages. The inopportune seizure of California by Commodore Jones was an act which called the attention of the world, and especially of South America, not only to California, but also to the possibility that, some day, the United States might seize and firmly hold it. And when the news spread that Commodore Sloat had placed the United States flag upon the public buildings of Monterey — the capital city of California — James Lick came to the conclusion that it was there to stay, and decided that he would embark for the new country. To get away he had to sacrifice his stock,

which inventoried nearly sixty thousand dollars, for thirty thousand dollars. This sum was paid to him in doubloons, and to transport it in safety, he bought an old safe, embarked with it, and landed in San Francisco in the ship *Lady Adams* in the end of 1847. His first purchase in San Francisco was of the large lot and an adobe house on the northeast corner of what are now Montgomery and Jackson Streets, for which he paid five thousand dollars.

It will be recalled that, in the spring of 1848, San Francisco contained a population of barely a thousand inhabitants. Upon the discovery of gold came an unprecedented influx of population from all parts of the globe. The majority, both of the newcomers and of the older inhabitants of the town, flocked to the mines, while a sagacious and shrewd minority stayed behind. Of this latter class was James Lick. Even then he foresaw the possible growth of San Francisco, and determined to profit by it. In those days the waters of the bay reached up as far as the site of the Palace Hotel and Montgomery Street, and the southernmost street was California Street. Where Market Street now is was a high ridge of sand, and all the way from California Street to Happy Valley, Montgomery Street wound and straggled through irregular and various-sized sand dunes. The rude wharves ran up to Sansome Street on the east; Telegraph Hill was dotted over with tents and shanties; and passengers were "dumped" rather than landed, almost as the skipper of the vessel willed, anywhere from Clark's Point to the Potrero.

Lick carefully went over the ground, determined what seemed to him to be the natural direction for the new city's growth, and then quietly expended a large part of his capital in the purchase of sand hills, chaparral-covered dunes, and so-called city blocks, which even the most sanguine scarcely deemed worthy of acceptance as a gift.

In 1852 he bought a fine property near San José, and erected thereupon the flour mill which made his name world-famed. Hitherto his expenditures had been so carefully made, and he was so scrupulous about every cent in a transaction, no matter how large, that he had gained a reputation for parsimoniousness, yet in the erection of this mill, he was most extravagant. He finished it throughout with solid mahogany, polished with the same care and skill that he used to bestow upon the piano cases of his earlier days, and it is affirmed it cost him fully two hundred thousand dollars. It was known as the "Mahogany Mill" and also as "Lick's Folly." Yet, as it turned out the finest flour then made in California, it was a paying investment, and its product commanded the market of the whole coast. Around the mill he planted an orchard of fruit trees with his own hands, and this, in itself, soon proved to be a fortune. It was owing to his peculiar and individualistic ideas as to fruit culture that another story of his miserliness became current. He had a theory that all trees were materially improved by the presence of bones around the roots. Accordingly he went around the town, to the restaurants and private houses, securing all the stray bones he could

find, which he then carefully buried around the roots of his trees. As he offered no explanation of his peculiar request, all kinds of stories were spread as to the uses to which the bones were placed.

But he had other and larger interests in San Francisco, and was also interested in the work of the Paine Memorial Society of Boston, so he donated the mill and orchard on January 16, 1873, to this society, one-half of the proceeds of the sale to be used for building a Memorial Hall, and the other half to sustain a lecture course. It scarcely needs to be added that he was highly disgusted when an agent of the Boston society came to California, sold the property, without consulting him, for eighteen thousand dollars cash, and returned with the money to the city of culture.

To this day the older residents of San José tell of Lick's careful mode of living, while owning the palatial mill. He lived in a small cottage, meagrely and simply furnished, and drove an old rattletrap wagon, tied together with rope, and with a harness that could only be called leather through a courteous remembrance of its early days. He was careless about his clothing, unsociable in his nature, and never entertained man or woman at his own table. Naturally such a man was regarded as " queer," and his indifference to dress and general appearance was put down to miserliness. Yet James Lick proceeded on the even tenor of his way, planting rare and beautiful trees, which he imported from all parts of the world at great expense, and as the result of large correspondence. Indeed, it can safely be affirmed that to him, more than to any other

person up to the day of his death, California owes its wealth of imported trees and shrubbery.

As soon as San Francisco began to grow, Lick erected what was, in its day, the most elaborate, magnificent and palatial — in the truest sense of that much abused word — hotel in the world. It was ahead of its time, yet in a city of such marvellous growth and profligate expenditure as San Francisco, it was soon surpassed. The dining-room was fashioned after that of the palace of Versailles, the floor alone being composed of many thousands of pieces of inlaid rare and costly woods, all polished like a piano case. With his own hands he carved some of the rosewood frames of the mirrors, and he engaged the leading California artists to paint their best pictures for panels around the room.

At the age of seventy-seven he found himself in failing health, possessed of several millions of dollars, with practically no one dependent upon him. For some time he had contemplated giving to the California Academy of Sciences a piece of land on Market Street, for the erection of a building for a museum and office purposes. This gift was largely brought about through the wise suggestions made to Mr. Lick by William H. Knight, then in charge of the California books of the Bancroft store, a member of the Academy, and later the president of the Southern California Academy of Sciences. Professor George Davidson, of the Coast Survey, then president of the Academy, called to thank him for his gift, and in the conversation that followed, Mr. Lick disclosed his intention of leaving a large sum of money for the erection of the most powerful telescope

yet constructed. His ideas were unformed, his knowledge of the science exceedingly limited, and he was self-willed to a degree. Yet so earnest was he in his determination to found the Observatory that Professor Davidson held many conferences with him from February, 1873, to August, 1874, in regard to the subject. Of these he says:

" James Lick originally intended to erect the Observatory at Fourth and Market Streets (San Francisco). His ideas of what he wanted and what he should do were of the very vaguest character. It required months of careful approaches and the proper presentation of facts to change his views on location. He next had a notion of locating it on the mountains overlooking his mill-site, near Santa Clara, and thought it would be a Mecca, — but only in the sense of a show.

" Gradually I guided his judgment to place it on a great elevation in the Sierra Nevadas, by placing before him the results of my experimental work at great elevations, as well as the experience of other high-altitude observers. At the same time, by my presentation of facts and figures of the cost and maintenance of other observatories, he named the sum of one million, two hundred thousand dollars in one of his wills, as the sum to be set aside for founding the James Lick Observatory, and for its support."

On July 16, 1874, he made an agreement, or really a deed of trust, turning over to certain well-known citizens of San Francisco, the California Academy of Sciences, and the Society of California Pioneers, his vast estate, to be by them used for the various scientific

and philanthropic purposes specified. The gifts to his relatives in all amounted only to twenty-four thousand dollars, but for the Observatory he set aside seven hundred thousand dollars, the same to contain a " powerful telescope, superior to and more powerful than any telescope ever yet made," which was to be located on a site he had already purchased on the borders of Lake Tahoe, Placer County, California.

The trustees named took possession of the property in accordance with the trust deed, sold some of the property and were duly proceeding to carry out the provisions of the deed when Mr. Lick changed his mind and wrote them the following letter. It was dated San Francisco, March 24, 1875.

" When I executed the instrument in which you are named as my trustees, I supposed I had a very short time to live, and that if my intentions of founding an observatory and other public institutions were ever to be carried out, it would be through you. I was therefore induced, hastily and without due and proper consideration, to execute the instrument referred to. It is still my intention, and ever will be, to carry out the general purposes therein expressed, but I now find upon a cool and careful study of the provisions of that instrument which my improved health has enabled me to make, that there are many and serious mistakes and errors of detail in it which ought to be corrected. One of the most serious of these is, that by the terms of the said instrument, the execution of the great works which I have contemplated is virtually postponed until after my death — a result that I certainly never in-

THE SUMMIT, LICK OBSERVATORY, MT. HAMILTON, CALIFORNIA.
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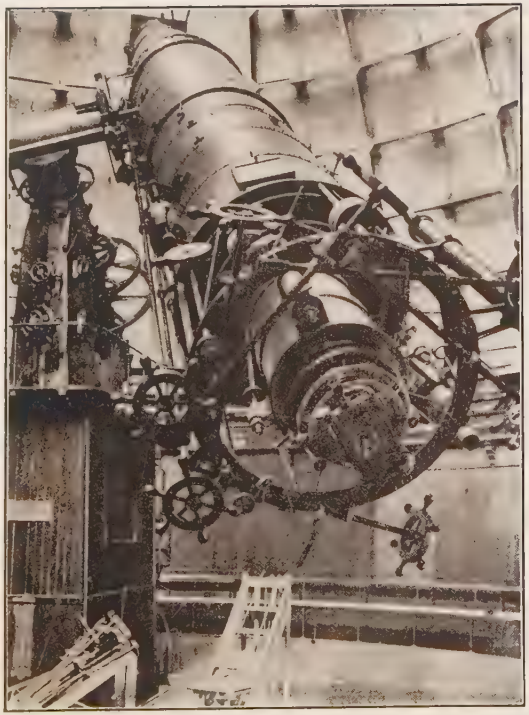
MAIN BUILDING, LICK OBSERVATORY, MT. HAMILTON, CAL.



THIRTY-SIX INCH REFRACTOR, LICK OBSERVATORY, MT. HAMILTON, CAL.

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MONUMENT, CITY HALL SQUARE, SAN FRANCISCO.

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tended. Another serious objection is that some of the beneficiaries (whose claims upon me I perhaps did not sufficiently consider) have declined to accept its terms, and this fact, as I am advised, will indefinitely delay, if not entirely prevent, the carrying out of the plans, for the execution of which you were appointed my trustees and agents.

" Under the circumstances, and as I desire while I still live to see the works contemplated at least started, and as I am advised and am entirely satisfied that the instrument referred to does not and cannot accomplish the purposes desired by the public, as well as myself, I respectfully ask you, and each of you, to resign or to revest in me the subject of the trust, so that by the execution of other papers better calculated to carry out my plans, the works contemplated from the beginning may at once be commenced and carried on to completion without delay."

I have thus quoted this letter in full for two important reasons. One is that it shows that James Lick was willing, openly, to confess that he had been too hasty; and the second is, that he saw clearly that the way to have his wishes carried out was to get them well started while he was alive.

Three days after the date of this letter the board of trustees acceded to his request, and a complete revocation of the trust deed was filed with the recorder.

This action caused a vast amount of unfavorable comment by those who were not willing to believe in Mr. Lick's good faith, but it made no difference whatever to him. He called conferences with his

heirs, finally settled with them as to their wishes, and received signed releases against his estate and pledges that they would not contest his will. Then, free from all fear of disturbance, he conferred afresh with scientists, men of affairs, philanthropists and others, made a fresh trust deed (dated September 21, 1875), appointing five new trustees, of which his son, John H. Lick, was one. There were a few minor changes in the benefactions, but in the main they remained as he originally wrote them.

But this second board was not entirely satisfactory, and a third one was selected in 1876. On the first of October of this year he passed away, and though several legal complications hampered the carrying out of the provisions of the trust for some three years, they were ultimately set in motion and have all been successfully completed.

The chairman of this third board, Captain R. S. Floyd, and the vice-chairman, Mr. J. S. Sherman, afterwards placed in my hands many letters and papers of James Lick, from which some interesting facts were gleaned. The Tahoe site for the Observatory was given up on account of the winter cold. Mount St. Helena was considered, but it was not until his old henchman and confidential man of business, Thomas E. Fraser, assured him that Mount Hamilton, overlooking his former home at San José, was over four thousand feet high, that he decided to locate it there. In impetuous haste he sent Mr. Fraser that same day to ride or climb to the summit and see whether it was possible to build an observatory there, and on his return with a

crude plan, showing that after certain leveling was done it would be a very favorable site, and would still be over the stipulated height, he made a proposition to the Board of Supervisors that if they would build a good wagon road to the summit, he would pledge himself to erect there the great Observatory that should contain the largest telescope yet made.

This road, twenty-six miles long, was built in 1876 at a cost of seventy-eight thousand dollars, and the Observatory duly established there, and many thousands from all parts of the world have since visited it. It should not be forgotten, however, that Mount Hamilton was on government land, therefore, in June, 1876, an act was passed by Congress, granting the site to the University of California.

His greatest benefactions are those which have helped the poor and needy; the free baths, where not only all may " wash and be clean," but where laundries with drying grounds and rooms are provided for the poor, where they may do their laundry free of expense, and thus remove the discomfort of it from their small homes; the Old Ladies' Home, where women with few or no friends may spend their declining years at least free from sordid cares; gifts to the orphans of San Francisco and San José; to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and the School of Mechanical Arts, which has aided thousands of youth of both sexes to gain practical knowledge giving them an upward step in life.

That James Lick was an eccentric man none will deny. That his gifts were the result of varied and mixed

motives is also true. But the main facts of his life stand out boldly and clearly. These are, first, that he was indifferent to the ill will of those who assumed that he was a miser, and, second, that he bore them no malice for this false assumption. He gave of his vast fortune for the benefit of the people, many of whom, doubtless, had cast animadversions upon him. These two facts denote him a man of large soul and of heroic character, and one whom the youth of California and elsewhere may well admire and emulate.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE TENACIOUS HERO OF THE COMSTOCK, ADOLPH SUTRO

TO further any large and legitimate enterprise which engages the labor of a great number of people and confers benefits on many is a praiseworthy undertaking, but to father an enterprise by new and hitherto untried methods, which produce these beneficent results, is heroic. Such was the work of Adolph Sutro, one time mayor of San Francisco, the creator of Sutro Heights, the planter of the Sutro Forest, the builder of the Cliff House and the Sutro Baths; and the projector of the San Francisco which is now growing up in that immediate neighborhood. The work to which I refer was the planning and construction of the Sutro Tunnel, in connection with the celebrated Comstock mines in Nevada. Few people of this generation can recall the heroic battle fought by Mr. Sutro, but as it was a turning point in his own life and led to his becoming a leader in good work for the benefit of the common people, it is worthy of an important place in this California Hero book.

Born in Aix-la-Chapelle, Germany, April 29, 1830, of well-to-do parents, whose house, still standing, is an indication of their prosperous position, young Adolph was

given a fair education and early set to work. At sixteen he was superintendent of his father's cloth factory, and at eighteen was sent to establish and then manage a branch factory at Memel, in Eastern Prussia. In 1847 his father died, leaving a large family of young children. The Revolution of 1848 ruined his business. As all of his sons were too young to cope with the great difficulties that arose, Mrs. Sutro decided to come to the United States, where she thought her boys would have a better chance in life. She accordingly left for Baltimore, but, on the arrival of the family in New York, that city was found to be in the exciting throes of the first news of the California gold discovery. This decided young Adolph, so leaving his mother and the rest of the family to proceed on their way, he immediately reëmbarked for San Francisco, where he arrived November 21, 1850, with a fortune which consisted solely of "health, hope, courage, ambition and indomitable energy." To this category should be added character, for without that he never could have attained to what the future had in store for him.

The first nine years of his life on the Pacific Coast were devoted to petty trade, — the buying and selling of anything that assured a profit. In 1856 he married. Three years later he felt a similar thrill to that which had allured him to California, caused by the discovery of the afterwards world-celebrated Comstock lode in Nevada.

Immediately the mining and speculative world ran to the scene, and the activity displayed was marvelous. Shafts were dug, mines opened, mills erected, with all

the necessary camp accompaniments, with incredible speed, and when the silver and gold began to pour into the mints and markets of the country, the excitement and exodus Nevadaward increased. Among those caught in this enlarged flood was Adolph Sutro. He went to Virginia City, and in a very short time his practical and trained mind saw that the clumsy and old-fashioned methods being followed in mining were both inadequate to the needs and frightfully expensive. The shafts of the mines were deep, as low as fifteen hundred feet; the temperature in the lower levels high, ranging even to 110° Fahrenheit; great volumes of water were encountered, and pumping fifteen hundred feet was expensive; the air was foul and poisonous, and like an inspiration the thought flashed through the visitor's mind: Why not drain and ventilate those mines?

That was the beginning of a new era, not only in the Comstock mines, but in Adolph Sutro's life. Before this is considered, however, let us take a survey of the field and learn somewhat of the interesting history of this noted mining region.

Silver had possibly been mined on Mount Davidson before the discovery of the Comstock lode, though it is not certain. Two brothers, Hosea B. and Edgar Allen Grosch, sons of a Universalist minister of Utica, New York, as early as 1852 mined, or at least prospected, for silver, and there seems to be an impression that they found it, though the Groschs were very reticent about their doings. They did not associate with the other prospectors, and seem to have been of

a very superior class, rumor crediting them with an extensive library in their cabin, which stood near where Silver City later was located.

In January, 1859, H. T. P. Comstock and others, among whom was a man named John Bishop, went prospecting from Johnstown, and reached a hillock in Gold Canyon, where they found a little gold in the quartz. Their prospect pans gave them gold as fine as flour and only small amounts, but as there was plenty of water near by to work the placers with, they decided to locate the area, and call it Gold Hill. Among these miners were Peter O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin. They located well up at the head of the ravine, but their "diggings" did not "pan out" quite as well as those lower down, — only about one dollar and a half to two dollars per day, and they soon began to feel discouraged. Water was scarce, so they decided to dig a hole to make a reservoir. At a depth of about four feet they struck into the rich decomposed ore of what afterwards was known as the Ophir mine. It was queer looking stuff, — a great bed of black sulphurets of silver filled with spangles of native gold. The gold, however, was of a much lighter color than that hitherto found, and for awhile they were uneasy lest it were not pure metal. But they were glad for any kind of a "change of luck," and now they found the bottoms of their rockers covered with gold as soon as a few buckets of the new dirt had been washed. Soon they were taking out a thousand dollars' worth of gold *a day*, with the rockers alone. Then they took the harder lumps left on the screens, and pounded them in a com-

mon hand mortar, and one of them thus took out one hundred dollars a day in gold.

The day the discovery was made, Comstock happened upon the scene, and on seeing the unusual quality of the ore coolly told the two miners that they were working on his land, — that he had "taken up" one hundred and sixty acres as a ranch, and that he also owned the water they were using. There seems to have been some doubt expressed later whether Comstock had posted up the notices required by the law before he could legally claim the one hundred and sixty acres and the water, but, at the time, he thoroughly convinced the two miners and refused to allow them to work unless he and his friend Penrod were admitted to an equal share in the claim, with an additional hundred feet for the use of the water. After some haggling, his terms were agreed to, and these four men, and another named J. A. Osborne, commonly known as "Kentuck," became the recorded locators of the world-famed Ophir mine, which in about ten years yielded nearly five millions of dollars' worth of gold and silver.

These original miners, however, had no idea that the blue looking, heavy rock, which sank to the bottom of their pans and bothered them so, was of any value. They cursed it, and wished the gold were not found in such unworkable company. Not only did they not save this rock and its shattered particles, but they most conscientiously got rid of it as rapidly as possible. Its worth was not discovered until a gentleman from the Truckee meadows visited the spot, and picking up

a piece of this "cursed blue rock," took it with him, merely as a curiosity. He gave it to Judge James Walsh of Grass Valley, who took it to the assay office of Melville Atwood, which happened to be not far from his own. To the blank astonishment of all concerned, it was found that this ore yielded at the rate of several thousand dollars per ton in gold *and silver*. As soon as this fact was known, excitement took full possession of the town, and in less than twenty-four hours there began an exodus from California to these new mines, the locators of which were quietly washing out the gold, and throwing away the silver, perfectly content that they had the "biggest thing on earth" as it was.

When the newcomers arrived, they began to swarm over the hills like grasshoppers. Soon the original prospectors were so lost in the crowd that they were hardly known or recognized. But the reports of the new finds soon brought men of understanding, and under their direction the mining began to be done in a more scientific manner, and the world learned that a real "bonanza" had been found.

The location of these mines is on Mount Davidson, a forbidding peak of a range of hills that runs east of, and parallel with, the Sierra Nevada. The country slopes down to the valley of the Carson River, and it was this slope towards the Carson that led Adolph Sutro to formulate his Tunnel Plan for working the Comstock mines. As we have seen, he visited the mines soon after the discovery of their great wealth, and had seen some of the ore brought out. Says he: "I had expected to see an extraordinary deposit, but

ONE OF THE MINES OF VIRGINIA CITY, NEVADA, ON THE CELEBRATED COMSTOCK LODE.

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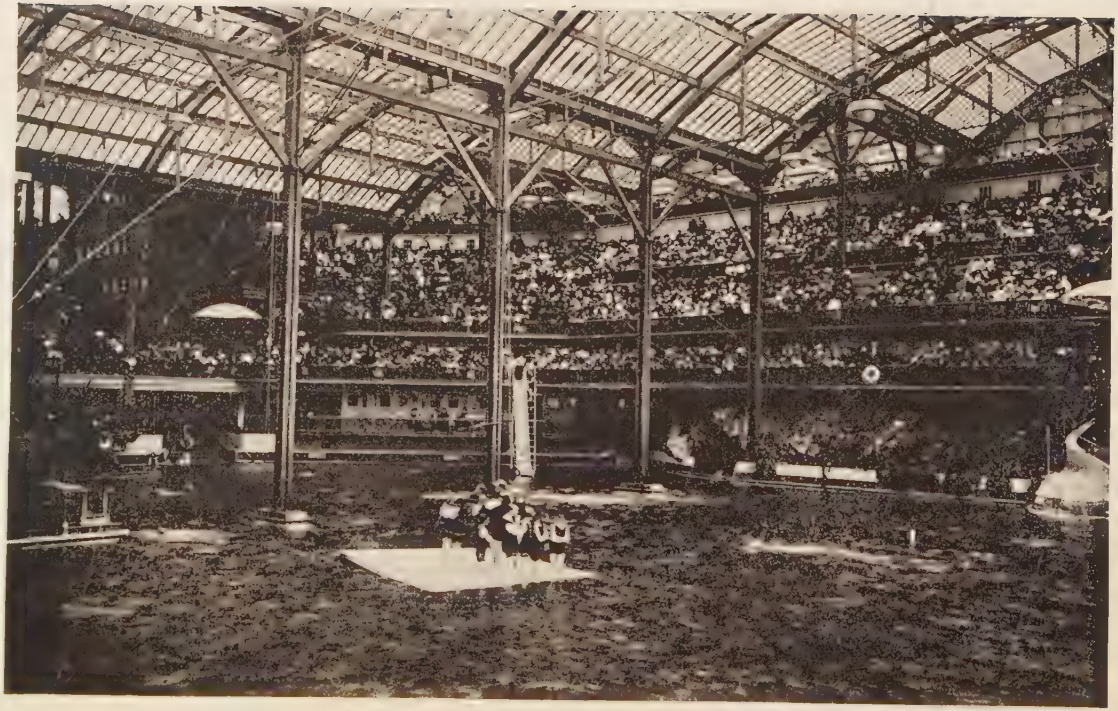

SUTRO BATHS, LOOKING EAST MAY 1, 1896.

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I was astonished at the magnitude and importance of the discoveries that had been made. At that time only forty tons of ore had been taken from the mines and sent to San Francisco. Their reduction yielded a sum in the gross of one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, or an average of four thousand dollars to the ton — the most profitable forty tons that have ever been worked from that lode." This was in March, 1860. On the twentieth of April a letter that he had written appeared in the San Francisco *Alta California*, in which he said:

"The working of the mines is done without any system as yet. Most of the companies commence without an eye to future success. Instead of running a tunnel from low down on the hill, and then sinking a shaft to meet it, which at once insures drainage, ventilation, and facilitates the work by going upwards, the claims are mostly entered from above and large openings made, which require considerable timbering, and expose the mine to all sorts of difficulties."

Here was the inception of the idea of the Sutro Tunnel. In 1861 Mr. Sutro erected a mill for the reduction of the ores, so that it would not be necessary to ship them to San Francisco, and then he began to work for the tunnel. In 1864 he went to the State Legislature of Nevada and petitioned it to do all that could legally be done to give him a right of way for the tunnel, which was done, section two of the act definitely stating "that the object of the said tunnel is for the purpose of draining the Comstock lode, and all other lodes along its line of direction or course,

and for the discovery and development of other lodes through which the same may pass."

In spite of the fact that the Nevada legislature passed this act, many of the members thought Mr. Sutro was hopelessly insane to propose anything of the kind, and that it could never be accomplished. They seemed to act upon the theory that as he could not possibly use the franchise, it could do no harm to grant it, and anyway they would get rid of him and his importunities.

But they did not know their man. With this franchise he organized a company, the president of which was United States Senator Stewart, — a man of great force of character as well as shrewd business ability. He now began to make contracts with the mines on the Comstock lode, but was met on every hand with the indifference of men who were used to mining in one fashion, and who could see neither sense nor reason in any new plan. With tireless energy, and never-flagging faith in his scheme, however, he worked on, and at last succeeded in closing a number of contracts by which the Mining Companies bound themselves to pay the Tunnel Company two dollars a ton on each and every ton of ore that might be extracted for all time to come. This royalty at the time was deemed a small sum, if the advantages Mr. Sutro promised were actually manifested.

With these contracts in hand, it should now have been an easy matter for the Tunnel Company to have raised all the money they needed for the construction of the tunnel. But to their amazement a sudden hos-

tility, secret and powerful, seemed to have developed, and capitalists fought shy of the project.

An Act of Congress was now applied for, granting to Mr. Sutro the right to construct the tunnel through government territory, and to enjoy the profits from any mines that might be discovered in the driving of the tunnel. It also gave the privilege of buying some land at the mouth of the tunnel, and confirmed the royalty rate of two dollars per ton to be paid by the Mining Companies, and made the patents of companies thereafter obtained subject to the payment of the same royalty. It was thought necessary by all concerned to have these two latter clauses made compulsory, or else it might be possible that after the tunnel was built, at tremendous expense, and the mines drained and ventilated thereby, some company would repudiate its contract, and thus get all the benefits, while refusing to share in any of the expense.

Now began a fight that for virulence and persistency has had no equal on this coast. The most powerful monied interests of California and of Nevada, led by the Bank of California, determined to prevent the building of the tunnel. Mr. Sutro openly claimed their opposition arose because they were now alive to its importance, and to the financial return that would come from it, which they were determined to secure for themselves, and history clearly supports his contention. A lesser man would have given up the fight in disgust, and have died broken-hearted. But not so Adolph Sutro. He proved "a born fighter," and with a simple directness that looked like folly, and yet

could not have been bettered by a political genius, he began to fight his opponents right on their own ground, where their authority was supreme, their word law, their acts unquestioned, and their arrogance and insolence unbounded.

He had worked on his plan for several years, expended all his own money and all the capital he could interest in securing Congressional action, had been several times to Washington and to Europe at great expense, and now found the most powerful interests of California and Nevada blocking his further progress. They stopped his credit throughout the banking world, going so far as to send disparaging telegrams to New York and European banks; and they owned or controlled all the newspapers on the coast and in Nevada, so that he could not print any explanation or appeal about the tunnel, even though he paid for it. They were sure they had him cornered. The very perfection and completeness (apparently) of their plans was the secret of Sutro's ultimate success. He had a large number of sensational announcements printed, and thoroughly distributed simultaneously through every street of Virginia City and all the adjacent mining camps, calling a mass-meeting of the miners, and telling that he wished to lay before them the whole of his plans and ideas in regard to the Sutro Tunnel. When the hour arrived, the miners were there *en masse*. They admired the pluck of the man; they knew the power of the interests he was fighting, and they were well aware that it was " on the cards " that Sutro was to be crushed, and the Sutro Tunnel then built by his opponents.

I have the speech that Mr. Sutro delivered on that occasion before me now as I write. How it rings with the natural oratory of pure democracy. How plain and outspoken it was. Here was no political trimming, no straddling the fence, no vagueness, no uncertainty, no temporizing. The speaker used Christ's own method: "Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay." He said exactly what he meant, and meant what he said to be understood by his hearers exactly as he said it. And they accepted it in that same spirit. Of course his enemies called it the speech of a demagogue, and claimed that he had tried to incite his hearers to violence. In a hearing of the Sutro Tunnel Commission, afterwards appointed by Congress, quotations were read from this speech to prove this claim. Here is one of the quotations so used:

"Rouse up, then, fellow citizens. You have no Andrew Jackson among you to crush out the bank which has taken your liberties, but you have the power within yourselves. I do not mean to incite you to any violence; I do not mean to have you assert your rights by riot, force and threats. That would be unwise, unnecessary, and would only recoil upon yourselves. But I do mean to say that you can destroy your enemy by simple concert of action. Let all of you join in together to build the Sutro Tunnel; that is the way to reach them. They do already tremble lest you will act; they know you will form a great monied power, and that you will own the mines; they know it will cement you together."

The whole speech is a document that should be

preserved. It is full of historic and scientific data in regard to these and other mines that are invaluable to the student. But most of all is it useful as a revelation of the spirit of a man of growing power; a man, who, unconsciously, was preparing himself to be a Voice for the common people. True! there are times when his indignation asserts itself, and this indignation is exercised against those who would crush out his great plans, — or absorb them for their own private advantage. Yet one cannot but admire the pluck, the courage, the daring that nerved this one man, single-handed, in the very stronghold of the enemy, to say such words of them as these:

"It became evident to me that the ring entertained the opinion that their combined efforts must soon crush me out and use me up financially, physically and mentally in such an unequal contest. But they had got hold of the wrong man; I was not so easily to be disposed of. When I found that these traitors, after having signed contracts, after having urged and helped me on to expend mine and my friends' money, after having induced me to labor almost day and night for several years, which I did with zeal and enthusiasm — I say, when I found that they were determined to rob me of my labors, I made up my mind that they should not succeed in their efforts. I was determined that this base, unscrupulous and mercenary combination should not carry out its purposes, and made a sacred vow that I would finish this work if I had to devote the whole balance of my life to it, and defend my rights as long as the breath of life was in me."

But he did not stop here. While he was about it he determined to become aggressive, as well as defensive. He took the war right into their own camp and attacked them where he knew they would feel it worse than anywhere else, viz., their pockets. He exposed what every miner present knew full well, — their nefarious business methods, as well as their absolutely dishonest and wicked gambling system, and the amazed miners listened as he unfolded in clearest English plots and schemes that, as a rule, were never referred to, save in whispered tones. Here is a small part of this *exposé*.

" There is still another way by which you are victimized. Supposing the superintendent and foreman of a mine are pliable tools in the hands of these cormorants, how easy it is, when a rich body of ore is discovered, to keep it secret, and instead of taking it out start the miners going in the wrong direction, taking out inferior ore or bed-rock, sending it to the mills, involving the mine in debt, necessitating assessments, and thus depreciating the stock. And how simple is it for the ring to gobble it all up again quietly, while it is down, and after a large amount of it is secured, to set all the men to work that can find room and take out the good ore, make a great noise over it, declare large dividends, send up the stock, and then quietly sell out and pocket a million or so.

" How many of you have been bitten in this manner? What show have you when the cards are thus stacked on you? Have you ever seen a cat play with a mouse? It lets it run a little piece and then catches it again,

and repeats the experiment a number of times, to its great delight and amusement; but did you ever know it to fail that the cat ate up the mouse in the long run?

"A few of you make a good strike once in awhile by sheer accident; that keeps up the excitement, and so you keep on gambling in stocks, pay your assessments, and in the end you will all be eaten up like the poor mouse. There is no guess-work about it; it is a sure thing."

The results of this address were many. It gained for him the confidence, respect, adherence and financial support of the miners, so that he was enabled to go ahead on the work in a modest way, regardless of the so-called "financiers." It naturally gained for him the increased enmity and hostility of those opposed to his projects, and he was startled and doubtless somewhat alarmed, soon after, to receive a telegram from Washington urging him to hasten there, as the agents of the Bank of California were seeking to persuade Congress to repeal the bill granting certain rights and concessions to the Tunnel Company. He went at once, and there, as elsewhere, found strong men ready to stand behind him. General Blair, of Michigan, in the House of Representatives, declared that a representative of the Bank of California "took me in his buggy and carried me to his crushing mills, and showed me the line of the new railroad he was building, or rather had got the people to build for him. He took me to his mines, to the very bottom of them, showed me all about them, and told me he was determined this Sutro Tunnel business should be stopped." Then, closing his speech, he

said: "Sir, this bank has waved its hand over the Comstock lode and ordered Sutro away. That is the whole of this transaction, as it seems to me."

A full discussion of the matter in Congress led to the appointment of a Commission. Before this Commission, Mr. Sutro acted as his own lawyer, examining and cross-examining witnesses, and more than holding his own against the clever and skillful lawyer sent by the Bank of California to harass and defeat him.

More than this, it showed how earnestly he had gone to work thoroughly to master the subject in which he was interested. The opposition had the superintendents of two of their mines present, and they sought to confuse the Commission and Mr. Sutro with their superior knowledge. But they had misjudged their man. Sutro proved himself to be a thorough engineer; he had the laws of force and motion "at his finger ends;" in figures his calculations were accurate and made with lightning-like rapidity; he demonstrated his familiarity with geology, orology, topography, metallurgy, hydrostatics, mechanics, and engineering, and convinced the Commission that he knew more about the ventilation and drainage of mines than either the theoretical experts or the "practical men." The report of the meetings of this commission is fascinating in the extreme. Every page shows the watchfulness, the vigilance, the resourcefulness, the eternal persistence of this man of new and large ideas. For once money could not purchase mental power enough to dominate and control. This one man was more than a match for them all.

The whole story in detail should be told, but there is not a tenth part room in this book for that purpose. The enemies of the Tunnel were indefatigable and powerful. It seemed as if they could never be defeated. They bought up senators and representatives, but Mr. Sutro's clear course had won him so many friends in Washington that when these hirelings sought to introduce bills that would nullify his work for the Tunnel, they invariably detected the nefarious plots, and succeeded in having amendments passed to these bills providing "that nothing herein shall be construed to affect the rights of the Sutro Tunnel Company."

This was one of the first great fights by an individual against corporate greed and corruption. Sutro's was the voice of common humanity against the man who would ride upon its shoulders and exploit it for his own financial advancement. It was an epoch-forming fight, for from that day to this, more earnestly than ever before, graft, greed, corporate selfishness and corruption have been attacked and punished. The fight is not yet ended. Many a year's battles are yet to be fought, but each year the common people are learning more and more about their "inalienable rights," and clear-eyed, pure-souled teachers, prophets and warriors are arising from their ranks to educate, inspire, and battle for their fellows. For his work in this regard on the Comstock, Adolph Sutro deserves the heartfelt thanks of all the generations that will come after him on the Pacific Coast, and not only in this limited area, but throughout the world. His fight was successful. His fearless firmness and bulldog

ADOLPH SUTRO.

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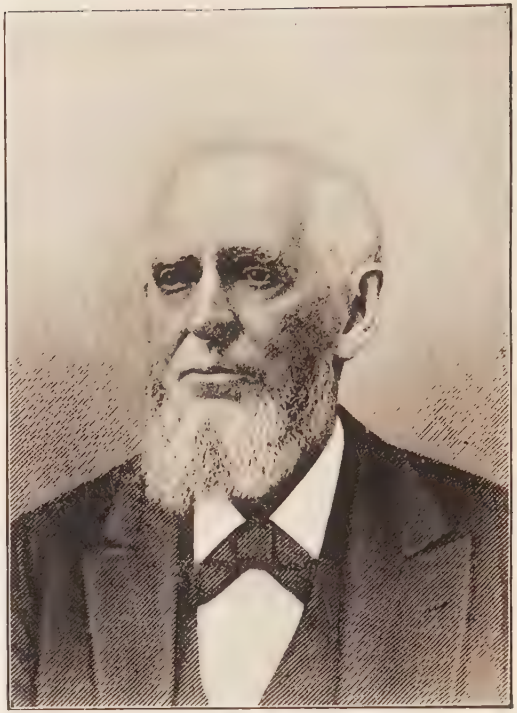

J. W. NORTH.

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FLOWER VASES AND MAIN GATE, SUTRO HEIGHTS, SAN FRANCISCO.

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persistence ultimately won. "He fought the bank to a finish," — as a Nevada State official recently expressed it, and the tunnel was finally completed in October, 1878. Three years later I went through it, and from that day to this my admiration for its creator has increased. The tunnel is ten feet high, twelve feet wide, twenty thousand five hundred feet long, with north and south branches having one thousand two hundred feet in the aggregate, making its entire length more than five miles.

And there is one important thing that must not be forgotten. Not only did Mr. Sutro battle for his tunnel in Congress, and in Virginia City, not only did he meet experts, and lawyers, and commissioners, and politicians, not only did he go to Europe and learn of engineers and scientists and political economists, not only did he finance this great project by interesting the capitalists of Europe in his undertaking, but, when work was to be done at the Tunnel he was there, ready, if necessary, to do his share side by side with the common man. As Hittell well says: "As a pusher of tunnel construction he was something like Charles Crocker as a driver of railroad building; he threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves and took right hold, wherever he could help, encourage or hasten the work. He did not hesitate to strip and go to the front. Flying dirt and smoke, heat and foul air, dripping slush overhead and sticky mud underfoot had no terrors for him. He went in with the grimy, half-naked miners; and, while he was with them, he was of them — a man of immense will power, of extraordinary executive ability,

the right sort of a man for the place and the labor while it lasted."

Soon after the tunnel was completed Mr. Sutro disposed of his interests to his associates and retired to San Francisco. He arrived at a time of great depression. People were losing faith in the "destiny" of the city by the Golden Gate. Mr. Sutro at once gave practical evidence of his state of mind. He bought land by the hundreds, nay thousands of acres. He purchased the place now known as Sutro Heights and the region overlooking the world-famous Seal Rocks. He built the Cliff House, enlarged the old house on the hill and made it most homelike and comfortable, and then proceeded to fashion the garden that has added to his fame and carried the name of Sutro Heights to the ends of the earth. To hold the sand from blowing to and fro, and thus convert it into sites for future homes, he introduced the Bermuda and Bent grasses, and planted the Sutro Forest, at the same time collecting the great Library which he placed so generously at the disposal of students of every class, character, and nationality. Then he took upon himself the leadership in the great fight made against the Funding Bill of the Central Pacific Railway by which it is claimed he saved to the people of the United States upwards of a hundred millions of dollars. Next was a fight for a five cent fare, with transfers, for the city of San Francisco, which he triumphantly won. This led the people to elect him to the office of mayor, which office he honorably filled in the interests of all the people.

Thus his life stands, a monument of pluck, perseverance, fighting against wrong, upholding the cause of the people, seeing great things, dreaming great visions, accomplishing great things, a truly heroic character, one whose memory true-hearted men and women will never let die.

CHAPTER XXVIII

THE FAR SIGHTED HERO OF THE ORANGE COLONY, JOHN WESLEY NORTH

TO go into a strange country, take a barren and almost useless tract of land, experiment and discover new methods or objects of agriculture and horticulture and in less than forty years transform the desert into one of the richest cities — *per capita* — in the world, establishing upon a firm and permanent foundation a new industry, is an achievement sufficient to justify the enrolment of any man's name upon the list of his State's or nation's heroes. Such a man was John Wesley North, a native of New York State, who, on March 17, 1870, issued a circular from Knoxville, Tennessee, where he then resided, entitled *A Colony for California.*

Before I proceed to give the history of the development of this colony, let me draw a rapid picture of it as it appears to-day, — in the year 1910. Stand with me on the top of Mount Rubidoux, which is located at the western boundary of Riverside. We reach this summit in an automobile, up a specially constructed road, built by the people of Riverside and Henry E. Huntington, the railway magnate. It is one of the best pieces of automobile mountain-road in the world. At the foot of the mountain is the ancient Indian trail,

over which Indians traveled prior to the advent of the Caucasian race, and where, later, the venerable Junipero Serra passed, with others of his Franciscan band, as they journeyed from San Diego to the Mission of San Gabriel the Archangel. The striking cross, near which we stand, was erected as a memorial to the pioneer Franciscan.

Before us, reaching for miles and miles, stretch the orange groves of the city of Riverside, and the thousands of acres of the rich farming land of the Santa Ana valley. On the one hand, an ocean of rich, deep green, tinged with the vivid gold of the orange, and lashed into sparkling foam with the exquisite cream of the myriads of blossoms, the odor from which rises as sweet-smelling incense to the very heavens. On the other, the many varied lighter greens of the fertile fields, while surrounding all as a massive and rugged frame for a perfect picture are the majestic mountains, with their snow-clad summits piercing the blue, at altitudes ranging from ten to thirteen thousand feet.

Now let us seek to obtain a more intimate view of the details. The municipal limits embrace a large proportion of the orange groves, about fifty-six square miles in extent. The city was incorporated in 1883. Churches and schools are prominent, there being twenty-five of the former and fifteen of the latter, besides a kindergarten and a good business college. Many of these buildings are of a superior order of architecture and substantially built. The striking building, from whose tower sweet chimes ascend, is the Glenwood Mission Hotel, one of the noted hotel

structures of the world, and close by is the Carnegie Library, in similar style of architecture. In the near future a Federal building of the same style, to cost one hundred and ten thousand dollars, will be erected opposite to it, and on another corner, the City Hall. Not far away is the new Young Men's Christian Association building, and all are surrounded by elaborate grounds, where lawns of richest emerald vie with the varying greens of the tropical shrubbery to delight the eye and rest the senses.

Railway trains of three great transcontinental systems shuttle back and forth in every direction, as well as electric cars. The long avenue is the world-famed Magnolia Avenue, a double drive, shaded by eucalyptus, palm, and other majestic trees, and extending for miles through the orange groves. On this avenue, about six miles from the civic centre, is Sherman Institute, the government Indian school — the largest in the United States. Here, many hundreds of the Indian youth of both sexes are being educated, and Sherman is to the West what Carlisle is to the East.

Near by is the newer Victoria Avenue, equally beautiful, also a double drive, with its surrounding groves and cultivated lands. Winding around from the mountains to the Pacific is the Santa Ana River, from which is drawn, in numerous radiating canals, the life-giving water, without which, in a short period of time, all these richly cultivated acres would revert to primeval desert.

The population of this city is in the neighborhood of fifteen thousand people. Its assessed valuation is

MISSION ARCHES AT THE GLENWOOD MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE, CAL.

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CROSS DEDICATED TO FRA JUNIPERO SERRA, APOSTLE, LEGISLATOR, BUILDER AND FOUNDER OF THE MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA, BY RT. REV. THOS. J. CONATY, BISHOP OF MONTEREY AND LOS ANGELES, RUBIDOUX MOUNTAIN, HUNTINGTON PARK, RIVERSIDE, CAL.

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about twelve million dollars. In the orange season of 1908-1909, it shipped nearly six thousand car-loads of oranges and lemons, which brought back to the producers three million dollars. These people, both in the city and country, are so averse to the saloon, that for many years there has not been a known liquor-shop, and the orderly character of the city, and its small criminal business in the Superior Court of the county, is proof of the wisdom of their action in thus banishing the saloon from their borders.

The domestic water supply of the city is secured from artesian wells, supplied to the consumer under heavy pressure, and the canals of two great systems supply the irrigation water for the orange groves.

For years the city operated its own electric light and power plant by water power, but a short time ago it sold forty thousand dollars' worth of four per cent. bonds at a premium, with which it put in a new steam plant to supplement the water-operated plant.

This, in simplest outline, is the city that sprang from the modest circular, issued by Judge North, in 1870. Part of this circular read as follows : " Appreciating the advantages of associative settlement, we aim to secure at least one hundred good families who can invest one thousand dollars each in the purchase of land; while at the same time we invite all good, industrious people to join us who can, by investing a smaller amount, contribute in any degree to the general prosperity." The advantage of co-operative over individual settlement was thus forcefully expressed. " Experience in the West has demonstrated

that one hundred dollars invested in a colony is worth one thousand dollars invested in an isolated locality." The circular also stated:

"We do not expect to buy as much land for the same amount of money in Southern California as we could obtain in the remote parts of Colorado or Wyoming; *but we expect it will be worth more in proportion to cost than any other land we could purchase in the United States.*

"We expect to have schools, churches, lyceum, public library, reading-room, etc., at a very early date, and we invite such people to join our colony as will esteem it a privilege to build them."

In the summer of 1870, Judge North, together with Dr. James P. Greves of Marshall, Michigan, Judge E. G. Brown of Belle Plaine, Iowa, and other gentlemen interested in the proposed colony, visited Southern California and examined various locations offered as the site for the proposed colony. San Bernardino County was not then considered as possessing many attractions to settlers. It was the largest county in the State, containing over twenty-three thousand square miles, and contained but one town, San Bernardino, which was the county seat and was but little more than a village. That which is now Riverside was then included within the limits of San Bernardino County, but the entire county did not contain more than a fraction of the population, or of the assessed valuation, now contained within the municipal limits of the city of Riverside. There was no railroad within four hundred miles of San Bernardino, except a short road leading from Los

Angeles to San Pedro, and practically all the travel to San Bernardino County was by steamer from San Francisco to San Pedro, and by team from Los Angeles to San Bernardino. The chief business of the county was the raising of sheep and cattle, and such general farming as provided for the necessities of the settlers themselves.

The Riverside plain was then a dry, uncultivated mesa, which had never seen a civilized habitation, nor been disturbed by the hand of man. Over it ranged herds of cattle, and its sole product was the natural growth of alfilerilla upon which the stock fed. In appearance it was much like the great stretches of desert the transcontinental traveler sees in passing through Arizona. The lands had a valuation of seventy-five cents an acre, and the Mexican who owned them laughed in his sleeve at Judge North's folly in purchasing them, for the Southern California Colony Association, at two dollars and a half and three dollars and a half an acre, while he pocketed his receipts with delight.

And certainly it required the greatest faith, the clearest ideas, and a large amount of real moral heroism to induce scores of people to leave their Eastern homes, take the long transcontinental journey — it was not as easy nor as cheap then, as now — and settle on this barren land. What if the plan should fail? What if the pessimistic prophecies of those who had owned the land for three-quarters of a century did come true? It is easy enough now to see that the colonists were acting wisely, — wiser even than they knew, —

but it was not clear then, save to the one or two brave and fearless souls, whose courage, enthusiasm, brains, foresight and practical common sense had to keep the rest in countenance while the experimenting was still going on, and the results were somewhat in doubt.

Rightly to understand the success of Riverside, it is essential that we grasp at least a reasonably satisfactory idea of the character and personality of Judge North, and of the life behind this new experience, that led so many people, of such a superior order, to throw in their fortunes with him.

His parents were old-fashioned Methodists, who lived on a farm, and who brought up their boy — named after the great founder of Methodism, John Wesley — in the strictest and most orthodox fashion. He worked hard as a farm hand for nine months in the year, and the other three he spent in the district school.

He began to teach school himself at fourteen, and at sixteen he entered the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Connecticut. Before he had reached the years of manhood, his soul was fired with the wrongs of the helpless slave, and he took their cause upon his heart and tongue with all the courage, fervor and intensity of his strong nature. He allied himself with the two Tappans (Arthur and Lewis), H. B. Stanton, William Goodell, William Lloyd Garrison, Gerritt Smith, Samuel J. May, and the good Quaker poet, John G. Whittier. He lectured in every town (save one) in Connecticut, going to and fro as a flaming brand, debating the question with any and all who disputed his facts or opposed his conclusions.

When he was thirty years old he entered the legal profession, but his nature was not suited to monotony of office routine. He was essentially a pioneer, and in 1849, the year after his marriage, he took his young wife with him and settled at the Falls of St. Anthony, in the territory of Minnesota. From his cabin on Hennepin Island, he saw the first house erected on the site where now stands the wonderful city of Minneapolis. St. Anthony (now a part of Minneapolis), soon after his arrival, was a prosperous town of some three thousand inhabitants. Here North gained a good reputation and excellent practice as a lawyer, but he was not content long. With a few others he moved to a location sixty miles south, and founded the town of Fairbault, and, as soon as the mills, etc., were well at work, he sold out, moved again, and this time, unaided and alone, founded what is now the prosperous city of Northfield.

So far, everything had gone well with him; whatever his hand touched seemed bound to succeed. But now came adversity. The financial panic of 1857 swept over the whole country. The Minnesota boom fell as flat, as, twenty years later, did that of Southern California. Town lots were valueless, for, with the absence of ready money, immigration into the country practically ceased. From being accounted a rich man, Judge North found it difficult to pay his debts, but before he left Northfield every obligation was met, though to do this meant the sacrifice of all the property he held.

He was an enthusiastic Republican and entered

heartily into the Frémont and the Lincoln campaigns. His fierce anti-slavery principles, his absolute familiarity with the subject, gained in his earlier years while lecturing, and his marvellous power as a debater, made him both hated, feared and respected by his opponents, and almost adored by his followers. He was made chairman of the Minnesota delegation to the Republican Convention of 1860 that nominated Lincoln, and was one of the notifying committee. When Lincoln was elected, he appointed Judge North to the position of surveyor-general of the Territory of Nevada, then in the very whirl of the excitement consequent upon the discovery of the Comstock lode. With the remarkable adaptability he afterwards displayed in such wonderful degree, he soon erected a stamp mill, and then, when his office was abolished, he returned to the practice of law, until the Bar of the territory recommended him to a Judgeship of the Supreme Court, to which President Lincoln appointed him. This office he held until Nevada became a State. He was also president of the first Constitutional Convention of Nevada.

Then, at the close of the war, in 1865, his restless energies sent him down into the South to help in the work of reconstruction. He believed that Northern ideas and Northern capital would aid the South materially, and he had some of both, for his life and work in Nevada had been remunerative. February, 1866, therefore, found him at Knoxville, Tennessee, owner of an iron foundry and machine shop. He knew nothing of the business, but that was no real difficulty, for he soon learned it. One thing, however, he could not learn, - -

and that was to keep his Northern tongue from expressing his Northern ideas. This to the Tennesseans was so objectionable that they not only made living with them unpleasant, but they added to the obstacles which the whole South was suffering from, as the immediate result of the war, and he was finally compelled, by the loss of all his capital, to abandon the enterprise and look elsewhere.

It was at this time that he issued his famous *Southern California Colony* circular. He had never been in Southern California, but had read much about it, had talked about it with Governor Frémont and others familiar with its climatic charms and horticultural possibilities.

From what has already been shown of Judge North's career and character, the reader can now understand how he was able to secure such a high class of settlers to go with him into a country not one of them knew anything about. The replies were numerous and speedy, and that same year saw him in San Francisco, seeking to engage capital to carry on his new enterprise. His plan was to buy a large tract, divide it into blocks of two and a half acres, and farm lots of twenty acres, and then sell, with the right to water for irrigation from the ditches to be constructed by the owners. Even his own friends thought the plan chimerical, and, while not openly opposing it, they did nothing to help it along. Yet with faith unbounded, the indefatigable and optimistic pioneer camped on the trail of the capitalists, until — possibly to get rid of him and his persistency — the Hon. Charles N. Felton

agreed to furnish the money to buy the land and put in the irrigation canals. Full of joy, he started for Southern California, speedily investigated and decided upon the purchase of portions of the Jurupa Rancho and Rubidoux Rancho. These comprised the original Riverside colony, but in later years the bounds of the city have extended far beyond these limits. Riverside was laid out and surveyed and was then known as Jurupa,[1] a name soon changed, however, to Riverside, as more euphonious and having reference to the Santa Ana River, from which the water supply of the new colony was derived. The construction of an irrigating canal was immediately begun, and was completed as far as the town site in the summer of 1871.

But what were the new colonists to engage in as a profitable business? Here Judge North's foresight and sagacity stood the infant settlement in good stead. He carefully investigated the orange orchards of the old mission San Gabriel and the *asistencia* of San Bernardino. He found that oranges thrived with few setbacks, and, knowing the value of the fruit, saw a large commercial future for it. At that time there was so small a demand for oranges, nearly all large ranches having their own trees, that the industry may be said to have had no existence. A few orange trees had been raised from seed (in addition to those growing at the Missions), and were producing fruit

[1] Jurupa is an Indian name, and was given to the "seven leagues of grazing land; a little more," granted to Juan Bandini on September 28, 1838, by Juan B. Alvarado, Mexican Governor of California.

in a few isolated localities, usually upon low lands and not upon the high mesas, the irrigation of which was more difficult and costly, and which have since proved the best for orange-growing. The early settlers of Riverside met with many discouragements. They were remote from markets where they could either buy or sell to advantage; there were no adequate means of communication or transportation, and the country was necessarily of slow growth. There was no money to be had upon any kind of security or at any kind of interest. Those who had lived longer in the country, and had brought into bearing the few seedling trees referred to, insisted that the enterprise upon the Riverside mesa could not possibly be successful; that the mesa land was not fit for cultivation; that it certainly would not produce oranges; that even if orange trees would grow upon it, they would not bear anything; and that even if they should bear, the hundreds of acres, which it was then expected to plant, would so overstock the market that oranges would not sell at any price, and orange groves would be worthless.

Under these discouragements but cheered by the clear views of Judge North, the handful of people at Riverside worked steadily on. They knew nothing at that time of any of the improved or budded varieties of oranges, and knew of no way to produce the fruit except by bringing the seedling trees into bearing. There were no young trees in nursery nearer than Los Angeles, and a few were brought from there and planted. By far the greater number, however, were raised from the seed at Riverside. Decayed Tahiti

oranges were purchased at San Francisco by the barrel and shipped to Riverside, where the seed was separated from the pulp by hand and planted in seed beds, finally making nursery and orchard trees.

The Australian blue-gum, or eucalyptus, was then being introduced into California, and, thinking to raise some of these trees for the use of the settlement, an order was sent to a San Francisco seedman for five pounds of the seed. The answer was returned that there were not five pounds of the seed in the United States, but that one ounce of the seed would be sent for five dollars. That quantity was purchased, and from this ounce of seed the first eucalyptus trees of the colony were grown.

It was not known at that time that a seedling lemon root was not a healthy or fit root for any citrus fruit, and great quantities of lemon seeds were planted and seedling lemon trees raised. These were found, after coming into bearing, to be so inferior and unhealthy that they were finally cut down and destroyed. The China lemon also, a very inferior variety, was raised from cuttings, making a tree or bush so wholly useless that it also was destroyed. Limes were raised from seed, and many extensive lime orchards were brought into bearing, only to find the fruit unprofitable; these, too, in turn were destroyed.

Many acres of raisin vineyard were planted, and were so successful that large sums were realized by the settlers from the raisins. In fact, Riverside laid the foundation for the raisin industry in California. In later years, however, it was found that in the warmer valley of the San Joaquin, where the nights were warm

Parent Washington Navel Potted Orange Tree
From Department Of Interior In 1874
Transplanted Here By President Roosevelt May 8, 1903
Of Louis Jacobs

PARENT WASHINGTON NAVEL ORANGE TREE, COURT OF THE GLENWOOD MISSION INN, RIVERSIDE, CAL.
Transplanted by President Roosevelt.

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ORANGE GROVE, RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA.

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and the grape reached its maturity much earlier than in Riverside, the raisins could be cured before the beginning of the rainy season. Raisin growers found the true home of their industry in that region, and the Riverside raisin vineyards were almost entirely rooted out and replaced with more profitable fruit.

In the early seventies occurred an incident which created slight interest at the time, but which proved to be fraught with incalculable good, not only to Riverside, but to the entire orange-growing industry of California. This was the receipt, by one of the settlers at Riverside, from a friend in the city of Washington, of two orange trees, which had been brought to the Agricultural Department from the city of Bahia in Brazil. These were of the variety then known as the Bahia orange, but which by reason of its peculiar appearance, remarkable success, and wide propagation in Riverside, has been since known as the Riverside Navel Orange. Buds were taken from these trees and inserted in the stocks of then growing orchards, and the variety has since been propagated from tree to tree until it is the best known, most extensively raised, and most profitable variety of orange produced in the United States. It is entirely seedless, and can only be propagated by budding or grafting.

Perhaps the greatest discouragement in the whole history of this industry was that arising from the introduction and ravages of those small insects known as the red scale, and the white, or cottony cushion scale. These small insects multiplied so rapidly, and their presence upon the tree and effect upon the fruit was so

disastrous, that the orange growers saw ruin staring them in the face. At that time, however, science came to their aid. Scientific men were sent to remote parts of the globe in search of insect enemies of the red and white scale. Such enemies were found, were brought from Australia in small numbers, were colonized in the infected groves and orchards of Southern California, and their energetic and faithful work has proved a great protection against the scale insects.

The whole growth of the industry which has made Riverside famous has been a long continued, earnest and persistent struggle to produce the finest fruit, to produce it in large quantities, to seek extended markets, to secure paying prices, to protect those markets by adequate tariffs from foreign competition, and to provide, by means of co-operative packing and marketing associations and exchanges, for returning to the producer the largest possible share of the proceeds. It can be safely said that no industry in the country affords a better example of intelligent and thorough co-operation and complete success.

At the same time it must not be understood that the whole project was carried out on the co-operative basis, as originally planned by Judge North. The initial expense of the irrigation works was so great that, as we have seen, a private company was compelled to take over both the land and the water. It spent some fifty thousand dollars on the first canal, and then, with water actually on the land, sold it to the colonists at twenty-five dollars an acre. This included the right to purchase a certain amount of the water, at a small

annual charge, which originally was about a dollar an acre. As the demand for water grew, requiring the enlargement of the irrigation facilities, this annual charge grew to ten dollars an acre. But, at the same time, the value of the land thus irrigated leaped into figures hitherto undreamed of. In a few years the sheep ranch of Jurupa, still unimproved, save for the presence of the water, sold for from three to five hundred dollars an acre, while the growing orange orchards could not be purchased for less than one to two thousand dollars an acre.

Devoting his energies unselfishly and energetically to the upbuilding of the community, Judge North was too busy helping others and directing municipal affairs to become a money-maker. He who founded the colony, and started the enterprise, had every opportunity to "get in on the ground floor" and make great wealth, but resolutely turned his face in the other direction. He had learned years ago, in the old Methodist homestead, — and his many years of association with every class of men had confirmed the truth of the Christ statement, — that "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." He regarded faithful service to the people as service to God, and refused to be a money-getter for himself. Hence in none of his ventures did he reap a large pecuniary reward. When he left Riverside in 1880 to go to Fresno County, he took very little money with him, though his wisdom and foresight had enabled many other people to accumulate competencies.

In the later years of his life, I knew him well. He had seen that vast areas of land in the San Joaquin

Valley, owing to its longer period of summer heat, were better adapted for the growth and curing of raisins than was Riverside. Accordingly he had established a colony there, near Fresno, in which he lived. Just as he had seen Riverside spring into a prosperity that no necromancy ever surpassed, so he saw Oleander and its surrounding colonies become one of the greatest raisin-producing centres of the world.

Could he not, in his declining years, look out over the battle-fields of his life, and see where he had grappled with the forces of nature, and conquered and subdued them for man's benefit? Could he not see where he had met an army of his fellows, grappled with their prejudices, their ignorance, their pessimism, their indifference, and routed these evils, and then, by the clear light of his own practical wisdom, steady foresight and boundless enthusiasm, guided his enlightened friends into prosperity, happiness, content? As he faced the setting sun, and its beams kissed the hoary locks of his honored old age, he entered upon his new adventure, fearless and unafraid, as he had worked on earth, as true and brave a hero as ever received the plaudits of his fellow men.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE OUTSPOKEN HERO OF THE PUBLIC SERVICE, J. W. POWELL

MUCH is said and written about the veniality of men in high official positions, yet there are many heroes of truth and honor among them, and there is no doubt but that the great mass, both of the superior officials and the rank and file, are honest, true and patriotic. Once in a while, however, public officials are brought face to face with large temptations, and, if there is promise of financial profit without fear of detection or any great loss of self-respect, there is reason to fear that too many yield their consciences and accept the emolument. To their honor, also, be it said with gladness, there are those to whom such temptations have no power. Such an one was Major John Wesley Powell, the organizer and director of those two great branches of the scientific work of our United States government, viz., the Geological Survey and the Bureau of American Ethnology. While Major Powell was not a Californian, he was essentially Western in his spirit and methods, and as this event transpired in California, and pertained as much to this State as almost any other, it seems appropriate that it should find place in this volume.

To those of this and succeeding generations who are

familiar with the gigantic irrigation schemes of the United States Reclamation Service, and the wonderful constructive work they have engineered and carried through, it will seem almost impossible to realize that it is only within a couple of decades that this marvelous reclamation work has been accomplished.

The active propaganda of the benefits of irrigation had already been taken up, as elsewhere related in these pages, by Mr. William E. Smythe and others. These men were conscientiously working for a desirable end, and honestly seeking to improve the condition of the common man, but the land speculators were carefully watching their actions, and preparing to use their honest enthusiasm in innocently furthering plans by which they could financially profit in a most extravagant manner. Major Powell believed that these plans depended entirely upon blinding the people as a whole, and the national legislators especially, to the available amount of water for irrigation purposes. Through extensive researches conducted under Major Powell by the experts of the United States Geological Survey, — men of trained observation and scientific deduction, — he had come to the conclusion that while immense areas of the arid lands could be reclaimed, there was only a certain amount of water, *under any circumstances* and after the most rigid conservation, available for this purpose. He saw that immense tracts of land, in the aggregate amounting to hundreds of millions of acres, had already passed from the government into the hands of private (or corporate) parties, who, naturally, would wish to sell

this land, when the time arrived, at as large a price as possible. He also saw that, with the *limited* available water supply, *there was not enough water to irrigate these private lands and at the same time have water sufficient to irrigate the arid lands that still remained in the government's possession*, and which, alone, were open to homesteading or other preemption by the common people for actual occupancy.

He saw, therefore, that if the national government could be induced to spend millions upon millions of dollars for the building of immense dams, securing all the water and snow-fall of vast localities, instituting reservoir systems and conservation plans over immense areas, constructing hundreds of miles of canals and laterals for the supply and distribution of the life-giving fluid to the arid lands, and that if the great land speculators could then control this irrigation and conservation work so that the water could be diverted upon *their* lands instead of upon the arid government lands, the former would be marvelously enhanced in value, while the latter would be left in their original barren and almost valueless condition.

Then, with prophetic eye, this servant of the people looked into the future. He saw, what these conscienceless speculators also saw, that the population of the United States was rapidly increasing and that in a comparatively short space of time hundreds of thousands of families of financially poor people would be seeking farms for homes. But while financially poor, he knew that the majority of these seekers were rich in energy, rich in industry, rich in morality, rich in all

the virtues that go to make up the very best parts of a great nation's citizenship. He therefore determined that if there were to be any conflict in this tremendous work of conservation and irrigation (which he clearly saw the government would be compelled soon to undertake and carry to a completion at a fabulous expenditure of money), he would ally himself on the side of the poorer, common people, rather than on the side of the land speculators who wished to further exploit the common people to their own enrichment.

The plan of the speculators, as Major Powell understood it, was to allow the honest and enthusiastic conservationists and irrigationists to go ahead in their convention soon to assemble in Los Angeles and urge the government to carry out their plans, while they themselves stood aside until the work was well advanced, then they intended to step in and assume control and so shape legislation that they could divert the water thus conserved, *at the expense of the nation*, to their *own* lands, and to their own vast enrichment.

It appeared that their only hope to accomplish this was to silence Major Powell. They knew that the enthusiastic workers for irrigation were too honest to see their schemes, and not politicians enough to suspect anything, or circumvent them if they did, but they had had experience enough to know that Major Powell could not be hoodwinked or blinded. He was as keen-eyed to detect a political "job," as he was to grasp a scientific principle. They therefore determined that there was but one thing to do, and that was to bribe

him. How should this be done and by whom? An open bribe they knew would be scorned. A mere suggestion that he cease his watchfulness would be treading upon dangerous ground. They knew his honor, they knew his vigilance, and yet they thought they could "reach" him, as they had done many a public official before. Their offer would have to be a sugar-coated pill; they would have to wrap the alluring sweet of sophistry around the bitter dose of bribery ere they could induce Major Powell to swallow it. Could they do it? They determined to try. They would offer him, at a low price, a share in a syndicate they had already organized, in order that they might have the *advice and counsel* of his farseeing intellect. Then, once in the syndicate, they intended to prevail upon him, not openly to further their plans, but, not to *do* anything. He was simply *not to do*, to remain passive, to keep his hands off, and say nothing. *They* would shape matters as they desired them. His business was to see that all the available water supply of the United States was conserved. It was none of his business *how* those waters were used, or *where* they went to, upon whose lands they were conveyed. And they intimated that, just as soon as the work was begun, and legislation shaped *their way*, that they — the syndicate — would — if he desired to convert his holdings into cash — repurchase his interests at a price that would net him over a million dollars. The one thing they feared, however, was that he would enlighten the world, and the legislators, upon this matter of water supply, and thus render the defeat of their schemes certain. They

particularly wished him to be silent on this point at the national convention, and urged his absence.

The offer was made, but in so careful and subtle a manner that even Major Powell's clear brain did not, at first, perceive the moral delinquency it implied on his part. Some of those nearest and dearest to him, to whom he communicated the offer, and his rising scruples and suspicions concerning it, ridiculed the latter and urged his immediate acceptance. Here was a life's competence; men of high position and who were regarded as models of integrity were making fortunes in less scrupulous ways; why should he be so particular?

Then, in telling me this story himself, — and Major Powell asserted at the time that his soul's battle had never before been revealed to a human soul, — he said: "I was tempted for a while to let the thing go. I wanted to do the best I could for my friends and family. I didn't want to be quixotic and tilt at a windmill. I didn't want to hamper my future work by making an army of such powerful enemies, but what was it my duty to God and the people to do? My men were working up in the Sierra Santa Monica, some twenty miles from Los Angeles. I said to myself: 'I'll go up there and leave these politicians to fight it out by themselves. I'll neither approve nor disapprove!' I went, but that night I could not even go to bed, much less sleep. Conscience and brain alike were extra alert. Both were as clear as was the California sky above me, which made the stars seem close and so penetrating that I felt they were peering into my very soul, and their purity demanding a like purity

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J. G. LEMMON.
Taken about 1894-5.

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of me. I got up and marched back and forth. The sweat poured from my face in the agony I suffered and I learned to believe that a man can sweat blood in his soul's struggles. But I could not stifle either my mind or my conscience. My duty was clear. I was not only the head of a great government department to do my scientific work and let others determine what the outcome of it should be, but I was there as the representative of the people, — the poor, the homeless, the struggling, the helpless, — who did not know, and could not know, and would be helpless even if they did know, — of the assault that was being made upon the land, which, in reality, should be theirs. I could not stand it any longer. Without breakfast, or a word to my men, I hurried down to Los Angeles, and kept the appointment that had been made me, — to speak on this subject at a certain hour. Those who had approached me fully expected me to avoid the dangerous line of thought I had suggested. But — you know all the rest."

I was present and heard his address, and I heard and saw the hubbub and uproar that followed. The good men and true of the convention did not believe his statements — and the conspirators knew they would not — so even the honest and unbribable elements of the convention (which were in a large majority) innocently joined the scheming minority in their condemnation. They shouted and stormed and even sought to prevent his continuing his address; for a time it seemed as if the convention had become a howling mob, showing by face, gesture, action and word their

desire to down the one-armed man, who, now that his own battle of soul was fought and won, stood calmly and indifferently facing them, as long before he had faced the armies of the South, and the dangers of the unknown Grand Canyon. In vain the chairman battered with his gavel. For a long time uproar reigned, but finally he was allowed to proceed, and he said his say. During the remainder of the convention he was openly and covertly attacked. His ideas were denied and ridiculed. To this day there are some members who honestly believe that his ideas were wrong. Be that as it may Major Powell firmly believed them; so much so that he deliberately threw away the equivalent of a million dollars in defence of them. His *exposé* blocked the plans of the schemers. They were silenced, at least for the time. The principles laid down by Major Powell have been carried out, in the main, and, whatever the future has in store, he kept *his* soul pure. His active work on earth is ended, and he, brave warrior for the highest morality in public life, has gone to his reward in the wonderful advancement that all souls receive when they are victors in life's conflicts.

CHAPTER XXX

THE PRACTICAL HERO OF INVENTION, ANDREW SMITH HALLIDIE

ONE of the essential features of the California spirit is the ability to think for oneself, to refuse to be held by the thoughts and methods of the past, to meet new problems in new ways. This spirit was well exemplified by the way A. S. Hallidie, of San Francisco, grappled with the transportation problem. The city of the Golden Gate is a very hilly city, and yet some of the finest building sites are on the steep slopes or summits of these hills. Even to-day, when millions of dollars have been spent in cutting and paving streets on these hills, it would be almost an impossibility to use many of the best sites if there were no cheap and easy means of public transportation. The ordinary horse-car could never have scaled these steep grades, and even had horses been found capable of ascending them, it is doubtful whether passengers could have been found brave enough to risk their lives in making the descent. Something had to be invented to meet the necessity, for, as yet, the powers of electricity were not applied to the street-car as they are to-day. At this juncture Mr. Andrew Smith Hallidie turned his inventive energies to the problem, and those who knew him realized that it was as good as settled, for both he and his father were natural inventors, and both were interested in the solving

of just such problems. As early as 1835 his father had patented his invention of making ropes and cables from iron and steel wire, and in 1855, when Andrew himself was but nineteen years old, he had shown his own power by designing and constructing an aqueduct, suspended on a wire, with a span of two hundred and twenty feet, across the middle fork of the American River. In the mines there was a growing demand for wire rope, and Andrew determined to supply it. In June, 1856, he extemporized hand machinery for making wire rope, and produced the first wire cable made on the Pacific Coast. The following year he established a manufactory for wire ropes in San Francisco.

Then, for several years, he built wire suspension bridges, as well as made cables for use in the mines, — where it was found far more reliable than ordinary rope to haul up the cars loaded with ore and miners from the depths. In 1867 he took out a patent for a rigid suspension bridge, and the same year invented and put into use another contrivance for conveying freight over a mountainous country by means of an overhead continuous wire rope. This was soon known as the "Hallidie Rope-way," and is largely in use throughout the country. By its means timbers, fuel, tools, provisions and all kinds of supplies are transported to the mines, and in the returning cages or buckets ore is sent to the mill. Mr. Hallidie's genius had many problems to solve in making this rope-way the complete and satisfactory thing it is to-day, one of the chief of which was the grip pulley. By means of this pulley, — which,

as its name implies, *grips* the cable, — power is applied to move the cable, and then, if its speed becomes too great, the same power becomes a brake to restrain it. Another important feature is the gearing, which allows the heavy loads of ore descending to pull up the supplies, etc., ascending, in this way utilizing all the natural power possible.

One of the longest rope-ways in use is four miles long, between stations two miles apart. At Mineral King the stations are six thousand feet apart, and the mine is one thousand nine hundred feet above the mill. In one place the span is seven hundred feet between posts, and the cable crosses a canyon six hundred feet above the bottom.

While thus busy constructing these rope-ways, Mr. Hallidie was daily seeing the need of improved street railway transportation in San Francisco. Horse-cars were in use up some of the lesser inclines, and almost daily his heart was wrenched by witnessing the painful efforts of the struggling horses to drag their loaded cars up these hills. Accidents happened with alarming frequency, for sometimes the horses would lose their footing and the brakes being unable to hold the load, the cars would either rush forward upon them, or drag them back as their weight took them to the foot of the hill. But an endless cable, carrying moving cages of rock, in the country, was an entirely different thing from an endless cable, carrying moving cars, filled with human passengers, suspended in the streets of a city The feature of suspension must be eliminated, and the principle of the endless wire cable applied to a railway

on the street level. It was in 1871 that the idea was clear to Mr. Hallidie how it might be done. A model was made and patented. Then came the long, tedious, and often disheartening time spent in experimenting and perfecting his invention. Three capitalists in San Francisco generously came forward and supplied the needed funds for the purpose, by subscribing twenty-two thousand dollars each, and in two years' time, a cable was successfully laid in an underground conduit, propelled by powerful machinery at a fixed station, and street cars moved by it. This was the Clay Street Cable Railroad. The grips are quite common now, but they required many months of trying experiment before they were perfected. It is no light strain to have a grip attached to a street-car, heavily loaded with passengers, even on a level track, much less up a steep incline, suddenly seize a moving cable, fasten on to it, and thus overcome the inertia and take the car along. Grips used to break and cables wear out with alarming rapidity before the present method was adopted. On August 1, 1873, the Clay Street Railway was set in successful operation, and at once demonstrated a success. The Hallidie method became known and was used throughout the world. It worked a complete revolution in street-car service, and indeed was the most important of all inventions applied to street transportation until the electric car came upon the scene.

When Professor Lowe constructed the Mount Lowe Railway, the question arose as to how the steep sixty-two per cent. grade of the incline should be overcome.

Here Mr. Hallidie's genius, combined with that of Professor Lowe, designed the balanced cars on the endless cable and the grip sheave, with its seventy jaws, each of which automatically seizes the cable as it revolves. The result is a perfectly successful and safe device which has now been in operation, without the faintest suggestion of an accident, since 1893. The operation of this cable incline is entirely different from that of a cable street railway. In the latter the cable is gripped from the car, and the movement of the car depends upon the security of the grip's hold upon the cable. On the Mount Lowe incline, on the other hand, the cable and the car are built together, — the one firmly fastened to the other; the machinery above merely moves the cable, the latter taking the two cars along as it moves.

As Mr. Hallidie's invention was designed to meet peculiar California necessities, and it is in most successful operation, with a variety of local adaptations, in the State, I have thus preferred to take and use it as an example of inventive skill used for the benefit of the people, rather than some other and more general application of inventive power.

County Free Library
San Jose, Calif.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE INTREPID HEROES OF A GENTLE SCIENCE, JOHN GILL LEMMON AND SARA PLUMMER LEMMON

AT first thought, there might not appear anything of the heroic about the life and work of any botanist. How can a mere gatherer of flowers be a hero?

Yet one has but to read the life and work of such men as Frémont (who did not despise his work as a botanist), Douglas, who early studied California's trees and flowers and after a most heroic life died tragically in the Hawaiian Islands, John Muir, whose studies of the trees and flowers of the high Sierras often led him into great danger, and many others, to realize that even in the mere gathering of plants there may be a high purpose which can be carried out only by a truly heroic soul.

Such heroes undoubtedly were John Gill Lemmon and his noble wife, formerly Miss Sara A. Plummer, whose herbarium in Oakland, California, has long been the Mecca of visiting botanists from all parts of the globe.

Professor John Gill Lemmon first saw the light of day in a large, comfortable log cabin in the forest-bordered wilds of Lima, Michigan, January 2, 1832, and was carefully reared by wise parents. In time he

was sent to the best public and private schools, then to the Michigan State Normal School, from whence, well equipped for his work as a teacher, he went forth, soon, however, to be made superintendent of schools. His ambition not yet being satisfied, he entered the State University of Michigan, but before graduation, stirred by the deeply patriotic impulse of a true-hearted man, he dropped pen and books and volunteered for three years or as long as the strife should last. He entered the Fourth Michigan Cavalry June 8, 1862, and served with honor in thirty-six engagements in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, until captured, August 26, 1864. He was thrust into Andersonville and Florence prison-pens and kept there during the last six months of the war, and was one of the hundred and thirty-five who could stand alone, out of the five thousand prisoners, when release came. But he was almost a physical wreck, and his mother, with her family, brought him to California in 1865, with the mournful expectation of merely making his few last days as peaceful and comfortable as possible. His home was made in a little cottage in Sierra Valley, and here he slowly began to revive to an interest in the things of this life.

One day, as he lay in the shadow of his cottage, scarcely able to move, he saw in the near distance an odd little clover. Not all his strenuous experiences in the war, and the cruel hardships of his prison life had been able to kill his love for the amiable science of botany, and the sight of this quaint and strange clover aroused

afresh in his soul all his interest. Slowly he rolled over and crept towards the strange flower. He gathered it with a quickly beating heart, for he had never seen just such a clover before. Near by were other strange flowers, and his delighted eyes feasted upon them as he eagerly gathered them and returned to his cot. Then he plucked up strength and courage enough to write to good Asa Gray, the great Harvard botanist, who wrote back: "You have discovered seven new plants — new to science. Good! Send some more!"

This letter was like new wine to the worn out man. His soul revived under the stimulus of the kindly encouragement. In time he enlarged the scope of his daily walks, and soon was able to go out for a whole day's ramble. He found enough new specimens to keep him constantly interested, and his collection of California flora rapidly grew in size and importance. Scarcely a month passed without his contribution of some valuable addition to the knowledge of the Eastern and European botanists in regard to the flora of the Golden State.

Though never again to be the strong man that, in the full glory of youth, had taken up arms for the good of his beloved country, he recuperated sufficiently to feel that he had a life's work ahead of him. He began systematically to explore, not only California, but the adjoining states and territories, from Alaska down to Old Mexico, and as far east as the western base of the Rocky Mountains.

It was on one of these explorations, nearly twenty-

five years ago, that I first met him, and was immediately attracted by his lovable, gentle nature. How fascinating were the stories of his experiences: climbing snowy mountains, dodging hostile Indians, camping with friendly ones, sliding down canyon precipices where only the mountain goat had hitherto trailed, sleeping beneath the giant redwoods and sequoias, scorched on the alkali flats of the below-sea-level areas of our western deserts. Pathos and comedy, tragedy and humor rubbed elbows with each other during those years of happy labor, made sweeter and more precious by the companionship and dear comradeship of his wife. It was the love of botany and nature science that brought these two spirits together, and they were married in Oakland in 1880, after an acquaintance of four years, during which they were fellow members of a botanical club in Santa Barbara, organized by Mr. Lemmon.

Henceforth these two traveled together. Their wedding journey was into the wilds of Arizona and New Mexico, and the habit once formed was kept up through life. Year after year they went, with their ponies, or wagon, or burros, happy in themselves and in their work.

Nothing in the floral line escaped their eager search: cactuses of a hundred varieties, yuccas by the score, the tiny creeping gilias, and the giant suaharos and sequoias, trailing seaweeds, floating lilies, and the shrinking orchids of the dense forests where sunlight seldom enters. Year after year added to their store of plants and knowledge. These botanists lived with the objects of their study; they watched them grow

from seed, slip or bud, and visited them again and again in their wild, almost inaccessible natural habitats, until they were able to speak of them with authority. Every new trip gave them new triumphs for their flower-presses laden with new species of plants. Each of them, husband and wife, has had the highest honor accorded them that can befall botanists, viz., the dedication of a new genus of plants to them. These are known throughout the world as the Lemmonia and Plummera. For more than a quarter of a century Mrs. Lemmon took her water colors and sketch pad along and made field sketches, in color, of the plants in their native haunts.

In the year 1881 Arizona was not the peaceable, quiet, hospitable country it now is. In those days Apache raids and massacres were frequent. Even the most hardened Indian campaigner knew that an order to advance into the Apache country meant no tenderfoot's picnic, and yet, in this year, this gentle-hearted student of the plants, accompanied by his wife, urged only by the desire to hunt down the so-called "Irish" potato in its native habitat, hitched up the team to their camping wagon, and aimed right for the Indian region. Two years previously Colonel Charles D. Poston had assured them that he was confident wild potatoes could be found in Southern Arizona. With eager zeal Professor Lemmon and his wife had searched for two seasons, but in vain, and now they were going to try again. They arrived at Fort Bowie, in the famous Apache Pass, just after the summer rains had brought forth a most abundant and interesting flora, but their

hearts were bent on finding potatoes, so they pushed forward into the Chiracahua Mountains, where one of the most feared bands of Apaches had long had its stronghold. When every one else was fleeing the country, these scientists boldly went, with sublime unconsciousness, where all expected they would meet their death. Instead of that they found what they had so eagerly been seeking — the wild potato. But here let Professor Lemmon tell the story himself.

"One day in September, while searching for ferns in the clefts of one of the highest peaks north of the Pass, there was discovered, under a tangle of prickly bushes and cacti, a solitary little plant perceived at first glance to be a *Solanum;* but query: Was it bulb-bearing? Carefully the little stranger was uprooted, when lo, a tuber! an undoubted representative of the true potato family.

"The plant proved to be a specimen of *Solanum Jamesii*, of Torrey. Great was my disappointment when, after diligent search day after day in that locality of various features of plain, canyon, and peak, not another plant was to be detected. Time and again the little scrap of a plant was examined, but it was so meagre and dejected by age that it had but few characteristics which reminded one of the rank potato vines of our gardens. With great care and kindling interest I dissected its organs and compared its characters with the meagre descriptions at hand. How much more my emotions would have been aroused, had I then known that it was probable that from this very species, rather than from any other of the thirty-six known, our

first potatoes sprung, according to the researches and reasonings of Humboldt.

" We were prevented from making a thorough exploration of the southern portion of the Chiracahuas — to which we removed in September — by the rumors that reached us day by day of Indian outrages in the mountains to the north of us; culminating at last in the startling intelligence brought us by a friendly cowboy, who rode all night to warn us, that Juh and his whole band of Chiracahua Apaches had broken out of the San Carlos Reservation at four o'clock the morning before, and were fleeing directly towards their old haunts, *the very valley in which we were peacefully botanizing.*

" We took refuge in the cabin of a queer old hermit, Dr. Monroe, who had been there for four years, and who had prepared for such emergencies by digging a tunnel one hundred and twenty feet long through the sharp point of a long ridge projecting into the valley between two creeks. Midway of the ridge the tunnel was constructed with a double elbow, enlarged to eight feet by ten, and six feet high, to which one could retreat with his supplies and weapons, and could shoot out towards either end of the tunnel at his foes in the light, while himself shrouded in the darkness by the elbow. In case of overpowering numbers, he could light a fuse leading to a magazine concealed in the cobbles at each end of the tunnel, which, when ignited, must blow everything to atoms in the vicinity.

" The mouths of the tunnel, opening out on the sides of the ridge, were each artfully concealed by a cabin

made of shakes and brush, one of which was generously assigned to us. While we were there for eleven days, in momentary expectation of attack, Juh and his band, split up into squads of half a dozen to fifty warriors, scoured the country, torturing and killing all the whites in their path.

"One large band passed along by the mouth of Rucker Valley, and no one knows why they did not ascend to their familiar haunts, as there was not the slightest obstacle to such a course, although the full-garrisoned Fort Bowie was but forty miles away, and the Apaches passed near it on the way; followed, to be sure, two days later, by two companies of well-mounted cavalry, majestically marching along by twos, accompanied with baggage wagons and other comfortable military equipage.

"In October we returned to Oakland to pass the winter in closet-work over our varied treasures from Arizona. Last May (1882) we again joyfully prepared our simple outfit for an extended exploration of the other mountains of Southern Arizona, determined that we would find more of that wild potato if it took all summer — and it did."

Professor Lemmon then recounts the long and arduous search for the potato. After being duly settled in a tent at Fort Huachuca, kindly provided by the commanding officer:

"Every third day, equipped with flower press, pick, and luncheon, I climbed slowly and wearily, as perforce I must, over one ridge after another, and up to spur upon spur of the high peaks; hastily culling

the rare flowers and ferns by the way, and putting them, carefully displayed, into the portable press; taking note of habitat and peculiarities to be recorded on return. Generally the unseen peril of rattlesnakes and centipedes, together with the open attacks of cacti and yucca, were added to the intense heat of the sun, jeopardizing life and limb. The level rays of sunset usually found me at the top of a mountain ten to twenty miles from camp. Fortunately the declivity favored the return trip. You slid perhaps for rods at a plunge, down with splintered shales and volcanic cinders, knee-deep, to a bush-covered landing, where you must pass along the side of the mountain until another shattered vertical ledge of slate or trachyte is reached. When the moon favored, late returns by her lovely aid were always calculated upon.

" Whenever Mrs. Lemmon could not accompany me on these extra laborious trips, she was busily occupied in making paintings of the flowers in the vicinity of the camp, or in changing dryers within the many packages of plants collected on previous explorations.

" Sometimes we took long journeys on our horses, going round the bases of dividing ridges between canyons, or climbing by perilous zigzag trails over them. From the highest points, the peculiar features of a flat, desert country, interspersed with island mountains dancing in a heated atmosphere, bounded our horizon.

" These long trips occupied from three to five days' time, and often included the circuit of half the range;

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JOHN MUIR AND JOHN BURROUGHS DISCUSSING ANIMAL SAGACITY.

YOSEMITE VALLEY FROM ARTIST'S POINT, CALIFORNIA.

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at times we passed across the Mexican boundary at the risk of being deprived of our animals by Mexican officials, little better than Italian bandits; or worse, being cut off altogether by Apaches, several tribes of whom were again on the war-path under the notorious chieftain, Juh, still at large. During one of these trips we passed over the locality where recent massacres had occurred; and, as appeared afterward, while on one of the high southern ridges, near Cave Canyon, an Apache massacre was being perpetrated upon two Americans and three Mexicans, only five miles below us -- a fate which we narrowly escaped by happening to choose the upper trail."

But heat, cacti, yucca, rattlesnakes, Gila monsters, Mexican bandits, and the criminals of the United States and Mexico who plied their nefarious business on both sides of the border, and Apaches combined could not restrain the search or dampen the ardor of these two devoted servants of science, and finally their efforts were triumphantly rewarded. Three species were found, the last of which required longer search than the others:

"The third kind of wild potato of Arizona was not so easily found. It was only after a long day's climb . . . that I reached the summit of the highest peak of the Huachuca, a little over ten thousand feet altitude. This peak is steep and rugged, besides being beset with a dense clothing of thorny bushes covering most of its surface. In the shade of the north side a spire of timber, sharply defined at the sides, ascends to the very top. Here, in this very highest point, under

the shade of fir, pine, and poplar trees, kept moist by melting banks of snow for a great part of the year, were found several plants of this little species. Widely scattered among the rank herbage, they were bravely lifting their mostly simple and nearly orbicular leaves and nodding balls of seed from under the golden-rods and brilliant asters."

Every reader of these pages should finish the whole story, which well might be termed "The Romance of the Irish Potato." It may be found in *The Overland Monthly*, for April and May, 1883, and is well worthy a place among the true classics of California literature.

A later *Overland* — that of September, 1888 — contains an exquisitely written, graphic and vivid description of the San Francisco Mountains, near Flagstaff, Arizona, and of a visit Professor and Mrs. Lemmon paid to the Grand Canyon, by way of Peach Springs and Diamond Creek, a route now almost forgotten since the railway to El Tovar was built. They aimed to reach the height of Agassiz, the extinct volcano that forms the highest peak of this beautifully chiseled mountain-range.

"On the way our noiseless vehicle allowed us often to approach quite near herds of graceful antelope feeding in the secluded parks, before their watchful sentinels, stamping the earth with heavy strokes, started the herds off with long bounds.

"The peak, nearly devoid of timber for its upper three thousand feet, was furrowed by several ravines yet partially filled with snow, and their dazzling whiteness, lit up by the declining sun as we approached,

contrasted very effectively with the variegated tints of red, yellow, brown, and black scoriae displayed in stripes and blocks on the bare projecting ribs; while beneath all the supporting meadow of rich grasses held up long reaches to the very banks of melting snow.

" We pitched our tent for the night near the spring and cabin of a sheep-herder. Next morning we were occupied till late, as usual after a day's travel in such a rich botanical region, in drying out the botanical pads; several of the plants, too, were strangers and tempted examination, so it was ten o'clock before we got off for the peak.

" The first three or four miles being a gradual rise covered with grass, we decided to drive the wagon up to a convenient spot near the snow and picket the mules for the day, while we prosecuted the further ascent on foot, — designing to return and make camp at that point for the night and go on eastward next day.

" But no water could be found for the mules. In vain we searched an hour among the ravines; the water from the melting banks sank at once into the scoriae and volcanic ashes; so we were forced either to abandon the trip altogether, or to hasten up, leaving the animals securely tied to suffer a little for water until our return, when we would hurry down to the herder's spring.

" We chose to make the ascent, — in fact the nearness and detail of the monster cone piercing the sky a mile or so above us was simply irresistible."

Then follows a graphic description of the ascent and the view from the summit. Professor Lemmon

here seems to have been inspired. His prose-poems can only be compared to those equally inspired productions of the poet-geologist, Clarence Dutton, written on the brink of the Grand Canyon at Point Sublime. A touch of solid prose, however, ends the poetic rhapsody. Here it is:

"Is it any wonder that we did not leave the spot until the scene-shifter shut off the light? Ah! but that was almost a fatal delay for us.

"Hastening down the steep by long strides and slides in the loose scoriae, we found our animals pulling at their ropes in great fright. No doubt a brown bear — somewhat plentiful in the region — had visited our camp, and of all wild beasts a bear will give most alarm to a mule. Hurriedly attaching the mules to the wagon, we mounted, put on the brakes, and began the descent towards the light in the herder's camp.

"But in the darkness the large boulders and blocks of scoriae, large as modern stove-ranges, that were easily seen and avoided on the up-trip, were unseen now, and the way seemed full of them. The mules, fleeing from a frightful spot, refused to obey the curb-reins, though I drew upon them with all my strength.

"Over the obstacles we bounded; now this side of the vehicle was elevated nearly to the point of overturning, now the other. My wife threw herself into the bottom of the wagon, and resigned herself silently to her fate; while I wrapped the lines about my hands, pressed the brake-bar hard down, and steered the frightened animals, now at full speed, directly down the steep. As the mules flew along, the little wagon

seemed to be almost upon their backs; the wheels hitting only the tops of the rocks, and veering from side to side as the mules dodged the larger boulders.

" By the most marvelous series of accidents the occupants of that little wagon escaped, for a few minutes of this breakneck speeding brought them safely to the camp of the frightened herder, who held his lantern up to their blanched faces, but could only wring from them the exultant explanation of the clattering sound, that they had been to the top of the peak and had looked over into the Grand Canyon."

An adventure of quite a different character befell Professor and Mrs. Lemmon on one of their earlier visits to the Canyon. They reached " Peach Spring at two o'clock in the night, and experienced a reception characteristic of new railroad towns of the period. We were conducted by a brakeman to Farley's tent, the only habitation known as a hotel in the town, and were quartered in a portion of it curtained off by cheap calico.

" Scarcely had we lost consciousness, when pistol shots were heard, and a loud, querulous female voice outside announced that two gamblers in an adjoining saloon had been quarreling, and that ' Jem Smith was shot full of holes.'

" Some of the bullets passed through and over our tent, causing us to lie awake shivering until daylight, while thinking of the then unrealized safety we enjoyed when in the hermit's tunnel of the Chiracahua, and the miner's stone cabin of the Huachuca."

After twenty years of such arduous and yet delightful

explorations, Professor Lemmon was appointed botanist by the California Board of Forestry, and his wife was made botanic artist. This gave them a great opportunity to do pioneer work in California in such a way as to give a strong impetus to the study of forestry. Their work was so excellent that the Department of Botany, at Washington, D. C., in one of the Annual Reports, states that the written results of Professor Lemmon's labors and the illustrations which accompanied them were by far the best that had ever been recorded.

Indeed, it may safely be affirmed that this pair of pioneer botanists were the first forestry conservationists of the State, for as early as 1882 they fought for the preservation of our noble forests. In 1886–1889 the State published their reports, in which the conservation of the forests is urgently insisted upon; and later, at their own expense, they issued books and pamphlets, illustrative of the subject, educative and informing in the highest degree. In those days only the very few in the land saw the dangers that are now so well understood, and only here and there, like voices crying in the wilderness, could those be found with courage and persistence to protest against the destruction of our never-to-be-replaced forests for mere commercialism.

Mrs. Lemmon was as earnest and energetic as her husband. For three years she was Chairman of the Forestry Committee of the California Federation of Women's Clubs, and with pen and voice never ceased pleading for the noble trees she loved so well. One of her pleas was an eight-page brochure, *Some Hints on Forestry*, and this was followed by a seventy-page

booklet, with many illustrations, entitled *How to tell the Trees*, in which her husband wrote an admirable chapter on the grand forest endowment God had bestowed upon California.

Thus, hand in hand, shoulder to shoulder, these sweet-spirited, amiable, and devoted heroes have lived and worked, quietly benefiting a people, many of whom were never even aware of their existence. In November, 1908, the beckoning finger called Professor Lemmon to new and better fields of labor, leaving his loving comrade to issue the book upon which his latest energies were spent, — a work describing and fully illustrating all the native trees of California, — a fitting and appropriate closing chapter in memory of the flowering pathways they trod together for fully thirty years.

CHAPTER XXXII

THE STUDIOUS HERO OF THE MOUNTAINS, JOHN MUIR

IN an earlier chapter has been given the story of Clarence King's mountaineering and the heroism of his endeavors. Soon after the time that Clarence King did the work there recorded, a young man, whose name was to be even more inseparably connected with the mountains of California, was working his way from Madison, Wisconsin, through the South towards the Pacific Coast, though when he started he had no intention to make that the end of his journey. His name was John Muir, — a well-known Scotch name, but as yet almost unknown in American annals. Now, by the life and work of this one man, the name of Muir is known throughout the world.

Rightly to understand and appreciate this life, one should read an article in *The Outlook*, of June 6, 1903, in which Ray Stannard Baker shows how the lad Muir prepared himself unconsciously and unknowingly for the work of the man Muir. It is a wonderful example of that self-discipline I have endeavored to inculcate in the chapter on Junipero Serra. Here are a few quotations to show the spirit of the lad:

"This one of the boys of the Muir family was ambitious, often taking his mathematical problems with

him to the fields and working them out on chips from the trees that he felled; and though he knew that his father's rules were like those of the Medes and Persians, never changeable, and that he could not hope for more time to read in the evening, he was finally told that he might get up as early as he liked in the morning. Though accustomed to sleep ten hours every night, he now broke off sharply to five hours by sheer force of will.

"'It was winter,' he said; 'a boy sleeps soundly after chopping and fence-building all day in frosty air and snow; therefore I feared I would not be able to take any advantage of the granted permission. For I was always asleep at six o'clock when father called, the early-rising machine was not then made, and there was no one to awake me. Going to bed wondering whether I could compel myself to awake before the regular hour and determined to try, I was delighted next morning to find myself early called by will, the power of which over sleep I then for the first time discovered. Throwing myself out of bed and lighting a candle, eager to learn how much time had been gained, I found it was only one o'clock, leaving five hours all my own before the work of the farm begun. At this same hour, all winter long, my will, like a good angel, awoke me, and never did time seem more gloriously precious and rich. Fire was not allowed, so to escape the frost I went down cellar, and there read some favorite book or marked out some invention that haunted me.'

"John Muir's career may be said to have had its

beginning on the day that he set forth, a raw country boy, to conquer the world, hope in his heart and an odd bundle of whittled wooden machinery on his shoulder. He had made a thermometer out of the end rod of his father's wagon, so fastening it to the side of the house that the expansion of the iron in varying degrees of heat was indicated on a large dial. He had invented and built an automatic saw-mill, and several wooden clocks, one of them in the form of a scythe hung on a burr-oak sapling, representing the scythe of old Father Time — a good timekeeper, indicating the days of the week and month, and having attachments for other inventions — for lighting fires and lamps, a bedstead that set the sleeper on his feet at any desired time, and so on. He had also invented an automatic arrangement for feeding horses, a bathing-machine, barometer, pyrometer, hydrometer, safety locks, etc., all original, even the clocks, he never at that time having seen the works of any sort of timekeeper."

In 1860 his neighbors prevailed upon him to exhibit his wonderful inventions at the Wisconsin State Fair, to be held at Madison. Since he had come to the farm from Scotland (when he was eleven years old) he had never been more than six miles from home and had not ridden on a railway, yet a glimpse at his sackful of machinery so interested both conductor and engineer that they allowed him to ride on the engine. When he reached Madison the superintendent of the Fair was "only too pleased at the prospect of exhibiting his marvels, and they soon occupied a prominent

place in the fine-arts hall, where Muir, too shy to pose as the inventor, mingled with the crowd and heard the admiring comments of the spectators. Though suddenly finding himself a celebrity, he refused, quaintly enough, to read the accounts of his inventions which appeared in the newspapers, for his father had always warned him of the deadly poison of praise."

"For four years he was a student (at the State University), supporting himself largely by working in the harvest-fields, by teaching school, and doing all manner of odd jobs."

"It is related that where he once taught school he fitted up a machine which lighted the fire for him every morning, so that he did not have to reach the schoolhouse so early."

Thus he was unconsciously preparing himself to begin his real life work. Through what battlings and strugglings a man attains. In 1866, when he was twenty-seven years old, he writes:

"I have been keeping up an irregular course of study since leaving Madison but with no great success. . . . A lifetime is so little a time that we die ere we get ready to live. I would like to go to college, but then I have to say to myself 'you will die ere you can do anything else.' I should like to invent useful machinery, but it comes 'you do not wish to spend your lifetime among machines and you will die ere you can do anything else.' I should like to study medicine that I might do my part in lessening human misery, but again it comes 'you will die ere you are ready, or able to do

so.' How intensely I desire to be a Humboldt, but again the chilling answer is reiterated. But could we but live a million of years then how delightful to spend in perfect contentment so many thousand years in quiet study in college, so many amid the grateful din of machines, so many among human pain, so many thousands in the sweet study of Nature among the dingles and dells of Scotland, and all the other less important parts of our world. Then perhaps might we, with at least a show of reason, shuffle off this mortal coil and look back upon our star with something of satisfaction. . . . In our higher state of existence we shall have time and intellect for study. Eternity with perhaps the whole unlimited creation of God as our field should satisfy us, and make us patient and trustful, while we pray with the Psalmist: 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' . . . What you say respecting the littleness of the number who are called to 'the pure and deep communion of the beautiful all-loving Nature' is particularly true of the hard-working people with whom I now dwell — in vain is the glorious chart of God in nature spread out for them. 'So many acres chopped' is their motto, so they grub away amid the smoke of magnificent forest trees black as demons and material as the soil they move upon. . . . In my long rambles last summer I did not find a single person who knew anything of botany, and but a few who knew the meaning of the word; and wherein lay the charm that could conduct a man who might as well be gathering mammon, so many miles through these fastnesses to suffer hunger

and exhaustion was with them never to be discovered. . . . That 'sweet day' did, as you wished, reach our hollow, and another is with us now. The sky has the haze of autumn and excepting the aspen not a tree has motion. Upon our enclosing wall of verdure new tints appear. The gorgeous dyes of autumn are too plainly seen, and the forest seems to have found out that again its leaf must fade. Our stream too has a less cheerful sound and, as it bears its foam-bells pensively away from the shallow rapids in the rocks, seems to feel that summer is past."

Let us now go back to the earlier portion of this letter and reread it. Here are four distinct aims that moved Muir's soul at this time. Study of nature, machinery, the healing work of the physician and to be a Humboldt. He bitterly regretted the shortness of human life that he could not take up and master all four departments. An accident soon after this date for the time being injured his eyesight so severely that he feared he had lost sight in his right eye for ever. Here is what he wrote at the time. His letter is dated April 3, 1867. "I felt neither pain nor faintness, the thought was so tremendous that my right eye was gone, that I should never look at a flower again. The sunshine and the winds are working in all the gardens of God, but I, I am lost. I am shut in darkness."

Three days later he writes: "I believe you that 'nothing is without meaning and purpose that comes from a Father's hand,' but during these dark weeks I could not feel this, and as for courage and fortitude, scarce the shadows of these virtues were left me. The

shock upon my nervous system made me weak in mind as a child."

Little by little his sight began to return and on June 9th he writes: "I am thankful that this affliction has drawn me to the sweet fields rather than from them." As soon as he was able he started, with a plant press on his back, and three books in his pocket, — the New Testament, Burns and Milton, — for a tramp through the South. Glad and thankful to be out-of-doors, he tramped, often footsore, weary and hungry, over a thousand miles, to Florida. Then he crossed to Cuba and botanized there.

On this trip he slept out-of-doors most of the time, both as a matter of preference and economy, but it was unwise, for in the Florida swamps he contracted a a fever which again brought him to despair — but the accident to his eyesight and the fever were blessings in disguise.

Here are parts of two letters he wrote while on his Southern trip. "Among the Hills of Bear Creek, seven miles southeast of Burkesville, Kentucky, Sept. 9th. I left Indiana last Monday and have reached this point by a long, weary, roundabout walk. I walked from Louisville, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles, and my feet are sore, but oh, I am paid for all my toil a thousand times over. . . . The sun has been among the tree tops for more than an hour, and the dew is nearly all taken back and the shade in these hid basins is creeping away into the unbroken strongholds of the grand old forest. I have enjoyed the trees and scenery of Kentucky ex-

ceedingly. How shall I ever tell of the miles and miles of beauty that have been flowing into me? These lofty curving ranks of rolling, swelling hills; these concealed valleys of fathomless verdure and these lordly trees with the nursing sunlight glancing on their leaves upon the outlines of the magnificent masses of shade embosomed among their wide branches. These are cut into my memory to go with me forever.

"I am in the woods on a hill top with my back against a moss-clad log. I wish you could see my last evening's bedroom.

"It was a few miles south of Louisville where I planned my journey. I spread out my map under a tree and made up my mind to go through Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia to Florida, thence to Cuba, thence to some part of South America. But it will be only a hasty walk. I am thankful, however, for so much."

The second letter is dated Cedar Keys, November 8th.

"I am just creeping about, getting plants and strength after my fever. I do not yet know which point in S. America I had better go to."

Then suddenly his purpose changed. California was suggested. He decided to accept the suggestion. He came by way of the Isthmus of Panama, and in April of 1868 stood in the streets of the active, bustling, exciting, gold-loving San Francisco. One would have supposed this new and stirring city of the Pacific shore would have aroused his curiosity and desire to know all of its wonders and mysteries. But not a nerve thrilled

to any call the wonderful city made. Far to the south and east were the Sierra Nevada — those peaks of the great snowy range that separate California from Nevada — with their deep canyons, glacier-formed domes, fearsome precipices, dense forests, all sending out thrills of allurement. He knew next to nothing about what he was going to see; he anticipated nothing of the great discoveries that were to make him famous, yet the mysteries and wonders of this portion of great Nature called to him with many voices that could not be withstood, and, with but one day given to the attractions of the city, he fled to the mountains.

It was the voice of his fate, his love, calling to him. He could not have resisted it had he tried, and he did not try. He went, he saw, and was conquered. Since then he has wandered over many thousands of miles of the earth's varied surface, yet he has never lost his first love for the Sierra Nevada.

With all this after knowledge before us, it is interesting to read in a letter dated " Near Snelling, Merced Co., California, July 26th, 1868. Fate and flowers have carried me to California and I have reveled and luxuriated amid its plants and mountains nearly four months. I am well again. I came to life in the cool winds and crystal waters of the mountains, and were it not for a thought now and again of loneliness and isolation, the pleasure of my existence would be complete. I will remain here eight or nine months."

That was in 1868. It is now 1910; forty-two years later, and John Muir is still within sight and reach and smell of his beloved Sierras.

But at this distance it is more than interesting to read a few passages from his first letter descriptive of the wonders of California.

" After a delightful sail I arrived in San Francisco in April, and struck out at once into the country. I followed the Diablo foothills along the San Jose valley to Gilroy — thence over the Diablo Mountains to the valley of San Joaquin by the Pacheco pass, thence down the valley opposite the mouth of the Merced River, thence across the San Joaquin, and up into the Sierra Nevadas to the mammoth trees of Mariposa, and the glorious Yo-Semite — thence down the Merced to this place.

" The goodness of the weather as I journeyed towards Pacheco was beyond all praise and description — fragrant, and mellow, and bright, the sky was perfectly delicious. Sweet enough for the breath of angels, every draught of it gave a separate and distinct piece of pleasure. I do not believe that Adam and Eve ever tasted better in their balmiest nook. The last of the coast range foothills were in near view all the way to Gilroy; their union with the valley is by curves and slopes of inimitable beauty, and they were robed with the greenest grass and richest light I ever beheld, and colored and shaded with myriads of flowers of every hue, chiefly of purple and golden yellow, and hundreds of crystal rills joined song with the larks, filling all the valley with music like a sea, making it Eden from end to end.

" The scenery too, and all of nature in the pass is fairly enchanting, — strange and beautiful mountian ferns, low in the dark canyons, and high upon the

rocky sunlit peaks, — banks of blooming shrubs, and sprinklings, and gatherings of garment flowers, precious and pure as ever enjoyed the sweets of a mountain home. Oh what streams are there beaming, glancing, — each with music of its own, singing as they go in shadow and light, onward upon their lovely changing pathways to the sea. And hills rise over hills, and mountains over mountains, heaving, waving, swelling, in most glorious overpowering, unreadable majesty — and when at last stricken and faint like a crushed insect, you hope to escape from all the terrible grandeur of these mountain powers, other mountains, other oceans break forth before you, for there, in clear view, over heaps and rows of foothills is laid a grand, smooth, outspread plain, watered by a river, and another range of peaky, snow-capped mountains a hundred miles in the distance. That plain is the valley of the San Joaquin, and those mountains are the great Sierra Nevadas. The valley of the San Joaquin is the floweriest piece of world I ever walked — one vast, level, even flower-bed — a sheet of flowers — a smooth sea, ruffled a little in the middle by the tree-fringing of the river, and here and there of smaller cross streams from the mountains. Florida is indeed a land of flowers, but for every flower creature that dwells in its most delightsome places, more than a hundred are living here. Here, here is Florida. Here they are not sprinkled apart with grass between as in our prairies, but grasses are sprinkled in the flowers; not as in Cuba, flowers piled upon flowers, heaped and gathered into deep glowing masses, but side by side, flower to flower, petal to

petal, touching but not entwined, branches weaving past and past each other, but free and separate — one smooth garment, mosses next the ground, grasses above, petaled flowers between.

" Before studying the flowers of this valley, and their sky, and all of the furniture, and sounds, and adornments of their home, one can scarce believe that their vast assemblies are permanent, but rather that, actuated by some great plant purpose, they had convened from every plain, and mountain, and meadow of their kingdom, and that the different coloring of patches, acres and miles, marked the bounds of the various tribe and family encampments."

In 1876 he joined the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey in order to know something of the deserts and mountain ranges on the other side of the Sierras. For three years he worked, mainly in Nevada and Utah, enlarging his knowledge, and coming into contact with many interesting and unconventional people in the States of Sage Brush and Mormons.

Then he went back to his glacier studies in the Sierras, and in 1879 determined to explore the glaciers of Alaska. There he discovered the great glacier that bears his name, as well as Glacier Bay, into which it flows. He traveled thousands of miles up and down the streams of Alaska, often alone, sometimes with Indians, many hundreds of miles in the company of Rev. S. Hall Young, a Presbyterian missionary. In 1881 he was a member of the Corwin expedition which went in search of De Long and the ill-fated *Jeannette*,

and thus was afforded another opportunity of extending his glacial studies in the Behring Sea and along the coast of Siberia. The continuity and persistence of his interests may be seen from the fact that he personally explored and studied the most notable ice-rivers of North America, as well as the work of the ancient and extinct glaciers, and then, in 1893, went to Norway and Switzerland in order to compare what he had seen on this continent with the conditions there.

In person he is tall, wiry, of slight build, but possessed of the muscles, nerves and sinews of a trained athlete. Dressed in black conventional costume, he looks more like a minister than the hero of mountain climbing adventures and daring glacier-exploring.

Muir's later work has been mainly in the West. He has been a persistent and tireless worker. Hundreds of pages in magazines, scientific journals, newspapers testify to his indomitable energy, and his two books, *The Mountains of California* and *Our National Parks*, are prose poems full of meat for scientist, orator and writer. Everything he writes is worth reading. He always has something to say and says it well, because he writes unaffectedly and simply. But when his heart is bounding with joy he does not refrain from expressing it, — he pours it out with enthusiasm and thus communicates the same delightful emotions to his readers. He has written only one other book, — a beautiful story of a dog, *Stickeen*.

To give a little of Muir's flavor, his literary style, as differentiated from his letters, let me quote an ex-

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JOHN MUIR, RESTING BY THE SIDE OF A HIGH SIERRA LAKELET.

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perience from the first-named book, in the chapter entitled, "A Near View of the High Sierra."

"I made my bed in a nook of the pine-thicket, where the branches were pressed and crinkled overhead like a roof, and bent down around the sides. These are the best bedchambers the high mountains afford — snug as squirrel-nests, well ventilated, full of spicy odors, and with plenty of wind-played needles to sing one asleep. I little expected company, but, creeping in through a low side-door, I found five or six birds nestling among the tassels. The night-wind began to blow soon after dark; at first only a gentle breathing, but increasing toward midnight to a rough gale that fell upon my leafy roof in ragged surges like a cascade, bearing wild sounds from the crags overhead. The waterfall sang in chorus, filling the old ice-fountain with its solemn roar, and seeming to increase in power as the night advanced — fit voice for such a landscape. I had to creep out many times to the fire during the night, for it was biting cold and I had no blankets. Gladly I welcomed the morning star."

His objective point was Mount Ritter — one of the glorious snow-clad peaks of the Sierras.

"There, immediately in front, loomed the majestic mass of Mount Ritter, with a glacier swooping down its face nearly to my feet, then curving westward and pouring its frozen flood into a dark blue lake, whose shores were bound with precipices of crystalline snow; while a deep chasm drawn between the divide and the glacier separated the massive picture from everything else. . . . After gazing spellbound, I began instinctively

to scrutinize every notch and gorge and weathered buttress of the mountain, with reference to making the ascent. The entire front of the glacier appeared as one tremendous precipice, slightly receding at the top, and bristling with spires and pinnacles set above one another in formidable array. . . . I could not distinctly hope to reach the summit from this side, yet I moved on across the glacier as if driven by fate. Contending with myself, the season is too far spent, I said, and even should I be successful, I might be storm-bound on the mountains; and in the cloud-darkness, with the cliffs and crevasses covered with snow, how could I escape? No; I must wait till next summer. I would only approach the mountain now, and inspect it, creep about its flanks, learn what I could of its history, holding myself ready to flee on the approach of the first storm-cloud. But we little know until tried how much of the uncontrollable there is in us, urging across glaciers and torrents, and up dangerous heights, let the judgment forbid as it may.

"I succeeded in gaining the foot of the cliff on the eastern extremity of the glacier, and there discovered the mouth of a narrow avalanche gully, through which I began to climb, intending to follow it as far as possible, and at least obtain some fine wild views for my pains. Its general course is oblique to the plain of the mountain-face, and the metamorphic slates of which the mountain is built are cut by cleavage planes in such a way that they weather off in angular blocks, giving rise to irregular steps that greatly facilitate climbing on the sheer places. I thus made my way into a wilder-

ness of crumbling spires and battlements, built together in bewildering combinations, and glazed in many places with a thin coating of ice, which I had to hammer off with stones. The situation was gradually becoming more perilous; but, having passed several dangerous spots, I dared not think of descending; for, so steep was the entire ascent, one would inevitably fall to the glacier in case a single misstep were made. Knowing, therefore, the tried danger beneath, I became all the more anxious concerning the developments to be made above, and began to be conscious of a vague foreboding of what actually befell; not that I was given to fear, but rather because my instincts, usually so positive and true, seemed vitiated in some way, and were leading me astray. At length, after attaining an elevation of about eight hundred feet, I found myself at the foot of a sheer drop in the bed of the avalanche channel I was tracing, which seemed absolutely to bar further progress. It was only about forty-five or fifty feet high, and somewhat roughened by fissures and projections; but these seemed so slight and insecure, as footholds, that I tried hard to avoid the precipice altogether, by scaling the wall of the channel on either side. But, though less steep, the walls were smoother than the obstructing rock, and repeated efforts only showed that I must either go right ahead or turn back. The tried dangers beneath seemed even greater than that of the cliff in front; therefore, after scanning its face again and again, I began to scale it, picking my holds with intense caution. After gaining a point about half-way to the top, I was suddenly

brought to a dead stop, with arms outspread, clinging close to the face of the rock, unable to move hand or foot either up or down. My doom appeared fixed. I *must* fall. There would be a moment of bewilderment, and then a lifeless rumble down the one general precipice to the glacier below.

" When this final danger flashed upon me, I became nerve-shaken for the first time since setting foot on the mountains, and my mind seemed to fill with a stifling smoke. But this terrible eclipse lasted only a moment, when life blazed forth again with preternatural clearness. I seemed suddenly to become possessed of a new sense. The other self, bygone experiences, Instinct, or Guardian Angel, — call it what you will, — came forward and assumed control. Then my trembling muscles became firm again, every rift and flaw in the rock was seen as through a microscope, and my limbs moved with a positiveness and precision with which I seemed to have nothing at all to do. Had I been borne aloft upon wings, my deliverance could not have been more complete.

" Above this memorable spot, the face of the mountain is still more savagely hacked and torn. It is a maze of yawning chasms and gullies, in the angles of which rise beetling crags and piles of detached boulders that seem to have been gotten ready to be launched below. But the strange influx of strength I had received seemed inexhaustible. I found a way without effort, and soon stood on the topmost crag in the blessed light."

There are five things in John Muir's career that stand

out with boldness as landmarks for the guidance of young men who would attain in their sphere, as he has attained in his. These are: 1. His determinate and careful selection of the work he deemed worthy the energy of his life. In John Muir, the author of that much praised book — The Simple Life — would find a living example of his teaching. No man can love Nature as Muir does and not become simplified in tastes, requirements, needs. And thus it is that a man lives. Muir knows no policy, no diplomacy; follows no man-made charts of life, has no fear as to what other people think, feel, act or do. He does his own chosen work bravely, fearlessly, reverently, and knows, with Emerson, that God's Spirit within a man will never guide him far wrong. Here is a short extract from one of his own frank expressions upon this subject: "I am glad to know by you and Emerson, and others, living and dead, that my unconditional surrender to Nature has produced exactly what you have foreseen — that, drifting without human charts through light and dark, calm and storm, I have come to so glorious an ocean."

2. The result of this selection was a concentration of power that was bound to produce results. Muir eliminated all distracting influences. He subordinated his desires for lesser good to the good he deemed highest for himself, — his complete abandon to a study of Nature.

3. Everything he did, he did thoroughly. He was a born questioner. What people said and believed was "so" did not necessarily make it so. Muir was a phi-

losopher. He reasoned that as errors have been made by taking things for granted in the past, such errors will continue to be made, and, therefore, in his mountain and glacier work he would question everything, and then demand an answer. This meant a steady, persistent thoroughness, a resolute patience that tries and tests men. It does more, too. If they stand the test it develops them. And so Muir was developed. You cannot determine the flow of glacial ice in a day, or a week, or a month, or a year. You cannot resolve questions of geology in an hour. Theories are not changed into scientific certainties by chance. Let Muir tell in one of his letters how he studied glaciers and came to his conclusions. Says he: "Although I was myself thus fully satisfied concerning the real nature of these ice masses I found that my friends regarded my deductions and statements with distrust, therefore I determined to collect proofs of the common measured arithmetical kind.

"On the 21st of August last, I planted five stakes in the glacier of Mt. McClure, which is situated east of Yosemite Valley near the summit of the range. Four of these stakes were extended across the glacier in a straight line, from the east side to a point near the middle of the glacier. The first stake was planted about twenty-five yards from the east bank of the glacier, the second ninety-four yards, the third one hundred and fifty-two, and the fourth two hundred and twenty-five yards. The positions of these stakes were determined by sighting across from bank to bank past a plumbline made of a stone and a black horse hair.

On observing my stakes on the sixth of October, or in twenty-six days after being planted, I found that stake No. 1 had been carried down stream eleven inches, No. 2 eighteen inches, No. 3, thirty-four, No. 4, forty-seven inches.

"As stake No. 4 was near the middle of the glacier, perhaps it was not far from the point of maximum velocity, forty-seven inches in forty-six days or one inch per day.

"Stake No. 5 was planted about midway between the head of the glacier and stake No. 4. Its motion I found to be in forty-six days forty inches. Thus these ice masses are seen to possess the true glacial motion. Their surfaces are striped with bent dirt bands. These surfaces are bulged and undulated by inequalities in the bottom of their basins causing an upward and downward swedging corresponding to the horizontal swedging as indicated by the curved dirt bands.

"The Mt. McClure Glacier is about one-half mile in length and about the same in width at the broadest place.

"It is crevassed on the southeast corner; the crevasse runs about southwest and northeast and is several hundred yards in length. Its width is nowhere more than one foot in width.

"The Mt. Lyell Glacier, separated from that of McClure by a narrow crest, is about a mile in width by a mile in length."

4. From this and other of his letters it is evident that no second-hand knowledge was ever of service to him.

He learned everything at first hand. The world is deluged to-day with Nature books. But no man knows Nature who only reads about her. He must live with her, personally commune with her. Muir having done so for many years, his words, when he either writes or speaks, have weight. When he first began to tell of what he had discovered of the living glaciers in the Sierra Nevada, the scientists laughed at the presumption of a "sheepherder" to question the determinations of such great scientists as Whitney, King, Le Conte, and Hoffman. These men knew there were no living glaciers in the Sierras. They knew the Yosemite Valley was formed by a great cataclysm which had split open three thousand feet of solid granite and yawned so vastly that the bed of the valley had dropped in to that depth. Who was Muir, that he dare challenge these long-accepted theories of the scientists? Muir was nothing, save in that he was the human instrument of careful observation, thorough reflection, and accurate recording of the facts; and he lived to see every scientist in the world hastening to declare his belief that he was right and his fellow-scientists of the past wrong.

Muir never would have changed the knowledge of the world from error to truth had he been content to accept other people's ideas. He must know for himself. And thus must every person do who would really know. This lesson Muir learned early and has taught grandly to the world. The slow accumulation of facts, the resolute hunting down of an idea, the persistent determination that things must prove themselves ere

he accepted them, ultimately made of him a great scientist.

5. Nor is this all that Nature made of Muir. She made him a poet and a man of power. To many people these two things do not harmonize — poetry and power. Yet every true poet is a man of power. The poet is one who sees and knows, who understands and interprets. Power is not always measured by pounds and tons, kilowatts and other material indications. The power of initial thought can seldom be measured or estimated, yet one thought properly given has sometimes changed the whole current of history. The power of thought is well seen in the lives and works of such men as Luther, Mahomet, Patrick Henry, Lincoln, Herbert Spencer, Darwin and Muir. And in no way does one lose power in becoming a poet. The poet is one who sees below the actual or material surfaces of things, and understands their spirit, then has the ability to tell what he sees in the most perfect way, so that you also see. The poet, then, is an enlarger of other people's visions. He broadens, widens, deepens, heightens their outlook upon the things that surround them. Is this an occupation unworthy the energies of the manliest of men? Nay, but rather should all men seek to be poets if thereby they might heighten the joy of living in themselves and their neighbors. It is the poet in them that makes of men artists, painters, sculptors, architects, writers. And according as they get their inspiration so is their power. The man who gets his inspiration from Nature, from the basic things, from the primitive sources, is filled with a basic, primi-

tive power that is dominating, overwhelming. Such was the power of Michael Angelo, of Shakspere, of Millet, of Rodin. Such is the power of Muir. Such power is for all time; it lasts as long as man lasts. It is permanent, because the good in human nature is permanent, persistent, divine.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE TENDER HEROINE OF INDIAN FRIENDSHIP, HELEN HUNT JACKSON

WHEN the pioneers came to California, they found many Indians living in dug-outs in the sides of the mountains, or in the rudest kind of mud houses, so they called them Diggers and wrote home that they were the most degraded and worthless human beings they had ever seen or known. Even those who thought they knew something of them, and studied them, came to the conclusion that they were a good-for-nothing, wretched, useless race, cumbering the earth, and that the sooner they could be gotten rid of the better. In time a saying became as common here as it was elsewhere, viz., "the only good Indian is the dead Indian," and many white people quoted this as a justification for all kinds of evil and dishonest treatment of the Indian. Throughout the whole country there were but few to defend this helpless race, and those who did were berated for their waste of sympathy. The cruelties of the Indians in warfare were brought up, their occasional outbreaks, and the murder, with atrocious details, of helpless women and children. But it was overlooked and forgotten that these outbreaks were caused, *in every case*, by the wicked and cruel treatment the Indians had received at the hands of

white men. On every hand this treatment was common. From the government down to the meanest hunter, miner and squatter, no one felt that the Indian had any rights that needed to be respected. We wanted the land the Indians roamed over, we wanted the forests they lived in during the summer, we wanted the game they hunted for food, we wanted the streams in which they fished, we wanted springs, especially in the desert and arid regions, from which they secured water for themselves and their flocks and herds; indeed we wanted *everything* they possessed that we thought we could use, for were we not "the superior race," and had not God given to us this great country to use simply and solely for our own benefit?

What to us was the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God? What cared we about the brotherhood of man? Those doctrines applied only to our own race, our own people; and these Indians were bronze-skinned and only "savages." Because they were bronze-skinned and wore the rude robes of their forefathers, the dressed pelts of animals; because they did not herd themselves in cities, in crowded streets and tenement and apartment houses, and build hotels and court-houses and churches in which to live and practise "law" one upon another, and have some one teach them "religion," they were necessarily "heathen" and lawless and religionless. Hence why spare them? They were dreadfully insistent at times that they had "rights." They didn't like to have their springs taken away; they resented being told that they must no longer hunt over the plains where their ancestors had

hunted before ever a white man trod the continent; they resisted when they were driven from their cornfields by *civilized* white men. They had the impudence to be angry when members of this great, noble, and Christian white race corrupted their wives and daughters. They were foolish and simple-hearted enough to expect white men — especially officers of the army and government — to speak the truth when they pledged their words of honor, even in solemn treaty, that they — the Indians — should be protected in all the rights they had enjoyed from time immemorial. Their old men thought they were patriotic when they pleaded with the representatives of the white race to prohibit the selling of alcoholic liquors to their young men and their women: they saw the havoc the deadly firewater was causing and wished to stay its insidious influence; but we were a great commercial nation and could not interfere with the vested interests of our brewers and whisky distillers, simply to please a few "brutal, ignorant savages." What did the ruin of the bodies — never mind the souls — of a few thousands of Indians amount to, compared with the commercial interests of "our great and wonderful country?" The Indians had a kind of an idea that the land they had used for centuries belonged to them, but it was left for a California court of justice — confirmed by the Supreme Court of the State and afterwards by the Supreme Court of the United States — to show them the foolishness of such an idea.

Helen Hunt Jackson saw all these things, and being a good and noble woman, with red blood coursing

through her heart, and ability to use her own brain, regardless of what others said, she came to the conclusion that no matter what we called ourselves, or the Indians, our conduct towards them was not Christian, was not honest, was not true, was not civilized, was not anything, in fact, that was good, decent, honorable and commendable, but, on the other hand, was fiendish, monstrous and cruel in the extreme.

In this she was not alone. There were large numbers of men and women in the land who had discovered the same things, and some of them were trying to stem the tide of evil treatment of our helpless wards. But Mrs. Jackson had not only a large heart, she had a clear brain and a determined soul, and she swore a large oath that, God helping her, she would *do* something that should help stop these great wrongs.

First she wrote a book entitled *The Century of Dishonor*, which recited our government's wicked treatment of the Indian in the open and cruel violation of treaties; and she gave "chapter and verse" of these treaties and quoted government officials' reports to show the grievous wrongs that constantly were being committed.

This book produced somewhat of a sensation, but it was as a handful of sand thrown into the ocean. This aroused her to see that something more must be done. Enough had been said to prepare the country for her message, and she began to give it in clear, womanly tones, yet insistently, forcefully, and relentlessly. Her mind was keenly logical; she was an indefatigable and tireless worker; she saw what the

people ought to know, and her literary gift enabled her so to set things forth that she had the open sesame to many powerful and influential papers. Her enthusiasm was unbounded, and she compelled attention by the seriousness of her charges, the logical ability with which she prepared them, and the persistence with which she pressed them. Evaded on a point, she brought the evader's attention to it from another standpoint. She compelled a complete revelation of the hands of the officials; they shuffled and quibbled, shirked and tried to elude, but, with a power no one ever dreamed her to possess, she led them on to unmask their batteries, disclose their secret policies, and either defend or abandon them. Her controversy with Carl Schurz, the Secretary of the Interior, is as interesting as the combat between an able lawyer and an equally able witness; and when she had forced him clearly to declare his attitude, she did not hesitate, with equal clearness, either to condemn or have it condemned by the leaders of the New York press.

Here, then, is the woman, who, in 1882, came to Southern California to study on the ground itself the Franciscan Missions and the Indians for whom they had been founded. Her careful researches made in the Astor Library, New York, in 1880, had informed her of some of the wrongs perpetrated upon them, and with a heart fired by the constant injustices done to Indians generally, who were denied by "the powers that be" any standing in court, and were therefore at the mercy of all the hangers-on and politician-vultures who sought to fatten on their very flesh and

blood, she was ready to take up their case just as soon as its urgency was made clear to her.

The *Century Magazine* had given her a commission to write a series of articles, — what, they hardly knew, save that they were to be on the Missions and the Indians of California, and with characteristic energy and clear-sightedness she began to go right to the heart of the subject.

She secured letters to the Catholic bishop and priests who might be able to help her; she made friends with old Spanish families and sought their aid; she visited the Missions themselves, and in the spell of their presence sought to live again in the time of their greatest activities. She consulted original records and gathered a vast fund of information, which she transmitted into delightfully interesting literature in her *Century* articles. First she wrote about Junipero Serra and the Missions he and his successors founded and conducted. Then she took up the existent conditions of the Mission Indians.

What she then saw led her to resolve to attempt to move the government to do something, honestly and really, not by mere resolutions and reports and red tape and verbal flimflam, but by *action*, to preserve to these poor creatures some portion of the homes that were " legally " being wrested from them.

Accordingly, on July 7, 1882, she was instructed by the Indian Department, " to visit the Mission Indians of California, and ascertain the location and condition of the various bands; whether suitable land in their vicinity, belonging to the public domain,

could be made available as a permanent home for such of those Indians as were not established upon reservations, and what, if any, lands should be purchased for their use."

She visited the various tribes in company with the Hon. Abbott Kinney, — later known as the founder of Venice, a beautiful seaside resort near Los Angeles, — and made her report to the government, but, to her amazement, next to nothing was done. Then she saw that her appeal must be a direct one to the hearts of the American people. She realized that politicians would do little or nothing unless compelled to act by the direct demand of their constituents, so, fired to the very depths of her heart, she determined to write a novel, — a book that should compel attention and teach Americans that Indians were human beings as capable of high emotions, of beautiful ideals, of noble lives as they themselves were. November 8, 1883, she wrote the following letter from Colorado Springs (her home), to two of her Spanish friends in Los Angeles, who had taken her to their hearts and aided her in her research work among the Indians:

"My dear Friends, Mr. and Mrs. Coronel: I send you herewith the very bad picture of myself, which I think you will wish you had never seen. If you do, you are quite at liberty to burn it up.

"I had forgotten that I paid you the five dollars for the work done by the Indian woman. Keep it, if you please; there may be something to come from Father Ubach to pay expressage on, or there may be a

box to be made to hold all my stone mortars, etc., which Mr. Bliss is going to get for me one of these years. It may be well for you to have a little money of mine on hand to meet these possible charges. I have asked Father Ubach to send to me in your care the old looking-glass frame which I forgot to put into the box he sent here; it was really one of the things I cared most for of all the relics promised me, and I was exceedingly sorry to forget it. He, however, did much to atone for this by putting into the box a piece of one of the old olive trees from the San Diego Mission. I shall present part of it to Archbishop Corrigan. I think he will value a piece of one of the fruit trees planted by Father Junipero. I am sure you will have rejoiced at the removal of Lawson from the agency of the Mission Indians. I hope the new man will prove better; he hardly can prove worse. I wish we could have selected the new agent ourselves; but it was a political appointment, of which we knew nothing until it was all settled. Our report has been favorably received, and its recommendations will be incorporated in a bill before Congress this winter. I hope the bill will pass. But I know too much of Washington to be sanguine. However, if we had accomplished nothing more than the securing the appointment of Brunson & Wells, Los Angeles, as United States attorneys, to protect the Indians' rights to lands, that would be matter of gratitude. I suppose you have heard of that appointment. I hope through their means to save the Saboba village, San Jacinto, from being turned out of their home. Now, I am as usual asking

help. I will tell you what my next work for the Indians is to be.

"I am going to write a novel, in which will be set forth some Indian experiences in a way to move people's hearts. People will read a novel when they will not read serious books. The scenes of the novel will be in Southern California, and I shall introduce enough of Mexicans and Americans to give it variety. The thing I want most, in the way of help, from you, is this: I would like an account, written in as much detail as you remember, of the time when you, dear Mr. Coronel, went to Temecula and marked off the boundaries of the Indians' land there. How many Indians were living there then? What crops had they? Had they a chapel? etc. Was Pablo Assis, their chief, alive? I would like to know his whole history, life, death, and all, minutely. The Temecula ejectment will be one of the episodes in my story, and any and every detail in connection with it will be of value to me. I shall also use the *San Pasquale Pueblo History*, and I have written to Father Ubach and to Mr. Morse, of San Diego, for their reminiscences. You and they are the only persons to whom I have spoken of my purpose of writing the novel, and I do not wish anything said about it. I shall keep it a secret until the book is about done.

"I hope very much that I can succeed in writing a story which will help to increase the interest already so much aroused at the East in the Indian question.

"If you think of any romantic incidents, either

box to be made to hold all my stone mortars, etc., which Mr. Bliss is going to get for me one of these years. It may be well for you to have a little money of mine on hand to meet these possible charges. I have asked Father Ubach to send to me in your care the old looking-glass frame which I forgot to put into the box he sent here; it was really one of the things I cared most for of all the relics promised me, and I was exceedingly sorry to forget it. He, however, did much to atone for this by putting into the box a piece of one of the old olive trees from the San Diego Mission. I shall present part of it to Archbishop Corrigan. I think he will value a piece of one of the fruit trees planted by Father Junipero. I am sure you will have rejoiced at the removal of Lawson from the agency of the Mission Indians. I hope the new man will prove better; he hardly can prove worse. I wish we could have selected the new agent ourselves; but it was a political appointment, of which we knew nothing until it was all settled. Our report has been favorably received, and its recommendations will be incorporated in a bill before Congress this winter. I hope the bill will pass. But I know too much of Washington to be sanguine. However, if we had accomplished nothing more than the securing the appointment of Brunson & Wells, Los Angeles, as United States attorneys, to protect the Indians' rights to lands, that would be matter of gratitude. I suppose you have heard of that appointment. I hope through their means to save the Saboba village, San Jacinto, from being turned out of their home. Now, I am as usual asking

help. I will tell you what my next work for the Indians is to be.

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"I hope very much that I can succeed in writing a story which will help to increase the interest already so much aroused at the East in the Indian question.

"If you think of any romantic incidents, either

Mexican or Indian, which you think would work well into a story of Southern California life, please write them out for me. I wish I had had this plan in my mind last year when I was in Los Angeles. I would have taken notes of many interesting things you told me. But it is only recently, since writing out for our report the full accounts of the different bands of Indians there, that I have felt that I dared undertake the writing of a long story.

"I am going to New York in a few days, and shall be busily at work there all winter on my story. My address will be, 'The Berkeley,' corner Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street.

"I hope you are all well, and enjoying the same sunshine as last year. Mr. Jackson is well, and would send his regards if he were at home.

"Yours, always cordially,

"HELEN JACKSON."

When once this thought of writing a novel had entered her mind, she was totally absorbed by it. Every energy was bent towards its accomplishment. All her fervor, literary ability, powers of research, observation and enthusiasm were harnessed in the one cause. Her researches had given her a wonderful familiarity with all the details, so picturesque, so unusual, so pathetic, so romantic, for the details of the book, and her life of travel and writing about what she had seen rendered her peculiarly fitted to set forth the exquisite beauty and grandeur of Southern California as the background of her story. Then, too, so many real

incidents were ready to her hand to fit into the novel. These she gathered from every available source. Don Antonio Coronel and his noble wife opened up the rich treasure-house of their well-stored minds, and revealed the deep and loving sympathies of their profound natures and poured forth facts and suggestions innumerable.

From Miss Sheriff, who had for years been a teacher at Saboba, Mrs. Jackson heard the story of the slaying of the Indian, Juan Diego, in the mountains near by, by Sam Temple, who accused him of stealing his horse. Mrs. Sheriff, now Mrs. Fowler, still lives at San Jacinto. From Mrs. Jordan, who was personally familiar with all the facts, she heard the corroboration of the story, learned the absolute truth of Juan Diego's attacks of "loco," the taking of Temple's horse, and gained the character of Aunt Ri.

From Juan Diego's wife, whose actual name is Ramona Lubo, she heard the story of how Temple came and shot down her husband at close range as he came out of their little cabin, and of Ramona's flight to Cahuilla.

From Don Antonio and certain Los Angeles lawyers who were interested in the Indians, as well as from the government records and the lips of the Indians themselves, she heard of the evictions at Temecula and San Pasqual.

With her literary friends, chiefly Mrs. Jeanne C. Carr, of Pasadena, she consulted freely about the story, and no one will ever be able to estimate the influence Mrs. Carr's clear mind, artistic conceptions,

and deep loving nature, fully given over to the Indians, exercised upon the growing novel.

All that was now needed was her framework, the skeleton of the story, the plot. She had studied the Missions, the old Spanish days, the Indians in their humble homes, Southern California in general, as no other person had ever done.

She created the plot and little by little the story assumed shape. Mrs. Jackson had seen enough of Southern California to have absorbed its spirit, its sunshine, its glowing atmosphere, and now, filled with facts about the Indians over which she had deeply brooded, until they had become vivid pictures engraved upon her very soul, she began to write. Once the pen was in her hands, a divine frenzy seized her. She wrote as one possessed. Indeed she wrote to her publisher that it was only the physical impossibility that prevented her from finishing it at a sitting, for, said she: "I have the whole story at my finger ends."

Its publication formed an epoch. When it appeared, in 1884, many critics hailed it "the great American novel." Throbbing with emotion, palpitant with life, vivid in its picturing of all the scenes, whether of inanimate or animate nature, realistic in its delineations of human character, sympathetic in its dealings with the despised and downtrodden Indians, outspoken in its denunciation of the wrongs perpetrated upon them; recognized at once as an authoritative picture of the Spanish California life of the time, it sprang with a bound into public favor. It was not widely heralded

by advertising as a great novel, but it won its way by its own power. Few, indeed, of the popular novels that are "the greatest sellers" for a few weeks or months are remembered after a year or two are gone, but *Ramona* is as widely read, and almost as widely purchased to-day, as when it was in the full dawn of its first popularity. Only the other day I stood by the desk of a "baggage smasher" in one of the baggage rooms of a railway depot. In one of the pigeonholes, ready at hand for a spare moment or at lunchtime, was a well-worn copy of *Ramona*. "That's the bulliest story I ever read in my life," said the rude-handed son of toil, in response to my comment. And I could not help but feel: How is it possible for one to read this story and not feel its humanizing influence? Thus the good work goes on. The book is a constant missionary, ever silently, but potently, preaching the beautiful doctrine of the humanity of *all* men, regardless of the color of their skin, and the *Universal* Fatherhood of God.

CHAPTER XXXIV

THE PERSISTENT HERO OF A GREAT HISTORY, HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT

CALIFORNIA and the Pacific Coast region have a history more varied, more strange, and more romantic, perhaps, than that of any country in the world.

Speaking for California alone, during the sixty years of its existence, its history is unequaled, full of dramatic surprises, changes and evolutions. Originally occupied by two classes of Indians,—the peaceable fishers, trappers, hunters and basket-makers of the coast and interior valleys, and the more warlike tribes of the mountains, — prior to its entry into the sisterhood of the United States, it had several important epochs. First came that of Spanish discovery, then its missionization by the Franciscan padres, when the striking mission buildings were erected, followed by its separation from Spain, its government as a province of Mexico, and a rather large influx of American hunters, trappers, shippers and coast traders. Then came the military invasion of Frémont, Sloat, and Kearny's "Army of the West," the seizure from Mexico, the discovery of gold, and the establishment of a State government. It saw its mines add to the gold supply of the world fabulous amounts in a short space of time, and had barely settled down to a recognition

HUBERT HOWE BANCROFT.

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LUTHER BURBANK.

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Photo. by H. W. Gleason, Boston.

LUTHER BURBANK'S BIRTHPLACE, LANCASTER, MASS.

of its own life when it was again thrilled through and through by the discovery of the mines of the Comstock Lode in Nevada. It occupied a unique position during the Civil War, and developed the overland stage lines and pony express to a higher degree of efficiency than had ever before been known. It started an epidemic of railroad building all over the country by the completion of its transcontinental railway, and quickened rapid transit in many cities by the development of its cable street-railways. It has had its heroic epoch — the days when cattlemen were its kings — and its pomological and agricultural developments. Its growth in irrigation has been a revelation to the world, and its transformed deserts are now among the garden spots of Western America. Its oil discoveries, and the use of oil for fuel in houses, manufactories, and steam engines have revolutionized the fuel problem on the Coast, and made possible wonderful advancement in manufacturing. Its scenic and climatic environment has been an increasingly potent factor in its attractiveness to settlers from all parts of the world, and, in conclusion, it has developed a civilization peculiarly its own, which is destined to influence the future history of the world far more than its most far-seeing prophets realize.

Naturally the written records of a country grow scarcer and more valuable the further Time carries back the hour of their occurrence, while the unwritten history of the participants in any particular epoch can be obtained only while they are still alive.

To undertake to gather these written records, pub-

lished and unpublished (the latter found in private or official documents, often of the highest value), and to collect the many personal and unwritten stories, was a task that might have engaged the undivided attention of a government bureau, with unlimited means at its disposal, and a large band of trained experts under its control.

But this work was left for an ordinary business man, a publisher and seller of books, a man who made no pretension to expertness in gathering historical material and who had no literary training, but who had the perspicacity to clearly perceive the urgent need of the case, and who had the daring and patriotism to say: "Since no one of the many who are qualified, financially and intellectually, to accomplish this needful work seem disposed to undertake it, I will do my best at it, even though I fail in the attempt." Failure, however, was not destined for such men as Hubert Howe Bancroft. He called upon his subordinates to gather everything bearing upon California history of every nature. Nothing was too great, nothing too small to be ignored. Slowly and then more rapidly the material grew. The area of the field also grew, for it was found that California was inextricably connected with Mexico, the north Mexican States, the Pacific States, Arizona, New Mexico, and Utah, until, instead of covering one State, twenty had to be considered.

Look well at this man, at the time of this determination, and see if he is not a true hero. An ordinary business man, with little or no literary training or experience, whose whole life had been spent in the ardu-

ous labors of guiding and directing a rapidly growing bookselling, printing and publishing business, for which he had to make the capital as he went along. Even had he done the work poorly and inadequately he would have deserved the laurel wreath with the applause not only of his compeers but of the studious of his State and nation for all time. But he did not do it poorly. The necessities of the case led him to innovations in history-writing that have subjected him to much and severe criticism, yet the prime purpose was accomplished and well accomplished. He gave to the world as the result of his efforts and those of his co-workers thirty-nine volumes, which present in readable, historic form — and much of it with literary fluency and grace — the varied and stirring history of this great region. As the years go by, the stupendous vastness of his work and the wisdom of his methods in its accomplishment will be the more recognized and appreciated.

Hubert Howe Bancroft was born in Granville, Ohio, May 5, 1832, of Ashley Bancroft and Lucy Howe, the fourth in a family of six children. To the hard work of the farm as well as to an excellent heredity he freely attributes the sturdy physique and ability to work hard that has been his endowment through life.

When the California gold excitement broke out, Bancroft's father left for the gold fields, and a year later, December, 1851, the future historian decided to follow him, with a consignment of books and stationery, with which he would enter into business. There was no intention in his mind at this time to make Cali-

fornia his permanent residence, but though he journeyed back and forth eleven times over the Panama route, prior to the building of the transcontinental railway, he always returned to the land with which he was afterwards to become so remarkably identified.

When he finally decided to settle down to business in California it was not long before he began to build up the great business which afterwards afforded the sinews of war for the life-work in which he engaged. As a business man and money-maker he was a marked success, and in sixteen years it was acknowledged that his business, which now included the manufacturing and publishing as well as the selling of books, was one of the largest not only in the West but in the world.

He was not yet forty years old; he had acquired a competency, and it was natural that with his restless and unconsciously ambitious temperament he should turn his attention to some larger and more important field. For ten years or more this field had slowly been in a state of preparation for him. It all arose from a request by one of his employees, Mr. William H. Knight, for certain books on California and the West, which he needed for a Handbook he was then engaged in preparing. These books were placed by Mr. Knight on shelves near his desk, and as they accumulated, the idea of forming a collection of Western material slowly evolved itself in Mr. Bancroft's mind. Herein was the germ of the great library that afterwards made possible the greater history. Begun casually, it soon became a hobby, a personal pastime, though in it all, at first,

was a business man's idea, held vaguely, that, as a collection, it could readily be sold to some library or other institution.

In 1862 it amounted to about a thousand volumes, and Mr. Bancroft began to feel satisfied that he had about completed his labors, when he made a visit to Europe. Here his eyes were opened, and he discovered that when he had multiplied his books by five instead of completing his collection he had but begun. Then the real passion took hold of him, and in 1866 he returned to Europe, made a historical survey of the field, and, for the first time, realized that a collection of books on California must necessarily include Mexico and all the larger Pacific Coast territory, including Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, and the whole Northwest.

London, Paris, Búrgos, Madrid were in turn visited and explored for treasures. The search continued through Italy, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Holland and back to Paris and London. "Everywhere I found something and seized upon it, however insignificant, for I had long since ceased to resist the malady. Often have I taken a cab or a carriage to drive me from stall to stall all day, without obtaining more than perhaps three or four books or pamphlets, for which I paid a shilling or a franc apiece. Then again I would light upon a valuable manuscript which relieved my pocket to the extent of three, five, or eight hundred dollars."

When ten thousand volumes had been collected, he felt sure his collection must be reasonably complete, when one day there came a pamphlet in his mail, which

proved to be a catalogue of seven thousand books direct from Mexico. "A new light broke in upon me. I had never considered that Mexico had been printing books for three and a quarter centuries — one hundred years longer than Massachusetts — and that the earlier works were seldom seen floating about book-stalls and auction-rooms." The history of this particular collection was romantic in the extreme, and the value of the books no less marked than their story was interesting. It was impossible for Mr. Bancroft to reach Leipsic, where they were to be sold, in time for the auction. Says he: "Shutting my eyes to the consequences, I telegraphed my agent in London five thousand dollars earnest money, with instructions to attend the sale and purchase at his discretion." The result was that three thousand of the volumes offered were bought and shipped to San Francisco.

That same year another valuable collection was bought, and this was but the beginning of library buying on a large scale. The list of important purchases alone would fill every page of this chapter and yet be incomplete. In 1880 he bought at one sale — that of the Ramirez library — nearly thirty thousand dollars' worth of most valuable books, without which his later work would have been impossible.

The gathering of the personal material was equally fascinating and far more romantic. The story of how it was accomplished reads like a novel, but with the thrill of actuality in it. The jealousies to meet, the apathy to overcome, the suspicions to allay, the egotism of would-be historiographers to dispel, the vanity of

every kind of human nature to satisfy — what a story it is. Vallejo, Alvarado, Sutter, Bandini, Arguello, Pico, Sepúlveda, Hayes, Wilson, Ubach, Robinson, Warner, Coronel, Widney, and a host of others to interview, interest, and then settle down to the actual writing or dictation of their experiences. Thousands upon thousands of pages of manuscript were thus obtained by incalculable labor, incredible devotion, and no inconsiderable expense. Then there were the archives of all the Missions and towns, all of which had to be copied on the spot, as no one would allow them to be removed.

The San Francisco archives alone, gathered from all parts of the State, bound in nearly four hundred volumes of from seven to nineteen hundred pages each, would have required the work of an ordinary copyist about a hundred years, working continuously and faithfully. Under the direction of an expert, fifteen Spaniards were set to work, told what and how to copy, and in a year, at a cost of eighteen thousand dollars, all that Mr. Bancroft needed was placed in his library ready for his reference.

In no brief chapter like this can anything more than the merest suggestion of the incredible labor and travel undertaken be given. And yet when all of this was done it can readily be seen that only the first step had been taken towards the preparation of a history of California and the whole Pacific region. Any other than a master mind, a natural genius for organization would have simply sat down dazed and baffled by the very immensity of the material that had been brought together.

Little by little, however, while the library had been collecting, Mr. Bancroft and his able and devoted assistants had been formulating a system — evolved out of many systems — of indexing, cataloguing and preparing all this chaotic mass for literary purposes. At the same time Mr. Bancroft had been preparing himself for the task of writing and superintending the writing of others.

It required heroism of a peculiar sort to make the library, but how much more heroic was the daring that led to the writing of the history must be left to those of poetic imagination and some literary experience to estimate.

Let it be freely granted that Mr. Bancroft had devoted help from his able lieutenants, Oak, Nemos, Savage, Cerruti, Mrs. Victor and others. Give them each all the credit they claim, justly or unjustly, and then the achievement stands forth as the conception, the work of a genius, a general, a great director.

But Mr. Bancroft's work did not end here. The library gathered, the history written, who would dare undertake the printing and publishing of so elaborate a work? Thirty-nine volumes of almost eight hundred pages each, full of names that must be correct and notes that must be verified was of itself a task to stagger the best established publishing house in the world. Then to publish and circulate — sell — such a work was an added task before which ordinary courage would falter. Yet, after various experiments, the historian shouldered the whole of this work himself and, what is more, carried it through to a successful and triumphant issue.

There was a time, however, when it seemed as if an adverse fate would triumph and arrest the work when it was but half completed. Mr. Bancroft and his wife were in San Diego when he received a telegram that his store was burning. Half an hour later came another saying that absolutely nothing had been saved but the account books. "Twenty volumes had been issued, and the firm was still two hundred thousand dollars behind on the enterprise. There was not a book left; there was not a volume of history saved; nine volumes of history plates were destroyed, besides a dozen other volumes of plates; two carloads of history paper that had just come in, and twelve thousand bound volumes were devoured by the flames. There was the enterprise left, and a dozen volumes of the history plates in the library basement, and that was all."

It took time to find out whether the firm could go on or not, and what anguish in the waiting, what regrets, what retrospections! Had he been content merely to make money one-fourth the energy expended on the history had made him ten times a millionaire, for money always came to him easily. And to face not so much financial failure, as the loss of twenty or more years of life spent in the most arduous and brain-racking of labors was enough to have discouraged even so dauntless a soul as Mr. Bancroft had proven himself to be. But, rising to the situation, his unconquerable soul asserted itself. The firm was reorganized, the store rebuilt, a separate structure erected for the prosecution of the work on the History, and the wheels set in full motion again.

And they continued until success crowned his efforts. The great work was accomplished, and in many a library there stands upon the shelves the product of Mr. Bancroft's indefatigable and unprecedented efforts, — a monument alike to his remarkable foresight as an observer, indomitable energy and courage as a collector, sagacity and genius as a historian, and daring as a publisher. The West owes him a debt it can never pay; the world will reap where he has sown for all time. To me, personally, Hubert Howe Bancroft stands forth as the greatest historian the world has ever known, not only because of what I have here so inadequately recounted, but because of the fearless impartiality, the just integrity and the altogether honest methods followed in presenting facts to the world. His footnotes alone are the positive evidences of his truth and integrity. They point exactly to all his sources of information, thus giving to the readers a check upon his every statement, his every conclusion. No other historian has ever attempted to do what he has done, and because of this great achievement and the spirit in which it has been accomplished, Hubert Howe Bancroft is one of the California heroes we should delight to honor.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE PATIENT HERO OF AGRICULTURE, LUTHER BURBANK

THE year 1849 was a memorable year in California history. It was the year of the great influx of the gold pioneers from all parts of the world, and it was also the year of the birth of Luther Burbank.

He first saw the light in Lancaster, Worcester County, Massachusetts, March 7, in that memorable year. He was the thirteenth (lucky number) of fifteen children, born to Samuel Walton Burbank by three marriages. He came to California in 1875, — deliberately chose it as his future home, and ever since then has been in every sense of the word a true and devoted Californian.

It is not my purpose here to enter into any explanation of Burbank's wonderful horticultural, floricultural and pomological achievements. These have been fully written about by Harwood, De Vries, David Starr Jordan, Professor Wickson, and the experts of the Carnegie Institution. It is of his moral heroism, exercised quietly, unseen, unnoticed through a long and active life, — until the electric glare of the past few years, — that I wish particularly to write. Emerson and Goethe, and other philosophers, often called attention to the fact that the things a man *unconsciously*

writes into his life, paints into his pictures, erects into his buildings, carves into his statues, are by far the most important of all the things that he does. Anyhow they are the things that reveal, that betray the real man, be the things revealed good or bad. It is this unconsciously written story whose lines are here retraced.

In his earliest years Luther Burbank was a quiet, shy lad, making playmates of plants rather than of other children. His doll — strange prophecy — was a cactus plant, fondly carried about until an accident shattered the plant and a young heart at one operation.

As a boy he was put to work in the shops of the Ames Plough Company. Though he longed for the open air, and the companionship of the trees, the plants, the flowers, the clouds, the sky and the free open, such was his conception of duty that he suppressed all his longings and doubly concentrated his mind with deliberate purpose upon the work he was set to do.

When the time came, however, Burbank gladly left the shops for the fields, discovered his vocation and the Burbank potato, and soon thereafter circumstances, not gold, forced him to California.

He reached Santa Rosa in 1875. Then misfortune came to him in the shape of illness, which quickly robbed him of his small hoard of dollars. He was glad to take refuge in an empty chicken-house, and accept whatever odd jobs he could get. One day, as I drove with him from Santa Rosa to his proving grounds at Sevastopol, we passed a buggy driven by a man who responded very elaborately to Mr. Burbank's friendly

nod and simple salutation. After we had passed, with a whimsical smile upon his face, he turned to me and said: "I never see that man but I am reminded of an incident of those days of my poverty and distress, when I was glad to do anything that came to hand. One day I heard that that man was building a house. I went to him and asked him for the job of shingling it. He asked me what I would do it for. The regular price was two dollars and a half a thousand, but I was so anxious for the work that I offered to do it for one dollar and seventy-five cents. 'All right,' he said, 'come and begin to-morrow.' But I had no shingling hammer and all the cash I had in the world was seventy-five cents, which I at once expended in purchasing the necessary hammer. Next morning when I reached the job, my new hammer in hand all ready to go to work, I was surprised and — what shall I say — dismayed, to find another man already at work, while the owner calmly came to me and said: 'I guess you'll have to let that job go, as this man here has undertaken to do it for one dollar a thousand.'

"How disappointed I was! I had spent my last cent, had a hammer that was no use to me now, and no job. But I kept a stiff upper lip and work soon came, and I've never been quite so hard up since."

Harwood, in speaking of this period of Burbank's life, graphically says: "The man who was to become the foremost figure in the world in his line of work, and who was to pave the way by his own discoveries and creations for others of all lands to follow in his footsteps, was a stranger in a strange land, close to starva-

tion, penniless, beset by disease, hard by the gates of death. And yet never for an instant did this heroic figure lose hope, never did he abandon confidence in himself, not once did he swerve from the path he had marked out. In the midst of all he kept an unshaken faith. He accepted the trials that came, not as a matter of course, not tamely, nor with any mock heroics, but as a passing necessity. His resolution was of iron, his will of steel, his heart of gold; he was fighting in the splendid armor of a clean life."

Slowly he regained his health, doing odd jobs as he was able, and at last had money enough to secure a small plot of ground, begin a nursery, and, at the same time, carry out the plan formed years ago, — become an improver and creator.

Yet, in all his experimenting he was innately modest. There was no blare of trumpets. Note this well, young men and women. He went his own way; followed the vision that he alone saw; but he did it reverently, respectfully, modestly. There were no loud declarations as to the ignorance of the horticulturalists of the past; no open defiance of the horticulturalists of the present; but simply a quiet, calm, silent, modest sailing of his own ship over the unknown sea. Too often the young want to do as Burbank did, but they spoil their lives by the blatancy of their methods, the immodesty of their self-conceit, and the rudeness of their criticisms of those whose lives have demonstrated that they were real benefactors to the race. In a speech made at the banquet in Luther Burbank's honor, given by the California Board of Trade in San Francisco, California,

John P. Irish beautifully referred to this quality in Burbank's character:

"Mr. Burbank has conferred upon California the imperishable honor of association with his name and his work. That work has been prosecuted by him with a devotion that thought of no personal gain. The fame of it has gone forth to the world. His life has been so quiet, his absorption so complete, that Californians know him only by his creations, whose benefits they enjoy. A gentleman who is here tells me that when in London, entertained hospitably by an English gentleman, his host talked only of Luther Burbank, and the Californian was ashamed to admit that he had never met Mr. Burbank and did not know the location of his wonder-working efforts. When he left he asked his host what he could do to repay his great hospitality, and the Englishman said: 'Send me a branch from one of Luther Burbank's plums, from his own nursery, that I may graft it on a stock in my garden, and you will more than repay all.'"

And, while it is somewhat running ahead of the story, it is appropriate that it should here be noted that, in the words of one of his own neighbors, Judge Burnett: "It is pleasing to reflect that the distinction which has come to him unsought has not disturbed the splendid equipose of his nature. The current of his life flows on with the same serenity, purity and sweetness that characterized his youth and early manhood."

Note well, then, his modesty when he began his work, and also when, success attained, that work brought him world-wide fame, honor, wealth, and

the plaudits of the great minds of earth. When I first visited him in his home, this was the earliest impression I received. As I then wrote:

"Though honored by kings and princes, by scientists and leaders of men the world over, he is the simplest kind of man at home. There is none of the haughtiness, or pride, or self-conceit that would have taken possession of a smaller man, and that would have shown itself in his daily intercourse with his subordinates. While they all revere and respect him, honor and obey him, they all feel his simplicity of character, the pure democratic soul within him, and one and all speak to him, and of him, in the everyday name of 'Boss.' But it is when you hear the sweet intonation of the voices of the maids in the house and the men in the fields as they thus speak, that you feel and comprehend the friendliness of the man.

"His neighbors in Santa Rosa (where he lives) and Sevastopol (where his testing grounds are), and on the seven-mile drive thither, have the same warm, kindly, democratic feeling towards him, and he responds as cheerily to the salutation of the wood-hauler and the potato-digger as he does to that of the banker or railway magnate, and we met all kinds as we drove from Santa Rosa to Sevastopol and back."

On the occasion of my visit referred to, I wrote:

"When night-time came, he invited the 'help' to the lawn at the rear of the house that I might tell them a few experiences among the Indians, and as we sat there the telephone bell rang. He answered it, and on returning, called out as he approached: 'I've

prevented that thing from annoying us again by taking off the bell.' Then, as happy and joyous and free as a boy, he threw his hat on the grass, went down on his hands and knees, and came to us turning a somersault."

Here is an unspoiled king, the true democrat, the man who actually lives his belief in the brotherhood of man. Here is no false dignity, no pomp, no ceremony. His dignity is in his life. He commands respect by his inherent power, and needs none of the haughtiness of the factitious dignity that is not sure of its position. His humble attitude is the sign of his soul's self-conscious supremacy, — a supremacy which sees the dignity of every other soul.

Early in his nursery career in California, he displayed that daring of mind, and audacity of execution that are inseparably connected with the independent thinker — another manifestation of the true California spirit. Harwood tells an illustrative story:

"One day there came to the young nurseryman an order . . . from a man who was going to start a large prune ranch. He wanted twenty thousand young trees to set out. It would take, in the ordinary course of events, from two and a half to three years for a nurseryman to raise the trees, but this was a hurry-up order; if it was to be filled, it must be filled in nine months.

"He took the order. With all haste he scoured the country for men and boys to plant almonds. It was late in the season and the almond seed was the only one which would sprout at that time among all the trees

that were suitable for his plans. It grows very rapidly, too, and this was taken into account. In a comparatively short time the young shoots were big enough for budding. Twenty thousand prune buds were in readiness, were budded into the growing almonds, and the young trees started forward in their race for the prize. When the nine months were up, the twenty thousand prune trees were ready. Nature had been outwitted, or, better put, had been led to outdo herself; the fruit-grower was delighted; the young nurseryman was a good many dollars in pocket. To-day, twenty years afterward, one of the finest prune orchards in California or the world is growing from these trees."

Another of the marked characteristics of Luther Burbank is his readiness to acknowledge his ignorance. I have heard questions put to him again and again, to which the questioners undoubtedly expected the answer of knowledge. Without any more hesitation or consciousness than when he is able to answer, he promptly replied: "I do not know!" "I cannot tell," and thus, again, revealed the innate greatness of his soul.

While he was able to make money rapidly, and did so, he was absolutely uninfluenced by any monetary consideration in the carrying out of his larger plans. As a nurseryman he had a keen eye to business, as any honest man ought to have. But when it came to his experiments, even his few friends who knew, deemed him reckless almost to the point of censure. For instance, he personally assured me that he had burned over half a million plum trees in the production of the wonderful

LUTHER BURBANK'S OLD HOME, SANTA ROSA, CAL.

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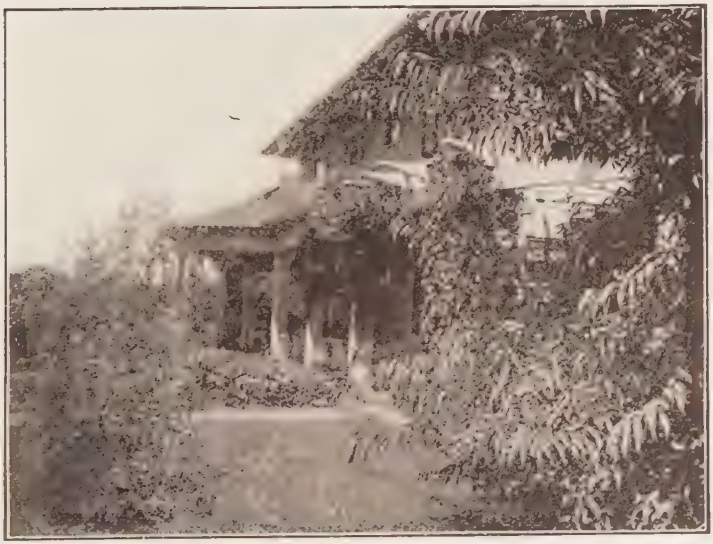

LUTHER BURBANK'S NEW HOME, SIDE VIEW, SANTA ROSA, CALIFORNIA.

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PROFESSOR AND MRS. T. S. C. LOWE.

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trees that bear his name. Most of these trees could have been sold, and they were passably good trees. But passably good was not good enough. His aim was high, and he would not, for mere money, lower that aim in any one thing, for if lowered at all, the standard necessarily was lowered, and to keep that standard at its maximum of elevation was the meaning of life itself to Luther Burbank.

Perhaps at this point some curious reader may ask: "How does Mr. Burbank actually determine what trees he will keep and what destroy?" As I have had the gratification and pleasure of seeing him at work in this very task, I will explain. It must be borne in mind that the process of weeding out, of selection, takes years to complete. For instance: Out of a thousand trees examined this month, a hundred may be retained, the others destroyed. Of this hundred, the weeding out process next year may leave only ten, and the year later, only one, or perhaps not even one. Two assistants followed us, as we passed down the row. Before we began, he rapidly suggested to me what he was aiming at. First of all the tree as a whole must be shapely — it must look well. Its leaves must be possessed of certain qualities, for thus he determined its climatic hardihood. The skin of the fruit must be of good color, perfect and suitable shape, and of the proper strength. The inside of the fruit must be firm, juicy, sweet and of good flavor.

One glance, and all the first requirements were examined into. A representative plum was plucked, perhaps two or three, and while I was tasting, Mr.

Burbank had decided all he wanted to know. One glance determined the skin qualities, a feel, and a taste the interior fruit qualities, and almost as quickly as I can write it, he passed the trees one after another saying, after testing the fruit, "Kill!" "Kill!" "Keep!" "Kill!" etc. A white string tied to the tree by the assistant signified "Keep!" a black one "Kill!"

While watching this process, I learned another of Mr. Burbank's California characteristics. He is the man of absolute authority. He does not delegate to any one what he himself has to determine. He knows what he is doing, and he does it, with fearless self-confidence. As his long-time friend, Professor Wickson, says, speaking of his innate modesty and how easy it is for the casual observer to misunderstand this: "Those who meet Mr. Burbank but casually are . . . apt to magnify his reticence until they see in it timidity, self-depreciation, inexperience, embarrassment, and the like. All these forms of weakness are absent from the man. He is self-confident but not self-assertive. He is fearless and not to be easily turned from the way he expects to go, but he does not insist that others shall go his way. He seldom errs in his judgment of men and he usually gives the loud and effusive visitor the right of way in conversation, studying him meantime with a wondering eye."

His reticence is really the reticence of genius. How can he talk with those who do not understand?

Another revelation came to me as we walked through the proving-grounds at Sevastopol. I noticed that

none of his men smoked or used tobacco in any form, and commented to Mr. Burbank upon the fact. "That," said he, "is imperative in our work. The processes of Nature sometimes are so delicate and fine that, if we would aid her, the nerves must be of the steadiest, and under the most perfect control. This, I speedily found out in the beginning of my work, was impossible with the tobacco user. I have never used the weed myself, and it cannot be used by any of my helpers!"

I scarcely deem it necessary to say that this heroic soul is inflexible in his honor and truthfulness. No one ever bought a single plant from him and was consciously deceived by him as to its qualities or name. Here was no sharp practitioner, willing to sell anything, even his own honor, if he could get a price. It is too well known that in California, as elsewhere, nurserymen (and others) have sold inferior stock, or wrong varieties rather than lose a sale. Never once, in Burbank's whole career, was such a thing knowingly done.

It was by such faithfulness to principle that he ultimately built up his business so that it was paying him an annual income of not less than ten thousand dollars a year. Here was an abundant fortune for a man of his modest requirements. Why not retire and take an easy time, travel, see the world, see what other horticulturalists have done, visit Kew and other noted gardens? Some men might have done this, but not Luther Burbank. Though constantly experimenting as far as his time and opportunities allowed he was ever looking forward to the day he could give up his purely

commercial work as a nurseryman and devote the whole of his life to the one work to which he was so earnestly consecrated. He knew the price he would have to pay, but he resolutely faced that. Herein, again, he showed his possession of that long-patient, never-wearying California spirit, that sees its object far, far ahead, and unswervingly works, through every difficulty, over every obstacle, towards it.

He sold his business and resolutely set to work to carry out his experiments at the *expense of his fortune.* He not only used up all the interest he got from his invested money, but he soon began to eat into the principal. Year after year he worked, steadily sticking to his costly experiments, and seeing his fortune dwindle and melt like snow in the afternoon sun, but never for a moment did he falter. He determined to keep on as long as his money held out, then, said he, in talking to me about this period: "I was willing to begin over again. I felt sure I could then earn enough to live on, and if not, — if I had grown too old and feeble, the good God would see that I was cared for in some way." And he said it reverently, for, though he no longer holds to the old Puritan faith of his childhood as far as creeds and doctrines are concerned, his nature is essentially reverent and religious.

It was while he was thus unselfishly and quietly using up his fortune, though scarce any one knew what he was doing, for he never told of his work for the benefit of the world, that the recognition from the scientific world came that ultimately led to the placing of his fortunes on a solid financial footing.

It has often been said that Burbank is no scientist. Nonsense! Listen to the judgment of one of the greatest of America's *pure* scientists, David Starr Jordan: "It seems to me that Mr. Burbank, while primarily an artist, is, in his general attitude, essentially a man of science. Academic he doubtless is not, but the qualities we call scientific are not necessarily bred in the academy. Science is human experience, tested and set in order. Within the range of moulding plants, Mr. Burbank has read carefully, and thought carefully, maturing his own generalizations and resting them on the basis of his own knowledge. Within the range of his own experience, he is an original and logical thinker, and his conclusions are in general most sound. . . . In his field of the application of our knowledge of heredity, selection and crossing in the development of plants, he stands unique in the world. No one else, whatever his appliances, has done as much as Burbank, or disclosed as much of the laws governing these phenomena. Burbank has worked for years alone, not understood and not appreciated, at a constant financial loss, and for this reason, — that his instincts and purposes are essentially those of a scientific man. . . . In his own way, Burbank belongs in the class of Farady and the long array of self-taught great men who lived while the universities were spending their strength on fine points of grammar and hazy conceptions of philosophy." . . .

Then Dr. Jordan closes with these strong words: "If his place is outside the temple of science, there are not many of the rest of us who will be found fit to enter."

Other recognized scientists, like Hugo de Vries and Professors E. J. Wickson, Loeb and Vernon L. Kellogg, confirm Dr. Jordan's assertions, after prolonged studies of Burbank and his methods, hence any charge of charlatanism is both ungenerous and untrue. He is a practical, as opposed to a theoretical, scientist.

Herein is another of the elements of the California spirit, through and by which the academic world is to be influenced. Crystallization in a living organization is the precursor of death. The California spirit is full of life. It refuses to crystallize, — to state finals, to assert definite, fixed ultimates. Life is tentative, changeable. The settled of to-day (in the minds of men) is proven to be the unsettled of to-morrow. The academic spirit, however progressive, too often is cocksure. The California spirit says "Wait awhile! It is not necessary to state ultimate conclusions yet!" In this spirit Burbank has done his work. Therefore he has transcended the conservatives. Yet such has been his thoroughness, his skill, his well-balanced judgment, his results, that, in spite of themselves, the narrow-minded and jealous, even among academicians, have been compelled to recognize his scientific mastership.

And here let me call attention to another result of Burbank's work. Though his methods have been known to scientists for years, and practised in a measure by many, his achievements have so directed the popular attention to the subject that he has awakened more minds to the possibilities of plant mutation than all the scientists of the world combined. This, surely, is an object to be desired, to awaken, to stimulate, to broaden

the intellect of the masses. The California spirit is essentially democratic. It believes in no other special privileges than those that come to a man by natural inheritance or hard work. It would have all men enjoy all there is to enjoy, — know all there is to know, — be all man can be. The knowledge of what Burbank has done, spread abroad among the children of the poor, has done more to quicken the general intellect of the race, to produce those soul-visions that lead to mental and spiritual uplift, than time can ever tell. The benefit is as far-reaching as the life of the race.

And yet few know or dream that all this outer work of Burbank's has only been the preparation for a larger work upon which, in early life, his heart was intensely set. Plants and flowers have been the means to that end. His real object has been to find out how the great God worked for the improvement of plant life, and then, when those secrets were discovered, he hoped he could find the ear and attention of his fellow-men to show how these same principles could be applied to the improvement of the human race.

He felt that if he became an acknowledged expert — recognized throughout the world as a practical master of the laws governing the development and improvement of plants, he could "speak as one having authority," and the world would listen and heed in regard to the improvement of the human race.

During the years of his life the cries of the ill-born have been sounding in his ears, the groans of the sick, the moans of the crippled and diseased, the deformed, the lame, the halt, the palsied, the blind. He knew

that these groans and cries of anguish, these wails of agony and despair were not part of the plan of the Almighty and Loving Father of men. He knew it was never the intention of the Allwise that so many innocent children should be born to a few months of speechless agony and then a horrible death. So, with a heart full of love to humanity, with his ears ever open to the cry of the poor and suffering, he determined to do all he could to teach men that such pain and suffering were unnecessary and unnatural, that they could be prevented, and that the first care of humanity was the breeding of a healthy, strong and happy race.

When the California Board of Trade tendered him a complimentary banquet in San Francisco, where governors, United States senators, college presidents, judges and other notables assembled to do him honor, *this* was the theme upon which he spoke. His words were a great surprise. Up to that time not even his intimate friends had known what was in his thought. But the words then spoken will continue to echo around the world, quickening the hearts of men and women to a higher idealism in the cultivation of the human plant.

Here, then, to me, is Luther Burbank's greatest proof of heroism and deep spirituality. He has not worked for fame, for honor, for applause, for wealth. He has worked for his fellow-men, and particularly for the child, the unborn child, that, when it was born, it might have the joy, the happiness, the perpetual pleasure of being welcome to this life, and as well born as knowledge, science and love combined could accomplish.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE SYMPATHETIC HERO OF LAND REFORM, HENRY GEORGE

ONE may count upon the fingers all the religionists, scientists, lawmakers or philosophers who have materially changed the current of the thought of the world. To those, even of powerful intellect, the task of giving a new trend to the thoughts and actions of men must appear either hopeless or impossible. First the reformatory, revolutionary idea must be found, and then it must be so presented that it takes possession of the mind of the world. If a man declares that he has such a thought, he is liable to be charged by his fellows with an overweening vanity, an arrogance that stamps him with a great moral weakness. On the other hand, if he have such an idea and fails to give it to the world, it can have no reformatory effect.

Henry George was born September 3, 1839, in Philadelphia, Pa., but it was not until he had become a printer and was working in San Francisco that the "flaming idea" took full possession of his soul, though for years he had been pondering the subject. When only eighteen years of age the question had been aroused in his mind in conversation with an old miner, who had suggested that as the country grew in population and material prosperity, the condition of those who had

to work for a living would grow, not better, but worse. Or, later, as he himself states it: "Like a flash it came upon me that . . . with the growth of population, land grows in value, and the men who work it must pay more for the privilege."

This was the beginning of the thought that was to grow and expand until it changed the destinies of nations. In the year 1868 he wrote an article for the newly founded *Overland Monthly*, of which Bret Harte was editor, entitled "What the Railroad Will Bring Us." It is a ten-page article, some seven thousand words in length, and reveals the student and thinker. Here, in his first notable contribution to literature, he shows the growing power of his idea. In stating what the building of the Union and Central Pacific Railways will bring to California, he says: "The sharpest sense of Americans — the keen sense of gain, which certainly does not lose its keenness in our bracing air — is the first to realize what is coming with our railroad. All over the State land is appreciating; fortunes are being made in a day by buying and parcelling out Spanish ranches; the government surveyors and registrars are busy; speculators are grappling the public domain by the hundreds of thousands of acres, while for miles in every direction around San Francisco, ground is being laid off into homestead lots."

In concluding his article, which, in the main, is a wise appreciation of the good the railroad would do, he still reverts to the theme that was ultimately to take full possession of his soul, for he declares: "The

truth is, that the completion of the railroad and the consequent great increase of business and population will not be a benefit to all of us, but only to a portion. As a general rule (liable of course to exceptions), those who have, it will make wealthier; for those who *have not*, it will make it more difficult to get. Those who have land, mines, established businesses, special abilities of certain kinds, will become richer for it, and find increased opportunities; those who have only their own labor will become poorer, and find it harder to get ahead — first because it will take more capital to buy land or to get into business; and second, because, as competition reduces the wages of labor, this capital will be harder for them to obtain.

"What, for instance, does the rise in land mean? Several things, but certainly and prominently this: that it will be harder in future for a poor man to get a farm or a homestead lot. In some sections of the State, land which twelve months ago could have been had for a dollar an acre, cannot now be bought for less than fifteen dollars. In other words, the settler who last year might have had at once a farm of his own, must now either go to work on wages for someone else, pay rent, or buy on time; in either case being compelled to give to the capitalist a large proportion of the earnings which, had he arrived a year ago, he might have had all for himself. And as proprietorship is thus rendered more difficult and less profitable to the poor, more are forced into the labor market to compete with each other, and to cut down the rate of wages — that is, to make the division of the joint production

between labor and capital more in favor of capital and less in favor of labor."

Other effects of the centralization of wealth are forcefully presented, and it is clear to see that the young writer by no means regarded the incoming of the railway as an unmixed good. When, a little later, he saw the actual results he had prophesied and, in addition, realized that the railroad was becoming more grasping and determined upon absolute control of the State, he began to speak out even more clearly against the system which made this possible. While he could see clearly enough that the railway builders had undertaken herculean labors, and that they were striving with bravery even to heroism to accomplish them, he also saw that the land grants and subsidies of both State and nation were incorrect in principle, for they saddled the people of the future with burdens they had no right to bear. Accordingly, as he had already graduated from the typesetter's case to the editorial chair, and was sending out forceful articles both East and West, he began to attack the railroad policies with characteristic energy and determination. This required a courage and independence rare in young men, — he was but thirty years of age. For, as his son well states in his *Life of Henry George:* "The Central Pacific had become the overshadowing influence in California. It owned or controlled most of the press, swayed the legislature, bent the courts, governed banks, and moved as a mighty force in politics. It was quick to recognize talent, and as quick to engage or reward it. Out of imperial coffers

it had fortunes to bestow. With a word it could make men, and so far as the masses were concerned, could as easily break men. Of those who could not, or would not serve, it asked only silence, merely immunity from attack."

But George could neither be bought nor silenced. For a time he edited an Oakland paper, and then he was made editor and given a fourth interest in the *Sacramento Reporter*. Into the work of this paper he threw himself heart and soul. The Central Pacific Railway had already received from State and nation large grants of lands, bonds, and subsidies, but they were calling for more. Viewing things as he did, George could do no other than oppose them, which he did forcefully and constantly. Finding he could not be silenced, the railway quietly bought control of the paper, thus taking away from him the organ in which he expressed and disseminated his ideas, compelling him to sell out his interest and seek a new method of sending his surging thoughts broadcast. For some time past he had ceased to take his opinions unquestioned from books. He had learned to do his own thinking. Ideas were rapidly formulating themselves into a clear philosophy.

He saw the public lands of the United States, which seemed so vast as to be practically illimitable, being given away with a reckless disregard of the future. He saw that the ultimate result of this would be that in a comparatively short time *much land* would be in *few hands*. This he regarded as unjust and contrary to true political economy. The result was that as

soon as his thought became clarified in his own mind, — after several public lectures upon the subject, — he issued the first of a series of works that were materially to influence the thought and political action of the larger part of the civilized world. This pamphlet is composed of forty-eight pages and cover, printed in small type, and bears the title: *Our Land and Land Policy, National and State,* and its date is 1871. An original copy of this brochure is now worth its weight in gold.

In this pamphlet Henry George discusses the extent of the public domain, the prospective value of land, the land policy of the United States, public sale and private entry, and donations of public lands, especially with relation to the railroads.

He then proceeds to a statement of the specific conditions that existed in California at that time in regard to the monopolization of land, first through the Mexican land grants, then the railroad grants, and the private entry and scrip locations. He fearlessly exposes the manifest injustice to the great masses of the people in these monopolizations, and then proceeds to an arraignment of the State for its management of State lands, swamp lands, etc., and makes specific charges against certain land grabbers who, he claims, by fraud secured from twenty thousand acres to over one hundred thousand acres each. Then, after giving a short list of those who own some "two million acres apiece," others three or four hundred thousand acres, one firm four hundred and fifty thousand acres, "around one patch of which,

alone, they have one hundred and sixty miles of fence," and so on, down to those who hold but the *small amount* of from eighty thousand to twenty thousand acres, he says, speaking of this latter class: "They are so numerous, that, though I have a long list, I am afraid to name them for fear of making invidious distinctions." Then he continues: "These men are the lords of California — lords as truly as ever were ribboned dukes or belted barons in any country under the sun. We have discarded the titles of an earlier age, but we have preserved the substance. . . . They are our Land Lords just as truly. If they do not exert the same influence, and wield the same power, and enjoy the same wealth, it is merely because our population is but six hundred thousand, and their tenantry have not yet arrived. Of the millions of acres of our virgin soil which their vast domains enclose, they are absolute masters, and upon it no human creature can come, save by their permission and upon their terms. From the zenith above, to the centre of the earth below (so our laws run), the universe is theirs."

That Mr. George was not a blatant demagogue closing his eyes to facts is proven by the concluding paragraphs to this portion of his argument. He says: "Let me not be understood as reproaching the men who have *honestly* acquired large tracts of land. As the world goes they are not to be blamed. If the people put saddles on their backs, they must expect somebody to jump astride to ride. If we must have an aristocracy, I would prefer that my children

should be members of it rather than of the common herd. While as for the men who have resorted to dishonest means, the probabilities are that most of them enjoy more of the respect of their fellows, and its fruits, than if they had been honest and got less land."

The balance of his pamphlet is then devoted to the philosophical discussion that later eventuated in his well-known land theories, which it is not my purpose to discuss in these pages, save, later, to state merely their broad, general principles.

His theories once given to the world, he was called upon frequently to expound and enlarge upon them, both in public and private, by voice and pen. His first formal speech on the subject was given in August, 1876, at Dashaway Hall, San Francisco, when he was thirty-seven years old. He saw therein another enlarged opportunity for propagating his ideas, and from that time forward deliberately trained himself as a public speaker. The following year he was invited to lecture at the University of California on Political Economy. He steered clear of all unsettled questions, and stated that what he had to say was more suggestive than didactic. Yet he did not hesitate, in his direct and unmistakable fashion, to condemn the writers of text-books on political economy for their conscious or unconscious upholding of the whole capitalistic system, thus antagonizing the feelings and prejudices of those who had most to gain by a study of such books.

Said he: "The name of political economy has been

constantly invoked against every effort of the working classes to increase their wages or decrease their hours of labor. . . . Take the best and most extensively circulated text-books. While they insist upon freedom for capital, while they seek to justify on the ground of utility the selfish greed that seeks to pile fortune on fortune, and the niggard spirit that steels the heart to the wail of distress, what sign of substantial promise do they hold out to the working man save that he should refrain from rearing children?

"What can we expect when hands that should offer bread thus hold out a stone? Is it in human nature that the masses of men, vaguely but keenly conscious of the injustice of social conditions, feeling that they are somehow cramped and hurt, without knowing what cramps and hurts them, should welcome truth in this partial form; that they should take to a science which, as it is presented to them, seems but to justify injustice, to canonize selfishness by throwing around it the halo of utility, and to present Herod rather than Vincent de Paul as the typical benefactor of humanity?"

Speaking of the simplicity of the science, he must have made the learned professors feel quite uncomfortable:

"For the study of political economy you need no special knowledge, no extensive library, no costly laboratory. You do not even need text-books nor teachers, if you will but think for yourselves. All that you need is care in reducing complex phenomena to their elements, in distinguishing the essential from

the accidental, and in applying the simple laws of human action with which you are familiar. Take nobody's opinion for granted; 'try all things; hold fast that which is good.' In this way the opinions of others will help you by their suggestions, elucidations, and corrections; otherwise they will be to you but as words to a parrot. . . . All this array of professors, all this paraphernalia of learning, cannot educate a man. They can but help him to educate himself. Here you may obtain the tools; but they will be useful only to him who can use them. A monkey with a microscope, a mule packing a library, are fit emblems of the men — and unfortunately, they are plenty — who pass through the whole educational machinery and come out but learned fools, crammed with knowledge which they cannot use, all the more pitiable, all the more contemptible, all the more in the way of real progress, because they pass, with themselves and others, as educated men."

This university address was followed by a Fourth of July oration devoted to " Liberty," which, in view of his later teachings, can only be regarded as one of the opportunities offered him for clearer formulation of his thought. It was a scathing denunciation, though veiled to many who heard it in the flowers of rhetoric, of those who apostrophized Liberty with their tongues, but in their lives worshipped only that god that gave them liberty to tyrannize over their fellows.

Now occurred a period of great financial depression throughout the whole country, and California felt it keenly. To Henry George it brought distress and

poverty for a time, yet out of that distress was born the book *Progress and Poverty* that was to give an uplift to the political morals of the world. He began to write in September, 1877. His original intention was to prepare a magazine article dealing with the fact that, as humanity progressed materially, it seemed unable to prevent increasing poverty. Writing about the thoughts of his heart with a daring courage, he attacked the "most gigantic vested right in the world," — land monopoly. At the same time he seemed bathed in an atmosphere of his own creation which carried sympathy for his fellows wherever he went. As his biographer says: "Sympathy was, perhaps, Henry George's predominant trait of character. It had made him heartsick at sight of the want and suffering in the great city; it had impelled him to search for the cause and the cure. In the bonds of friendship it carried him into the other's thoughts and feelings. Intuitively he put himself into the other man's place and looked at the world through those other eyes. . . . He had not studied man from the closet. He had all his rugged life been at school with humanity, and to him the type of humanity was the common man. Civilization built up from the common man, flourished as the common man flourished, decayed and fell with the common man's loss of independence. He himself had climbed out on swaying yards like the commonest sailor, carried his blankets as a prospector and common miner, felt something of the hardships of farming, tramped dusty roads as a pedlar, had every experience as a printer, and suffered the physical and mental tortures of

hunger. Learning and pride and power and tradition and precedent went for little with him; the human heart, the moral purpose, became the core thing."

For a year and a half he thought and studied, wrote and rewrote. None knew that he was working on a book that should shake the greed of the world; he himself only knew that he was declaring what he felt was a higher truth than man had yet seen; and to not a soul did he explain that his writing was the result of a vision and a vow to which his soul demanded that he be true. When the book was finally completed, he flung himself upon his knees in his solitude and wept like a child, committing the results to God. This was learned after his death from a letter he wrote to a religious friend.

Now came the task of finding a publisher. The Appletons, Harpers and others refused it on various grounds, but mainly because it was too revolutionary. So at last he and his friends went to the cases and set it up themselves, had plates made, and the first edition was printed in San Francisco under the title: *Political Economy of the Social Problem.* An interesting fact in connection with this home-made edition is that his closest friend and helper, both at the type stand and the desk, was Dr. Edward Robeson Taylor, poet and humanitarian, later the reform mayor of San Francisco after the downfall of Schmitz. Mr. James H. Barry, for many years the editor of the San Francisco *Star,* also helped him set type and print this edition.

Two weeks after he sent a copy of the San Francisco edition to his father in Philadelphia, the Appletons wrote that they were now ready to publish it on a royalty basis.

Among letters received from notable men to whom he sent his first edition was one from Sir George Grey of New Zealand, the country which afterwards based its land policies entirely upon the principles George had enunciated. Sir George wrote: "I have already read a large part of the book. I regard it as one of the ablest works on the great questions of the time, which has come under my notice. It will be of great use to me. . . . It has cheered me much to find that there is so able a man working in California, upon subjects on which I believe the whole future of mankind now mainly hangs."

While the book is a large book of over five hundred pages, it is mainly an exemplification of the matter presented in his pamphlet of 1871 — *Our Land and Land Policy* — already discussed. Poverty and its causes, the present distribution of wealth, and the effect of material progress upon such distribution, bring the reader to the presentation of the remedy. As he says in his Introduction: "This identification of the cause that associates poverty with progress points to the remedy, but it is to so radical a remedy that I have next deemed it necessary to inquire whether there is any other remedy. Beginning the investigation again from another starting-point, I have passed in examination the measures and tendencies currently advocated or trusted in for the improvement of the condition of the laboring masses. The result of this investigation is to prove the preceding one, as it shows that *nothing short of making land common property can permanently relieve poverty and check the tendency of wages to the starvation-point.*"

Whatever one may think of this conclusion, the book is a wonderful book. It is a classic as cogent and powerful as Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations,* or John Stuart Mill's *Political Economy,* with far more of red blood, human sympathy and democratic principle. Some chapters, especially the last, on "The Problem of Individual Life," are thrilling in the extreme, and call upon the laggards, the selfish and the indifferent with trumpet tones for higher, nobler, better living.

At first it won its way slowly into public favor, and then with bounds and leaps. It was later followed with other contributions upon the same subject, and as George himself grew more sure — not of his subject, but of his method of public presentation — he became a platform propagandist of great power.

It was some time before the common people knew their prophet, and the truth he had enunciated for their deliverance, but when they did learn it, their confidence and affection knew no bounds.

It needed that some one of themselves, not trained in the schools and universities, not warped by the ideas of divine right, superior class, and preservation of the existing order, not imbued with the wholly materialistic idea of the survival of the fittest, or logical corollary that the strong physically or intellectually, have the *right,* because they have the *power,* to control the weak, one who did not accept Pope's dictum that "Whatever is, is right," but one who believed in the teaching of Him who said: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them;" I say it needed that some one who had

not been brought up to regard wealth and its consequent luxury as his "divinely ordered" right, but one who was poor and lowly and a worker should become their champion. How else could their cause be presented save by one who knew it as his every-day life? No man can knowingly write on all the phases of political economy who does not himself belong or has not belonged to the great working masses of the people.

Henry George was truly one of the masses. His great heart throbbed as did that of the Master's to the woes of the needy and oppressed, and when they knew him "the common people heard him gladly."

There is not space in this chapter to record his journeyings and lecturings to and fro in America, Canada, England, Ireland, Australia, and "around the world." He lived to see thousands of philosophers and statesmen converted, in the main, to the doctrines he had enunciated, and to-day the governments of New Zealand, New South Wales, and other English-speaking peoples are largely conducted on those principles. The great political conflict that raged in England in the winter of 1909–1910 was practically upon the same ideas, and the speeches of Lloyd George, the English Chancellor of the Exchequer, were thought for thought on the lines laid down by his great American namesake.

Writing, lecturing, and entering the political arena that he might further propagate his truth, Henry George used up his vitality and power, until, in the mayoralty campaign in New York, in 1897, he was

stricken with apoplexy, October 28, and passed on to his reward.

At once, from all parts of the world, came words of appreciation, — none truer than these from one of the New York City papers that had strongly opposed his candidacy: "He was a tribune of the people, poor for their sake, when he might have been rich by merely compromising; without official position for their sake, when he might have had high offices by merely yielding a part of his convictions to expediency. All his life long he spoke and wrote and thought and prayed and dreamed of one thing only — the cause of the plain people against corruption and despotism. And he died with his armor on, with his sword flashing, in the front of the battle, scaling the breastworks of intrenched corruption and despotism. He died as he lived. He died a hero's death. He died as he would have wished to die — on the battlefield, spending his last strength in a blow at the enemies of the people. Fearless, honest, unsullied, uncompromising Henry George!"

On the tablet that covers his grave in Greenwood Cemetery are placed these words from *Progress and Poverty*, that he had written years before:

> *"THE truth that I have tried to make clear will not find easy acceptance. If that could be, it would have been accepted long ago. If that could be, it would never have been obscured. But it will find friends — those who will toil for it; suffer for it; if need be, die for it. This is the power of Truth."*

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE INVENTIVE HERO OF MOUNT LOWE, THADDEUS S. C. LOWE

IN this age of wealth-worship it is a great thing for a man of inventive genius to devote his wonderful powers to the good of his fellow-men; to bring to them at a small cost added comfort, joy, ease, content. It is a greater thing to so control his inventions that rich corporations cannot monopolize them and thus use them for their own enrichment. A man who can and does achieve both these results is surely one whom the great world should delight to honor. And such an one is Professor Thaddeus S. C. Lowe, who, from a childhood of hardship and poverty, won his way to a place of honor in the world's regard by his inventive genius, the results of which he resolutely devoted to the good of the common people.

It is given to but few men to do as much for their fellows in so many ways as has fallen to the lot of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, now of Pasadena, California. Born August 20, 1832, at the little town of Jefferson Mills, New Hampshire, he endured a greater share of hardships than most poor suffered in those early days. He was one of several children, and his father, owing to untoward circumstances over which he had no control, was compelled to leave the brave and stout-hearted

mother to bring up the little flock. With a love as wise as it was tender she did all she knew how to keep the wolf from the door and to train her children in virtue and honest labor. But the struggle was too hard to be maintained alone, so, after many bitter tears on her part, it was decided that Thaddeus must be "bound out" to a near by farmer. Thaddeus, a sturdy, thoughtful, fearless youngster, zealously anxious to relieve his mother of any extra burden, made light of her fears and anxieties and refused to see any great hardship in having to leave home and go out to work for a neighbor. But he rested too much in the expectation that others would treat him with the same gentle and kindly consideration that his noble mother had accorded him. It was a rude awakening to the high-strung lad to find that honest work was not all that some men required of their "hands." Abuse and rudeness must be expected and quietly suffered, for kindness and sympathetic friendliness were opposed, in the minds of such men, to good discipline and to a preservation of the proper distance that should exist between "master" and "servant." But such ideas were as poison to the clear brain of the democratic young Thaddeus. He punctured the claims of caste as readily as he was ultimately to puncture the old-fashioned claims of certain scientists, for one early morning, after talking the matter over with his bosom friend, Nathan Perkins, afterwards recognized as one of New Hampshire's distinguished and noble sons, he started away from his native village, his whole worldly possessions wrapped up in a handkerchief, and his

whole fortune of eleven cents hidden deep in his pocket.

To recount all his early struggles, failures and triumphs is here impossible. His early history reads like a romance, and is full of instructive lessons to the growing youth of our land. Step by step, in the face of great obstacles, he worked his way upward and onward. Nothing daunted him. Ever alert, ever willing to do any good and honest work, he was not content to do things as others did them, and early revealed that inventive genius that has since been turned to such good use for the benefit of mankind. Every available moment outside of the time required for his duties was expended in study, and soon his knowledge of herbs, of chemistry and anatomy, and of practical surgery learned from his wise old grandmother, was called upon by the simple-hearted neighbors, and he gained quite a reputation as a healer of disease and a mender of broken bones.

Before his twentieth year he had saved enough to gratify his desire for seeing more of the world than ordinarily falls to the lot of a poor lad; and for his wedding trip — he married young — he journeyed from Zanesville, Ohio, down the Muskingham and Ohio rivers, into the Mississippi and to New Orleans, Louisiana, giving lectures on the way, and incidentally studying the country and people of the South.

When he returned to New England, it was to resume his studies of chemistry with greater fervor than before, and in connection with this study he soon saw an opportunity to gratify a desire that was one of the earliest

emotions of his young and active mind. Even as a young child the wonderful movements of the clouds, and the changes of the weather had ever interested him. Born right in the heart of the White Mountains, Mount Washington and all the Presidential Range being in sight from his mother's door, he watched the floating clouds of both winter and summer, saw them at times sail away, at another hang like banners to the mountain summits, then again, discharge their contents as hail, sleet, snow or rain, while at still other times they were dissipated into impalpable mist by the heat of the summer sun; and he came to the conclusion that there were wonderful secrets of the upper air that he would like to penetrate, that would doubtless explain these wonderful, though common and everyday phenomena. As a chemist, he learned the properties of gas and saw how a balloon could be best constructed and filled, and, no sooner was his vivid imagination stirred by visions of ascending into the upper atmosphere and studying the conditions he found there, than he proceeded to the construction of a balloon. Soon he was making regular ascensions. Then the failure of the Atlantic Cable gave him another inspiration. Why not use the balloon to cross the Atlantic, and thus give to merchants and others the news they so urgently needed. Distinguished people in Philadelphia, whom he had interested, including such men as George W. Childs and Professor John C. Cresson, suggested that he apply to Professor Joseph Henry, of the Smithsonian Institution, for aid in furthering this laudable and practical project, and in a number of interviews the distinguished

savant made himself fully cognizant of young Lowe's far-reaching ideas. He saw that here was a mind different from the ordinary, and found great delight in drawing him out. He discovered that the young aeronaut had already learned some things of the upper atmosphere, and that he believed there existed a steady upper air current that invariably moved eastward, no matter how diverse, opposite or complex the wind movements on the earth's surface might be.

"Prove to me the existence of that eastward current, without risking your life on the Atlantic ocean," said Professor Henry, "and I'll find you the means of crossing the Atlantic in your balloon."

"How shall I do it to satisfy you?" queried the urgent young student.

"Go a thousand miles inland, wait until all the earth currents are blowing *westward*. Then make an ascent in a small balloon, and travel *eastward* and I'll be satisfied," responded the savant.

Young Lowe didn't wait an hour. He went to Cincinnati as quickly as he could go, taking with him a balloon of the size needed for the experiment. The telegraph service was placed at his disposal and reports of wind conditions regularly made to him. The balloon was filled with gas and anchored ready to make the ascent at a moment's notice. Day after day passed. One evening he was at a banquet given in his honor by Mr. Potter, the owner of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, at which Murat Halsted, the distinguished editor, and many of Cincinnati's notable men were present, when the welcome news was brought that the wind cur-

rents were all blowing *westward.* Without waiting to change his society clothes for those more appropriate for a balloon ascent, and still wearing his silk hat, he hurried down to the balloon, accompanied by his fellow banqueters, Mr. Halsted bringing down with him a large demijohn filled with hot coffee. At Mr. Potter's request, Mr. Halsted wrote a brief notice of the ascension and Professor Lowe waited until three o'clock in the morning to allow the pressmen to insert this notice in the *Commercial* and run off two or three hundred copies which he could carry away in the balloon. It was fortunate for him that this was done, as a few hours later it saved him from being shot as a Federal spy, as I will soon relate.

In the meantime, when the Cincinnati people read their morning papers, they were amused by the statement that " Professor Lowe's balloon, which had ascended to prove the existence of a perpetual current blowing to the east, when last seen was rapidly traveling *westward.*"

But the darkness of the early morning didn't allow the newspaper men to see long enough. While the balloon did travel very rapidly to the west when it first ascended, it was not long before it reached the eastward current, and then Professor Lowe made the historic trip for which he will ever be remembered. When he struck the Alleghany Mountains he bounded over a mile into the upper air, and then, striking the current between this range and the Blue Ridge, he was drawn slightly to the south and descended at noon on the coast of South Carolina, having traveled a distance

of eight hundred miles in nine hours. Returning inland a little distance, by means of a westerly current, he landed among some of the " Clay Eaters," who, as the war had just broken out, vowed he was a spy from Fort Pickens. It required both nerve and persuasive power to convince those people of their error, but they finally consented to take him to Unionville, twenty-five miles away, which was the nearest railway point. When the wagon came it was drawn by six mules. Professor Lowe asked why they brought six animals for so small a load, and they said that when they saw the balloon (in its inflated condition) they thought it would require at least that number of animals to draw so ponderous a thing. They were wonderfully surprised to see it in its collapsed condition. Seated on the balloon (to ease the jolting of the rough roads), with his silk " tile " upon his head, Professor Lowe began to laugh at his own comical appearance, but laughter soon ceased when a dozen or more men, each armed with a revolver and Winchester rifle, grimly and silently surrounded the wagon. He saw he was still regarded as a spy and that any suspicious movement would mean instant death. On his arrival at Unionville, however, he fell among friends. One of them, seeing the newspapers which Professor Lowe finally handed to him, explained. " This settles it all right. This paper is still damp from the press. It's a strange story. Eight hundred miles in nine hours, but we're compelled to believe it." Accordingly the " spy " was released and sent on his way to Columbia. Here he was again arrested and jailed, and would have had an awkward time had it not been for

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the friendly interference of the president and professors of the college, who were acquainted with the purely scientific nature of Professor Lowe's work, and knew that it had absolutely nothing to do with the war.

His adventures, however, at this time, were thrilling and exciting enough to stir the blood of the most sluggish, and they undoubtedly turned his active brain into the very direction for which the southern men had arrested him. It was now that his dominant genius began to assert itself. He was but twenty-eight years old, yet while the fires of hatred were being fanned by the wild utterances of men who did not realize the horrors of such a fratricidal war, he, with a soul full of zeal for the preservation of the Union, began to exercise his intellect to the utmost to formulate a plan whereby his knowledge of ballooning might be made of service to his beloved country. For he was a patriot, in the larger, truer sense, from his birth. Every fibre of his being thrilled with the joy of true democracy. He was himself of the common people; he believed in them, if they had a fair chance; he saw that if the principles of the founders of this country were carried out, the poor and lowly would here have as large and good opportunites for improvement as the high, the educated and the rich, if they chose to work hard to utilize them, hence he burned with an intense, zealous earnestness to do his part in helping preserve the Union, to which his whole heart and mind were so devotedly attached. Professor Henry and President Lincoln sent for him as soon as his return to Cincinnati was known, and the upshot of their conferences was that this young man, self-taught and self-

reliant, was given power to organize the first Balloon Corps for military operations in the field that the world had ever seen. For months he operated for the different commanding generals under the direct auspices of President Lincoln, making daily and nightly ascents, witnessing many skirmishes and battles and giving most valuable information as to the movements of the enemy that could not possibly have been gained from any other source. He invented and set into successful operation methods by which he could telegraph from his balloon to the tent of the commanding general in the field below, thus giving accurate and detailed description of events actually transpiring at the moment the news was received.

His chemical studies and inventive powers also came into most valuable play. He soon realized that the old and antiquated methods of generating gas for filling his balloon were absolutely impossible, if it were to become a practical and feasible instrument of aid in active warfare. The exigencies of war demanded that the balloon be transferable at will to any part of the field, or even to distant parts. To transfer it, filled with gas, was impracticable, yet to empty it, transfer it and then generate the gas for refilling was equally impracticable. So many hours were required to generate gas by the old methods that any ordinary conflict would begin, be fought out and the armies moved, before so large a balloon could have been filled. So Professor Lowe invented and constructed retorts on wheels, which could be drawn anywhere, and by means of which the making of sufficient gas was the work of but a few

minutes. Thus he was able to make ascensions almost at will and in many and diverse parts of the scene of operations. At all hours of the day and night he was ready. Many a time the movements of the enemy were detected by this novel and vigilant watcher, and the Confederate generals made desperate efforts both to destroy the balloon and either kill or capture the balloonist. Consequently Professor Lowe was given extraordinary powers by his commanding officers, and he and his balloon also became objects of great interest to the enemy. Time and again their sharp-shooters, both of the infantry and artillery, directed their fire upon him, but while they were getting his range he went on coolly making his observations, knowing that he was perfectly safe for some time, and that the mere pulling of a string would release the gas valve, and allow him to descend a little, or that the throwing out of a bag of sand ballast would send him up higher, the changed position in either case putting him out of range of the enemy's guns.

He operated thus, working day and night at the behest of the commanding generals, until the overwork, the hardships of the field and the malaria combined to produce a condition of ill health, which drove him home and well-nigh killed him. Even to this day, in spite of his well spent and abstemious life, he still suffers from physical ailments fastened upon him during that time. With that keen foresight, however, which is one of his most marked characteristics, he had prepared for just such an event by carefully training his subordinates to carry on his work. This they did to the

best of their capacity, so that, while Professor Lowe lay on his bed of pain and affliction, his mind was at ease with the assurance that the plans he had so carefully formulated were being carried out with a reasonable measure of success.

Before he had recovered his health the war was brought to a successful close. He immediately turned his inventive genius to work, and built and equipped a floating refrigerator, the first steamship in the history of the world designed for the purpose, which made several trips from Galveston, Texas, to New York, loaded with Texas beef, etc. This was the origin of the refrigerator in actual commerce, and the benefit to the people of this invention can never be estimated. By it meats and fruits and other perishable food products are now transported from one part of the world to another, either by land or sea, without injury or detriment. The surplus cattle of Texas are converted into beef and shipped wherever needed, the strawberries of Georgia are sent to the North, and the oranges of Florida and California to every town and hamlet in in the country, as well as to ports all over the civilized globe.

And yet this invention was, at the time of Professor Lowe's presentation of it to the world, so far in advance of people's knowledge of its value, that he personally not only derived no benefit from it, but actually suffered most heavy financial loss.

It was equally so with his valuable invention for the making of artificial ice. He set in operation several of these machines, on the same principle that they are

now working, viz., the compression of ammonia, etc., and thus made it possible for the housewife in her small refrigerator, as well as the *chefs* of the most luxurious hotels, to keep milk sweet, butter hard and fresh, meats and vegetables cool and pure, no matter how hot the weather might be. It seems impossible to measure the benefit this invention has been to the human race, yet I feel that the world should know that, owing to its being in advance of its time, when Professor Lowe figured up his profits and losses on the giving of this product of his genius to the world, he was eighty-seven thousand dollars in debt, independent of his long months of time and exhaustive labor, and this debt was subsequently paid by him out of the profits of one of his later inventions.

It is this invention to which attention is now called. Disappointed and chagrined at his experiences in trying to bring the commercial and home world to a realization of the benefit of his refrigerator and ice inventions, he vowed he would never again invent things ahead of his times, so he turned his attention to the improvement of present methods of gas supply. In this field he is the recognized master of the world. His varied inventions for the making of gas alone entitle him to the undying gratitude of his fellow men. For not only has it lightened the labor of millions of the toiling women of earth; not only has it reduced the heating of a room, the making of a fire for the cooking of a meal to the mere turning of a gas cock and striking a match, but it has been done in such a way that, while immense fortunes have been made by thousands of men as the result of investments in

the invention, it has brought down the prices of this useful and necessary commodity so that the poorest of the poor can now practically have light and heat sufficient for all purposes.

Allured by the "glorious climate of California" Professor Lowe now settled down in the beautiful home city of Pasadena, but his restless energy soon compelled him to another enterprise which has endeared him to hundreds of thousands of tourists and travelers, as well as to the nature lovers of his own state. In sight of the magnificent home that he had built on Orange Grove Avenue are the beautiful peaks of the Sierra Madre range of mountains, reaching from five thousand to eleven thousand feet in snow-clad majesty from the foothills to the clear blue of the Southern California sky. Save for a few steep and almost impracticable trails all these glorious heights were inaccessible to the majority of people. Knowing their sublime beauty and remembering the enjoyment of the thousands who yearly ride up the railway of his native Mount Washington, he resolved to scale, with a railway, the most salient of the higher peaks near Pasadena. With characteristic energy his surveyors were sent into the field. Three different parties reported it impossible by any ordinary or known method of engineering — except at prohibitive expense — to build a railway to the peaks he had chosen. But to Professor Lowe, as to Napoleon, the word "impossible" is unknown. He determined the impossible. He took one of the surveys that reached from Altadena into the heart of the most picturesque canyon of the range and graded and built the railway to a natural

amphitheatre, where he completely bridged the canyon, erected a novel structure, which combined hotel, dancing pavilion, offices, banquet hall, etc., and then made a mile or more of the canyon accessible by means of plank walks and stairways, leading to fernbeds, moss grottos and several exquisite and charming waterfalls.

The next desired elevation was thirteen hundred feet above, on the summit of Echo Mountain. How to reach it was the question. The engineers said "impossible," unless Professor Lowe was willing to spend a fortune in cutting out a winding shelf to and fro on the steep slopes. But this determined and clear-sighted man, taking the problem into his own hands, did the same as the great Alexander of Russia, when, dissatisfied with the engineers' survey, he took a ruler and drew a straight line on the map from St. Petersburg to Moscow, exclaiming: "There is the route of my railway. Now proceed to build it." Professor Lowe instructed his engineers to grade an incline up the almost perpendicular slope from Rubio Pavilion to the top of Echo Mountain. They knew nothing of his plans, but simply obeyed orders. When the grade was completed he ordered ties laid, wide enough for three rails, except midway up the incline, where a wider track would be required for a short distance. While the grading had been going on he had planned a three-railed track, upon which two balanced cars should ride, one ascending, the other, descending, with an automatic and fixed turnout in the centre, and this was now put in place. A perfect hoisting machine had been designed, which, as it revolved, gripped the inch and a

half steel wire cable to which the two cars were built, and thus the Great Cable Incline became an assured fact, and for seventeen years it has been operated, without the stoppage of a single day, and without accident or injury to any person whatsoever.

Still interested in his meteorological researches, Professor Lowe now secured and placed upon Echo Mountain the largest search light in the world, intending to use it for purposes of study of cloud movements and wind currents. Then, a few hundred feet higher up, he built and thoroughly equipped the Lowe Astronomical Observatory, which he placed under the charge of the eminent astronomer, Dr. Lewis Swift, who has discovered and recorded more nebulae than any other astronomer since the Herschels.

To give to thousands the enjoyment of the expansive view from Echo Mountain he built two fine hotels, the Chalet, and Echo Mountain House, and here guests were entertained and privileged to gaze upon one of the most beautiful and varied scenes in the world, including the orange, lemon and other orchards of the San Gabriel Valley, with the score of towns and villages that dot its surface, the mountains, foot-hills, further valleys, sea-beach, islands and placid-faced ocean.

Now his genius determined to reach greater heights, and the Alpine Division of the Mount Lowe railway was cut out of the solid granite mountain sides, equipped and set in operation. This division opened up to public enjoyment the great canyons of the Sierra Madre and reached an elevation of five thousand feet on the shoulders of the mountain that the officers

of the Geological Survey decided should be named Mount Lowe. Here, another large, picturesque and well-equipped hotel, Alpine Tavern, was erected, in the heart of a forest of pines, spruces and sycamores.

From this point it was Professor Lowe's intention to extend the railway about three more miles, to the summit of Mount Lowe, six thousand one hundred feet above sea-level, where another hotel, built of the solid granite of which the mountain itself is composed, would have been erected. He also expected to establish an institution for the furtherance of pure and commercial science, parts of which would have been another astronomical observatory, with the largest telescope which could be made, and a chemical laboratory equipped fully for every department of analytical and experimental work. Then, over the deep and mile wide canyon separating Mount Lowe from the San Gabriel (or Observatory) peak, a swinging cable railway was planned. Timid and doubtful people could not realize that such a railway is both practical and safe. From suggestions and plans furnished by Professor Lowe several of such aerial railways are now in successful operation. Perhaps the most wonderful of them all is in California, plying over the great canyon of the American River, which passengers on the Central Pacific Railway will remember as the abyss they gaze into as the trains round Cape Horn. Here, cars loaded with logs, weighing scores of tons, are hourly swung across the canyon, where trains are made up and the logs drawn to the saw-mill. The empty cars are returned by the same method.

THE GREAT INCLINE ON THE MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY.

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CIRCULAR BRIDGE ON THE MOUNT LOWE RAILWAY OVERLOOKING PASADENA AND THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.

These latter plans, however, were arrested by the financial panic of 1893, at which time Professor Lowe relinquished control of the railway.

Since then he has devoted himself to the perfecting of another great invention, now successfully installed in a working plant and more than fulfilling his most sanguine expectations. By means of this plant he takes the heavy crude petroleums and refines them for practical uses. Thirty-five per cent of the crude oil is thus made to pay the original cost of the whole amount and the working expenses of the refining process. The residue is now made to yield an amount of asphaltum which more than again pays the original cost of the whole amount of oil. In the processes of refining, large amounts of tar and lamp-black are extracted, and these have hitherto been regarded as almost worthless. By this new process a mixture of these worthless by-products is converted, in nineteen hours, to the most hard, solid and perfect metallurgical coke known. Here then is one plant performing three successive operations with the same crude product (in different stages of manipulation), each one of which pays the whole cost of the operations and of the original product, viz., refining the oil, the making of asphaltum, and the production of coke. But in these various processes another product of great value has been generated in vast quantity. To produce the results aforementioned a terrific heat has had to be created and maintained. At this great temperature not only are the gases in the oil decomposed, but also the gases

of the water that is injected into the ovens. These gases are collected, forced through a washer which retains the heavy carbons, known as lamp-black, and through the scrubber, which removes the tar. They are then condensed and purified and thus become the purest and best of illuminating and fuel gas ready for distribution through mains and pipes to the various consumers of a large or small city. The gas is thus practically a free gift to the operators of the plant.

But this is only a part of the story. In all coke-oven systems and other similar plants, where immense heat must be secured and maintained, it has been found impossible hitherto to prevent a large loss of heat through the flues and chimneys necessary for the draft, without which the heat could not be obtained. By an ingenious, practical and thoroughly well-tested system, Professor Lowe has now arrested this loss of heat, and turns it to good account by generating steam which operates large engines, produces electric power, runs an ice-making and also a refrigerating plant, and also gives to the operators a large amount of steam and electric power for sale.

By means, therefore, of this plant, a large or small city can make its own hard fuel (Lowe anthracite coke), asphaltum, ice, refrigeration and gas, and supply all the steam and electric power needed, and the whole thing be run under one management, under one roof and at one expense.

Hence, in looking over this one man's life, we find he has invented and given to the world the following beneficial and useful inventions and institutions.

1. The use of balloons during war for observations upon the movements of the enemy.

2. Artificial refrigeration of steamships, and railway cars for the transportation of perishable food products.

3. Artificial Ice.

4. Cheaper and better illuminating gas.

5. The Mount Lowe Railway.

6. The Lowe Observatory.

7. A later invention, which reduces the cost of illuminating and fuel gas to the minimum.

Is it any wonder then, that, in his native village of Jefferson Mills (now Riverton, New Hampshire) his seventy-fifth birthday was made the occasion of a wonderful demonstration in his honor. The selectmen and citizens of the town extended invitations to the whole countryside, and on August 20, 1907, a salute of seventy-five guns was fired from a battery under the control of the veterans of Lancaster and neighboring cities. After appropriate exercises, when a great flag, twenty by thirty feet, sent by Professor Lowe, was presented to the town, and raised upon the newly erected flagpole, the enthusiasm was immense among the many thousands who were assembled. Thus New Hampshire royally honored its distinguished native son. Though a native of New Hampshire, Professor Lowe is essentially a Californian in spirit. For over twenty years he has made it his own State. His noble and cultured wife, who, as a scientist, is almost as well-known as her husband, has borne him thirteen sons and

daughters, nine of whom are still living. He is many times a grandparent and his sons are markedly men of affairs.

Favored with opportunities to know Professor Lowe and his work in most intimate fashion, I regard him as one of the world's great heroes. His chief characteristic has been and is a desire to benefit and bless the common man. He is now working upon plans for an airship outlined while he soared in the upper air during his balloon experiences in war times. Were he thirty or even twenty years younger, one might well prophecy that in six months he would be roaming from one capital of the world to another, traveling at will in the upper heavens, carrying not one or two solitary passengers, but taking twenty, thirty or more, in as great comfort as is now enjoyed by passengers on the most palatially-appointed trains, and with less risk of accident.

A hero of war, he has been no less a hero of peace, and in the years to come his fame will increase as the world becomes better acquainted with his beneficent achievements.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE RECLAMATION HEROES OF THE COLORADO DESERT, — WOZENCRAFT, ROCKWOOD AND CHAFFEY

THERE have been few changes in California — that landof remarkadleand wonderful changes — so remarkable and wonderful as that which, in less than a single decade, has changed a portion of the arid, desolate, awe-inspiring solitudes and wastes of the Colorado Desert into a great empire, forming a new county, proudly bearing the suggestive name — Imperial. In other chapters the marvels of irrigation have been presented, but there is nothing in the whole history of the subject that deals with such dramatic changes as those that concern the Colorado Desert and Imperial County.

A few hundred years ago this desert was an arm of the Gulf of California. Let the reader glance at a good map of California and endeavor to see the salt waters of this gulf extending northward to the San Bernardino range of mountains and covering all the country now occupied by Yuma, Imperial, etc., up to Indio and Palm Springs. The beaches of the gulf shore line are still in evidence, and may be followed for hundreds of miles.

The Colorado River was the instrument that changed this arm of the sea into a desert. Every year it brought

down millions of tons of sand, silt and rock-débris in its swirling and swiftly flowing waters and ejected them from its mouth to settle and sink and slowly fill up the contiguous sea-bottom. In one year recently, scientific calculations were made, and it was found that, in that short time, about one hundred and twenty millions of tons of sand and silt were thus carried in solution and suspension by the Colorado River; and this did not take into account the small rocks and pebbles that were rolled along on its bottom. With this suggestive fact as a basis of calculation, the mind soon staggers under the burden of figuring what ten, twenty, fifty centuries have accomplished. Millions of millions of tons removed bodily by the storms, cataclysms, world-making throes from the plateaus of Wyoming, Utah, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona to be redeposited in the bed of the gulf, and thus build up new land for the occupancy of man in ages yet to come.

This is the process, and it is even now being carried on. The mouth of the Colorado each year is slowly being forced further south, the body — the banks — of the river being elongated to correspond to the southward movement of the mouth.

In leaving the country high and dry, however, certain singular conditions were brought about. For instance, a little below where Yuma is now located, the river made a sudden bend to the west. The result was it ejected its sand and silt transversely across the gulf to the great mountain range, which rose abruptly from the waters and formed the backbone of the peninsula of Lower California. In course of time, this portion of the gulf

was so filled up that at low water one could walk across the ridge formed by the deposits from Yuma to the mountains. This detached the portion of the gulf above this ridge from the main body, and thus made an inland salt lake, that reached up to the foot of the San Bernardino range to the north. Little by little, this lake filled up and evaporated, until, in the course of many years, it became dry land, only a small part of it remaining below sea-level.

Thus it was when the eyes of the white man first saw it. When Melchior Diaz and Juan de Oñate — old Spanish explorers — gazed upon it, they doubtless expressed the feeling of countless later thousands when they declared it "God-forsaken." So, too, undoubtedly felt Captain Juan Bautista de Anza, who conquered its tracklessness and took the colonists for the soon-to-be-founded San Francisco over its sun-scorched horrors. But fifty years ago a man of vision saw it. His eyes closed, and he looked fifty years — a hundred — ahead, and dreamed the dreams that such men often dream, while the prosaic and wide-awake world looks on and calls them "impractical fools." Then this dreamer began to set in motion the wheels that he hoped might help to make his dream come into the realm of the practical. He appealed to the State legislature and received a grant of all the State's interest in the lands named. The State legislature also instructed California representatives and senators in Congress to support a bill granting sixteen hundred square miles to him and his associates in consideration of their reclaiming the same by means of water diverted from

the Colorado River. The House Committee on Public Lands, in reporting favorably on this bill, said in part:

"This tract embraces (according to Lieutenant Brigland) about sixteen hundred square miles in the basin of what is now and must remain, until an energetic and expensive system of reclamation is inaugurated, and brought to successful completion, a valueless and horrible desert. . . .

"From the report of the several reconnoitering parties sent out by the government, from United States surveyors who have made extended government surveys over it, and from the reports of army officers, who have frequently traversed it, comes the concurrent and universal testimony of its utter aridity and barrenness."

This dreamer was Dr. O. M. Wozencraft, of San Bernardino, California, and his plan was to take the stream that had made the desert and compel it to nourish and sustain the desert by irrigation, until it would fulfil the Biblical prophecy and blossom as the rose. This gentleman was a practising physician of culture and refinement, for a while the Indian agent of Southern California, who died in the nineties honored and respected. His great desert plan, however, while gaining the sanction of Congress, was swept aside by the turmoil of the Civil War, and it was left for others to carry it to ultimate success.

In 1892, John C. Beatty, a company promoter, and described as "of the Colonel Sellers type of man," took up the project and formed the Colorado River Irrigation Company, securing the services of Mr. C. R. Rockwood as engineer to make surveys and report

on the feasibility of the undertaking. Rockwood made surveys in 1892-1893 from a proposed heading on the Colorado River known as Pot Holes, situated about twelve miles north of Yuma, and a mile below the spot where the United States Reclamation Service has since built the great Laguna Dam. Beatty interested a large number of people, from a member of the Cabinet to hotel bell boys, in purchasing the stock of his company, but no actual construction work of any kind was done.

For three years Beatty struggled, then practically abandoned the project. But Rockwood had now become interested, and he determined to try to carry it through to success. He organized a company, with the aid of others, and continued to endeavor to interest capital to carry it through to completion.

But to most men it seemed too chimerical, too problematic, too risky, to venture large sums of money upon. "Capital" is always conservative, unless it is practically assured of large and certain return. And gigantic schemes of this nature never would be carried out, unless there were a few men in the world who have, in addition to the poet's vision, sufficient capital to enable them to carry out their plans.

Such a man was now found to actualize what others had dreamed about, in the person of George Chaffey, a Canadian, born in the year of the California gold excitement (1848), whose experiences especially fitted him for just such a work. Mr. Chaffey was a practical engineer — one who had actually done things, who had come to Southern California in 1880, and the following

year had purchased one of the old Spanish ranches a few miles from San Bernardino. With his brother, W. B. Chaffey, he constructed a water system, which brought the water from the near-by mountain canyon and conveyed it to the ten-acre lots into which he subdivided the land. These watered lots were then sold to settlers, and the town of Etiwanda started. This was one of the first of the settlements of Southern California that have since changed the country from a vast cattle ranch into contiguous groups of successful fruit farms.

Etiwanda was such an instantaneous success that the following year the Chaffey brothers purchased a portion of the old Cucamonga Rancho; subdivided it as before; named it Ontario, after their native province; and placed it on the market.

In the meanwhile he had done other useful public services, which it is not out of place to mention here. First, in far-reaching importance, was the perfecting, in association with Mr. L. M. Holt of Riverside, of the mutual-company system of water distribution, which has since formed the basis of all methods. Hitherto each land-owner claimed a certain amount of water from a certain stream or supply. If a ditch had to be constructed, all he cared about was to see that the water, in sufficient quantity, reached his land. In early days, when there were few claimants for water, this plan was fairly successful, but when a hundred claimants were clamoring for water, and found its use imperative to make their lands cultivable and preserve their newly planted orange and lemon trees alive, some

more generally efficient system was found necessary. For it can readily be seen that if there were, say, forty claimants to the water, those that were near to the source, or to the distributing ditch, would have a great advantage over the others who were further away. If the first class received all the water their lands needed, they would not be apt to care very much about those of the second class. Hence, if the ditch banks broke, or the service was in any way impeded, it became a case of each man caring for himself and the "de'il caring for the hindermost."

By the mutual method devised and put into practical operation by Messrs. Chaffey and Holt at Etiwanda and Ontario, the company as a whole became responsible for the distribution of water to the lands of the most remote and inaccessible as well as to those near by.

In that same year of 1882, Mr. Chaffey started the first electric light plant run by water power in Southern California, and also installed an electric light system in Los Angeles, making that city the first municipality in the United States exclusively lighted by electricity. Some of the high masts then erected by Mr. Chaffey are still standing in Los Angeles, shedding their light over the new conditions as they did thirty years ago over the old.

These things are referred to as showing the active and practical bent of Mr. Chaffey's mind and his ability to seize upon the unapplied forces of nature and utilize them for man's benefit.

Ontario grew rapidly. Euclid Avenue — a magnificent road that stretched across the entire valley —

was planted out, a college endowed and started, and another innovation, the first tunnel for water, was constructed under the bed of San Antonio Canyon to tap the underground flow of water which was found to exist. This was another idea that has revolutionized the conservation of water in Southern California, such towns as Pasadena securing the major portion of their water-supply by this tunneling method. Ontario was soon covered with a system of cement and iron pipes for the delivery of water, so that irrigation could be systematized and thorough, and thus render fruit culture independent of rainfall.

Such thorough and practical work soon made Ontario known as the " model colony." Its success was heralded far and wide. It barred out saloons and fostered only the progressive and helpful, and when, in 1904, the United States government wished to exhibit to the world what it regarded as a model colony, Ontario was the one selected. Hundreds of thousands of people saw that model exhibit, and saw the concrete results of Mr. Chaffey's foresight, skill and practical endeavor.

But he was not yet prepared to undertake the great task Dr. Wozencraft had in mind. Though the " visionary " urged him to take it in hand, it, as yet, seemed utterly impracticable. So, as if in unconscious working out to an unseen and divine plan, in 1885, a royal commission appointed by the government of Victoria, Australia, visited California for the purpose of studying and reporting on irrigation methods. In due time they reached Etiwanda and Ontario, and came in touch

with Mr. Chaffey. They were so impressed with what they saw, and the man who had been chiefly instrumental in achieving it, that they immediately made arrangements with him and his brother to undertake certain reclamation projects by irrigation in Australia. The history of the colonies of Mildura in Victoria, and Renmark in South Australia, read like a fairy tale, which I should much like to recount in these pages, but which can only briefly be touched upon because they gave to Mr. Chaffey the personal experience of the perfect practicability of reclaiming desert land in the hottest kind of a climate, which led him ultimately to revise his earlier adverse decision about the reclamation of the lands of the Colorado Desert.

Riches and honor in full measure were assured to him in this land of his latest endeavor, had he cared to remain, but the allurements of his beloved California were too great to be long resisted, and as soon as he saw the early fruition of his labors in Australia and found his brother willing to superintend them, he returned to the Golden State.

Now he was ready for the greatest achievement of all. Mr. Rockwood and his associates were almost in despair. Financiers fought shy of their plan because of the great initial expense, and the altogether unpromising appearance of the land to be reclaimed. All the surveys and estimates hitherto made had placed the first cost of the canals at not less than one million dollars, and it seemed a hopeless task to raise so large a sum. At last Mr. Chaffey was appealed to by Messrs.

Rockwood and Ferguson, as twenty years before he had been called upon by Dr. Wozencraft. But now his eyes were opened. He made a thorough examination of the water supply and the soil of the desert, taking into consideration all the physical and climatic conditions. He now saw the merit of the proposition, and his mind leaped to the gigantic nature of the task. He threw himself, soul and body, into its accomplishment. At the outset he determined to abandon all the surveys that had hitherto been made and follow a new line which he saw was feasible. Given a free hand, with characteristic push and energy, guided by his large experience, he went to work. Morning, noon and night he was personally in the field, directing operations and seeing that they were carried out as he desired. Thus the heading was built and the main canal constructed. Yonder in the desert Mr. Rockwood was surveying laterals, distributing canals, and getting them dug ready for the water that Mr. Chaffey promised in a few months. In May, 1901, water was on the desert. Settlers began to pour in. The land was government land, free, or nearly so, for the taking, by those who were willing actually to live upon it. The water only was charged for, and a number of mutual-water companies were organized, each to control its own district, and each to have a certain amount of responsibility and control of the parent company which supplied water to them all. But all did not go with proverbial smoothness. And, while it is not my purpose to enter into any dispute or argument, it does seem to me necessary to a clear understanding

ALPINE TAVERN, MOUNT LOWE.

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A CAMP OF DITCH-MAKERS IN IMPERIAL VALLEY, 1901.

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EGYPTIAN CORN, IMPERIAL VALLEY, IN 1907.

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of Chaffey's heroic character that I state a few of the extra difficulties he had to overcome in addition to those necessarily incident to his great undertaking.

When Mr. Chaffey contracted to construct the heading and canals, and supply water to the Imperial Valley (Colorado Desert) lands, he was made president of the California Development Company, and given full control, both of the company's finances and its engineering. But the books of the company were in New York, and he was not fully aware of the actual condition of affairs as was later revealed.

At this time he was under the impression — which his contract clearly justifies — that the company owned one hundred thousand acres of land in Mexico, through which the water alone could be conveyed to the distributing canals in the Imperial Valley, and also owned an option for the purchase of the necessary land at the site chosen for the heading on the Colorado River, where it was now determined to divert the water. The control or ownership of these two pieces of property was the key to the situation, and supposing that the company controlled them, Chaffey began work and called for settlers to come and take the land he would soon make valuable. Realizing what he had done at Etiwanda, Ontario, Mildura and Renmark, many people came and took up land, actually preparing to settle upon it and cultivate it as soon as the water commenced to flow. Then, to his chagrin, Chaffey found that his company did not own the Mexican land, that the option had expired on the land needful for the Colorado River heading, and also that the Attorney General of New

Jersey had commenced suit against the company for the annulment of its charter on the ground that it had not paid its annual tax. That, in fact, the California Development Company was in a moribund condition, on the verge of legal dissolution, and that all connected were on the point of abandoning it to its fate.

A weaker man would have thrown up his contract and washed his hands of the whole affair. But not so Chaffey. On the strength of his representations and because of his reputation for honorable dealing and accomplishment of his undertakings, innocent men and women had invested their little all and made the great move of their lives upon the Imperial lands. He practically began at the beginning again — secured the Mexican lands and the land for the head-gates on the Colorado River by actual purchase, and freed the charter from jeopardy by payment of the unpaid taxes, thus putting the company upon a sound financial basis. He also accepted a burden of liabilities to the amount of four hundred thousand dollars, principally in the form of script, interchangeable for water rights at its face value, which had been disposed of by the earlier promoters of the company at a ridiculously small percentage, every cent of which had been swallowed up in promotion expenses. Not a spadeful of earth had been turned, or any other work done, save the making of the surveys some of which he had been compelled to abandon on account of the prohibitive expense of carrying them out.

These were some of the difficulties that Mr. Chaffey overcame. The water was given to the Imperial Valley

and its reign begun. With his later relationship to the project it is not necessary here to speak.

But a few words must be said descriptive of the County of Imperial, which is made up entirely of this land, that less than ten years ago was virgin desert.

The new county was formed in 1906. It is practically the whole western end of what was San Diego County, and embraces an area of four thousand square miles. As already shown it is a part of the great basin into which the sand and silt of the Colorado River was emptied for centuries, hence is composed of a soil whose richness, fertility and depth no man can estimate. And as if to provide for all future ages the Colorado River — the Nile of America — continues to bring down in its waters rich fertilizers, which the government experts claim have a market value of about $3.50 per acre foot. As the actual cost of the water to ranchers, for irrigation purposes, is about fifty cents an acre, the value of the river to the settler can well be understood.

It may be stated without fear of contradiction, that the Imperial Valley is one of the fertile spots of the world. There is scarcely anything that can be grown anywhere that does not thrive and do well here. Even bananas and dates — those fruits that require great heat to ripen them, and plenty of water to soak their tree roots — do remarkably well, and such crops as sweet potatoes, Bermuda onions, Smyrna figs and cantaloupes are already bringing large returns. Kaffir, Indian and Egyptian corn, sorghum, and alfalfa are raised, not by the hundreds of acres, but by the hundreds of thousands of acres, as feed for stock. Alfalfa

regularly gives from six to nine crops annually, and yields from a ton to a ton and a half at a cutting. Grapes, oranges, and all citrus fruits, as well as apricots, peaches, and other deciduous fruits, thrive as well as in any part of California, and scores of car loads, both green and dried, are shipped from the valley every season. Last year, 1909, a successful experimental farmer had one thousand acres of cotton come to maturity, and after thorough testing it is found to be of the finest quality the United States has yet produced. Among some of the finest samples is one grown from Egyptian seed, which repeated experiments have demonstrated will not grow in the South. Here it has developed even better than in its original habitat, and large quantities are already planted for next season.

The close proximity of the Imperial Valley to San Diego and Los Angeles renders transportation and sale of all its commodities comparatively easy, and, as there are satisfactory indications that the oil field — which has revolutionized the fuel and manufacturing problems of Southern California — extends into the Colorado Desert and practically surrounds Imperial County, it is a reasonably safe prophecy that ere long mills will be established in the very heart of the new cotton belt and thus use up the product on the spot.

The growth of this remarkable young county — already full-fledged, powerful, thriving and with a recognized influence — is no less a testimony to the heroic work of George Chaffey than to the foresight of Dr. Wozencraft and the persistent promotion of C. R. Rockwood.

CHAPTER XXXIX

THE POET HERO FOR HUMANITY, EDWIN MARKHAM

THE world has ever honored the bravery of the warrior. Its plaudits and favors have been showered upon those it has been pleased to call its "heroes." Indeed so wedded has heroism become with militarism in the minds of the masses that if one speaks of a hero he is almost immediately asked: What battle did he fight? What victory did he win?

Yet, while physical courage should be commended, it is only the lowest order of which man — the living soul — is capable, — there is mental courage, and, higher still, spiritual courage. It is of this latter quality that Edwin Markham in writing and publishing his poem, *The Man with the Hoe*, gives us a noteworthy example. At the time this poem was published, Markham was the principal of a grammar school in Oakland. He had worked his own way up from the plow and the forge to an honored position in one of California's largest cities. Naturally he was ambitious, and his poetic gifts were slowly coming to be recognized. Being a man of discernment, he knew full well that those who have favors, wealth and patronage to distribute do not like to be criticized, and they resent any attack made upon the manner in which they have gained their

wealth, or the system under which they live that has made its accumulation possible. Hence he was aware that if, in any way, he attacked, or even seemed to attack, the wealthy and their methods of gaining wealth, he would become a strong candidate for their disfavor and a direct object for their disapproval and rejection. If, in addition to attacking the present selfish method of accumulating great fortunes, he took up the cause, and allied himself with those who were trodden under foot by the inordinately rich, he would add insult to offense and put himself decidedly beyond the pale of those who could confer large and desirable favors.

To do this required a pure soul, a clear vision and manly courage, and these qualities I claim for Edwin Markham in the writing and publishing of

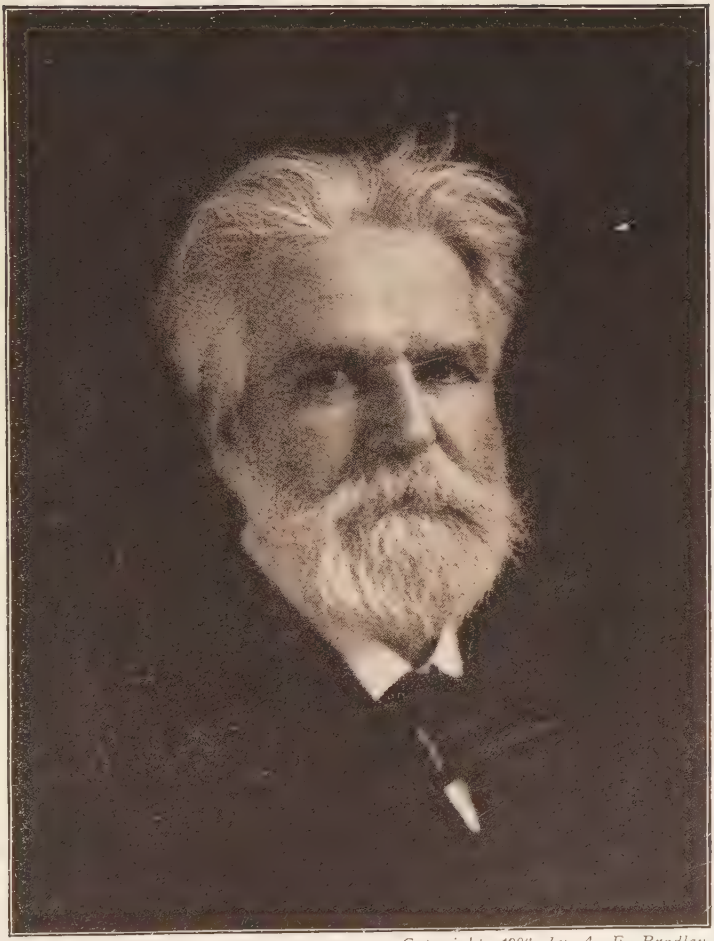
"THE MAN WITH THE HOE"[1]

"God made man in His own image,
in the image of God made He him." — *Genesis.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans
Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,
The emptiness of ages in his face,
And on his back the burden of the world.
Who made him dead to rapture and despair,
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?
Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?
Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?
Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave
To have dominion over sea and land;

[1] Reprinted by kind permission of Mr. Markham and his publishers, McClure and Co., New York.



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EDWIN MARKHAM.

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A " PLAYA " OR BED OF A DRY LAKE IN THE COLORADO DESERT.

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A BEET FIELD IN IMPERIAL VALLEY, 1907.

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To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;
To feel the passion of Eternity?
Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns
And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?
Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf
There is no shape more terrible than this —
More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed —
More filled with signs and portents for the soul —
More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!
Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him
Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?
What the long reaches of the peaks of song,
The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?
Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;
Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;
Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,
Plundered, profaned and disinherited,
Cries protest to the Judges of the World,
A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,
This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?
How will you ever straighten up this shape;
Touch it again with immortality;
Give back the upward looking and the light;
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;
Make right the immemorial infamies,
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters lords and rulers in all lands,
How will the Future reckon with this Man?
How answer his brute question in that hour
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings —
With those who shaped him to the thing he is —
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God
After the silence of the centuries?

Immediately on its publication the fierce fires of controversy and condemnation began to rage. Markham was bitterly assailed and the assertion made that his poem was an insult to labor. He finally made reply, and from this reply I cull the following.

After showing that his poem does not refer to all farm-toilers and laborers, those who are well-paid, happy and contented, those who know the *poetry* of the farm, he tells of his own boyhood experiences and then continues:

" These things are deep and sweet in memory, but I know also the *prose* of the farm. I know the hard, endless work in the hot sun, the chilling rain; I know the fight against the Death-clutch reaching to take the home when crops have failed or prices fallen. I know the loneliness of the stretching plain, with the whirl of the dust underfoot and the whirl of the hawk overhead. I know the dull sense of hopelessness that beats upon the heart in that monotonous drudgery that leads nowhere, that has no light ahead.

" Fourteen years ago "(this was written in 1900), " I came upon a small print of Millet's picture of The Hoeman; and it at once struck my heart and my imagination. It was then that I jotted down the rough 'field notes' of my poem. For years I kept the print on my wall, and the pain of it in my heart. And then (ten years ago) I chanced upon the original painting itself.

" For an hour I stood before the painting, absorbing the majesty of its despair, the tremendous import of its admonition. I stood there, the power and terror

of the thing growing upon my heart, the pity and the sorrow of it eating into my soul. It came to me with a dim echo of my own life — came with its pitiless pathos and mournful grandeur.

" I soon realized that Millet puts before us no chance toiler, no mere man of the fields. No; this stunned and stolid peasant is the type of industrial oppression in all lands and in all labors. He might be a man with a needle in a New York sweat-shop, a man with a pick in a West Virginia coal-mine, a man with a hod in a London alley, a man with a spade on the banks of the Zuyder Zee.

" The Hoeman is the symbol of betrayed humanity, the Toiler ground down through ages of oppression, through ages of social injustice. He is the man pushed away from the land by those who fail to use the land, till at last he has become a serf, with no mind in his muscle and no heart in his handiwork. He is the man pushed back and shrunken up by the special privileges conferred upon the Few.

" In the Hoeman we see the slow, sure, awful degradation of man through endless, hopeless, and joyless labor. Did I say labor? No — drudgery! This man's battle with the world has been too brutal. He is not going upward in step with the divine music of the world. The motion of his life has been arrested, if not actually reversed. He is a hulk of humanity, degraded below the level of the roving savage, who has a step of dignity, a tongue of eloquence. The Hoeman is not a remnant of prehistoric times; he is not a relic of barbarism. He is the savage of civilization.

"The Hoeman is the effigy of man, a being with no outlet to his life, no uplift to his soul — a being with no time to rest, no time to think, no time to pray, no time for the mighty hopes that make us men.

"His battle has not been confined to his own life: it extends backward in grim and shadowy outline through his long train of ancestry. He was seen of old among the brickmakers of Egypt, among the millions who lifted wearily the walls of Ilium, who carved the pillars of Karnak and paved the Appian Way. He is seen to-day among the stooped, silent toilers who build London and beautify her tombs and palaces.

"These were some of the memories and agitations that pressed upon my soul as I stood in the presence of this dread thing — the Accuser of the world. So I was forced to utter the awe and grief of my spirit for the ruined majesty of this son of God. So the poem took shape. It sprang from my long purpose to speak a word for the Humiliated and the Wronged. I have borne my witness. It is said; it is truth; let it stand."

There you have the poet's own fearless declaration. There are those who deny that any of humanity has ever been wronged, but Markham saw with clearer vision, and when he saw, he at once ranked himself with all the power of his genius on the side of the down-trodden, the lowly, the despised, the friendless. As Joaquin Miller eloquently wrote of him: "Consider what Markham put aside, as putting aside a crown, to take his place with the poor and the despised. Wealth (enough, at least), books and a great knowledge of books, high honors and the esteem of great

and good men; the love of men and the idolatry of women. We scribes used to call him 'Jove' in his stately young prime when speaking of him, so majestic was his presence. Yet he put it all by and became a blacksmith, a mighty sledge in his strong right hand to batter down the prison doors, and break the chains of blind men in prison grinding at a mill."

He saw that some men were being forced by dire necessity to work too hard, that other men might have ease; they were not having any opportunity to think of anything save the grinding toil of the field, the foundry, the mill, the shop. So he voiced his protest against such inhumanity and unbrotherliness. And how the blows rang; how the iron struck fire; how the heat burned and seared. The world felt the blows, and men and women who had been asleep in their own selfish comfort and pampered luxury awoke to the sorrows, sufferings and needless woes of others. His direct questions were sharp-pointed arrows that penetrated the joints of the selfish armor of men.

It matters not what answer the lords and rulers of the lands throughout all the ages give; what excuses fall from their ready tongues; what salves the prophets of soft things apply to their consciences; there is no ignoring the fact that millions of human beings to-day know none of the joys, the delights, the blessings of mental and spiritual elevation and inspiration. They have had no chance. They have been kept too busy doing the hard work of the world, and some day the query from the very lips of God will startle the luxurious and selfish and greedy of this

world with the question asked in the earlier ages of mankind: What hast thou done to thy brother?

Since his removal to the East other injustices to the helpless, defenseless and championless have aroused his indignation and led to his entering the arena on their behalf. There are few things in American literature more calculated to stir the heart than his tremendous appeals for the working children of our land. He made a personal study of child labor in the factories, mills, work-shops, etc., throughout the country, and embodied the results, with all the power of his genius and sympathetic humanity, in a series of articles in the *Cosmopolitan* Magazine. With the flaming Sword of Right and Justice he cut away the glittering tinsels of sophistry and attempted justification the "rulers of this world" wrapped around their cruel inhumanity, and in clear and trumpet tones called upon all true men, who believed in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man, to come to the rescue of these helpless and outraged little ones.

Only a man of spiritual power and intense reliance upon the God of justice would have dared so openly and so boldly to demand justice and love for his needy and helpless brother.

CHAPTER XL

THE HONEST HERO OF THE FREE HARBOR, STEPHEN M. WHITE

YOU will meet with the idea prevalent in the world that a man has a right to be selfish, to look at every proposition and ask: "What is there in it for me?" and that the acquisition of money is the desirable thing. This is certainly a mistake. The men who are regarded as moral heroes, even by selfish and wicked men, are those who are unselfish and who adhere to high and noble principle. Money is not the test of success. Neither is fame. Yet when fame and the honor and respect of the world come as the result of fidelity to principle when seeming self-interest beckoned into other paths, fame and honor and respect alike are to be estimated as high rewards and valued accordingly.

These remarks find their illustration in the career of Stephen M. White, United States Senator from California during the years 1893 to 1899. I would that every young man and woman in the State might read and know his history and some of his most powerful speeches. Not only would they be fired thereby to a higher zeal, a truer patriotism, a nobler principle, but they would also acquire a knowledge of the battles that a community often has to fight to gain its expressed will, when opposed by persons or organizations that

own or control large monetary power. It is well that every future citizen of California should know how the United States government came to spend millions of dollars in the construction of a harbor at San Pedro, and how near, at one time, it came to spending those millions at Santa Monica. The history of that great conflict is intimately woven into the life of Stephen M. White. Here is what his biographer says of it:

"No record of this strong, brave man's career would be complete without especial reference to his tireless and successful contest for the establishment of a free harbor at the port of San Pedro on the coast of Southern California. . . . In all the history of American legislation never was there made a more bitter, relentless and uncompromising fight on both sides. On one side the people, knowing their rights and daring to maintain them, on the opposing side one of the most powerful corporations on the Continent led by one of the most adroit, capable and stubborn of men. The corporation was the Southern Pacific Company, of Kentucky — a corporation wholly Californian, and Kentuckian only in name; its intrepid leader and president was Collis P. Huntington; the leader in the people's cause was Stephen M. White, United States Senator from California.

"Successive Boards of Engineers representing the government of the United States had selected San Pedro as the site for a deep-sea harbor, and the construction of a breakwater, whose cost would run into the millions of dollars. Mr. Huntington, for reasons sufficient unto himself, and probably apparent to every

EDWIN MARKHAM AT HIS COTTAGE, WHERE HE WROTE "THE MAN WITH THE HOE,"
OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA.

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THE WHARVES, INTERIOR OF SAN PEDRO HARBOR, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

one having no more than a superficial knowledge of the conditions surrounding the selection of a harbor site, decided that the government must and should locate the harbor several miles further up the coast at Santa Monica in an (almost) open roadstead. Certain of the examining board of engineers considered both sites, and all of them who did so decided against the Santa Monica proposition and in favor of San Pedro. But Collis P. Huntington, with his powerful corporation behind him, stood fast. The case seemed hopeless. The forces of money, position, daring and determination were in combination for the Santa Monica project. On the other side stood the reports of honest and competent governmental engineers, the people — and Stephen M. White.

"The battle was on. And how it raged for five long years, no resident in the southern portion of California is likely to forget. Doggedly, determinedly, bitterly, Mr. Huntington and his powerful array of attorneys hung to the cause of Santa Monica with the grip of tiger jaws. Washington swarmed with lobbyists. Huntington himself went to the capital to appeal to Senators and Representatives with the power of his millions and the promises of the great things that could be accomplished by his influence.

"As has been said, when Senator White entered upon this task for the people, the case seemed hopeless —the force on one side seemed so powerfully mighty, that on the side of the people so pitifully weak.

"But the race is not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong. The people won. Congress sup-

ported the reports of the engineers and made appropriation for the construction of a deep-sea harbor at San Pedro.

"Then there was a further contest in opposition to the construction of the harbor, even after Congress had definitely made a location thereof and authorized and instructed the commencement of the work." The Secretary of War, purely on his own responsibility, "held up" the work. But he had Stephen M. White to count with, and again the people won. The War Secretary was driven from the false position he had assumed, and the contract was let.

"At this writing (June, 1903) the great harbor at San Pedro is well along toward completion. And there it will remain forever a monument to the sagacity, cleverness, adroitness, audacity, and unswerving loyalty of Stephen M. White!

"During the pendency of that strenuous contest, and upon the occasion of one of Mr. Huntington's many visits to the national capital, the magnate of many millions met Senator White at a hotel in which they were mutual guests. One evening Mr. Huntington requested Senator White to come to his rooms. The story of that interview has been told by a writer in the *Los Angeles Times* as related by Senator White himself. Said the Senator in telling of some incidents of the great harbor contest: 'He (Mr. Huntington) asked if there was no way for us to get together on the harbor business. I said that I did not see any way to do so — that I did not think that he would give up, and I knew I would not.

" 'Said he (Mr. Huntington), " I don't see why. It might be to your advantage not to be so set in your opinion." I then said to him: " Mr. Huntington, if that harbor were my personal possession, and you wanted it, there would be an easy way for us to get together and one or both of us make some money. But as that harbor belongs to the people, and I am merely holding it in trust for them, and have no right to give it away, I do not see how we can come to any understanding."

" ' "Certainly," said Mr. Huntington, " that is very high moral ground to take, but a little quixotic. The people will think no more of you in the end. Many will think less of you." I said, " Mr. Huntington, I am not taking your view of that matter either. It is my own self-respect I am looking at now." So the matter closed.'

" After it was all over and the fight was won for the people, the millionaire came to the Senator, and in the course of conversation said: ' White, I like and respect you. You are almost always against me, but it is not for what you can make out of us to come over. You have a steadfast principle and you fight like a man, in the open and with clean weapons. I cannot say that of all the public men I have had to deal with.'

" The man who could wring that tribute from Collis P. Huntington had won a greater victory than the mere act of winning a contest for a cause of the people. It was a tribute to manhood. It was a laurel wreath of immortality, not because it came from a millionaire, but because it was an acknowledgment of honesty and

loyalty and of the respect those qualities must earn from the most bitter and relentless opponent."

The concluding paragraphs of Mr. White's speech in the United States Senate on this subject are well worth pondering:

"The struggle which I have made here may seem stubborn to some, but it is maintained in the consciousness and belief that I am acting for the public interest. No demagogical appeal — notwithstanding intimations to the contrary — has influenced or ever will influence me. I have been able to maintain myself in my conservative methods without condescending to belittlements. I experience natural pride in my presence here, but I would willingly sacrifice that honor rather than yield my maturely formed judgment to any senseless clamor, to threats or flattery, to condemnation or applause, and I might say, Mr. President, that I would rather be a lawyer whose word was as good as a rich man's bond, and whose opinion upon an intricate question of judicial science was valued by the master minds of my profession, than to hold in my hand all the honors that ever were won by appeals to the passions or prejudices of men."

THE ATLANTIC FLEET SAILING INTO SAN PEDRO HARBOR, LOS ANGELES, CAL.

COMBINED HARVESTER AND THRASHER ON RANCH OF H. M. KINNEY, IMPERIAL VALLEY.

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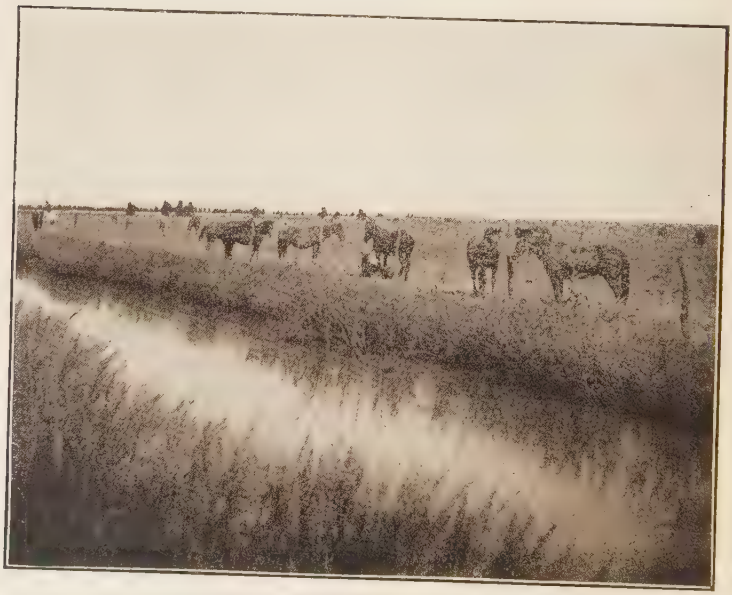

ONE OF THE IRRIGATING DITCHES WHICH HAVE MADE THE CHANGE IN THE IMPERIAL VALLEY.

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CHAPTER XLI

THE EXECUTIVE HERO OF IRRIGATION, WILLIAM ELLSWORTH SMYTHE

WE have seen, in a preceding chapter, the wonderful effect of irrigation in certain localities, such as the Imperial Valley and Riverside. We have seen the barren, desolate, lizard-occupied rancho of La Jurupa, and the sun-baked, thrice-heated, below-sea-level-area of the Imperial Valley converted into rich, prosperous and beautifully fertile regions by the wise introduction of water. But the problems of irrigation are many and various, and those who have educated the people to a proper understanding of the possibilities existent in this method of farming, have had to do, at the same time, a large amount of studying and experimenting to rightly use it to the best advantage. The educators of the people in irrigation, therefore, have had to be pioneers, — pioneers of peace, happiness, home-making, content for men, women and children. It is an honored and blessed occupation to show a struggling man how he may make a comfortable home without struggle, with nothing but ordinary and reasonable labor. It is a power to be thankful for, to be able to take men from the ranks of the hopeless and place them where happiness and peace again smile upon them.

Why should not a man who can do this be regarded

and acclaimed as a hero, a real hero, as much as the man who guides a number of his fellowmen on a slaughtering expedition? Why should not a man who leads such a forlorn hope as this, and who brings the joy of content to thousands, be hailed as a hero as well as he who leads the volunteers to the forlorn hope of the battle-field?

Such a hero is William Ellsworth Smythe, one of the generals (if we must have military terms) of the Irrigation Movement. The history of this movement reads like a fairy tale. All the elements of marvel are in it, with the "lived happy ever after" at the end, applying itself actually to millions of lives. In America it practically began with the work of Major J. W. Powell, a hero of the highest type, the subject of a chapter elsewhere in this book. His was the prophetic eye, the large vision, the devotion of misunderstood work for the general benefit of humanity. But he was a careful scientist, though a far-seeing humanitarian, and a long-visioned prophet. As the Director of the United States Geological Survey he was able to make a thorough study of conditions throughout the arid West, and pave the way for the accomplishment of the dream he had dreamed. Rudely outlined, his plan contemplated the securing by the national Government of all the natural sites for vast reservoirs, the scientific impounding of waste waters of streams, springs and rainfall, the conveying of this water in the most effective manner to the soil of the arid regions that was practically worthless without it, the establishment of experimental farms in the different localities,

so that experts could guide settlers in their choice of crops, and then the calling of the people to occupy the lands, make their homes upon them, become actual owners of the soil, tillers of it, and thus develop hitherto useless territory into powerful and prosperous communities.

But to accomplish all this work required several important preliminaries. The cost would be enormous. How was it to be met? The legislators who handle the money of the nation do not always see with the far-seeing eye of the keen-brained scientist. They, therefore, must not only be educated, but the people must also be educated to see the possibilities — nay, the absolute certainties of the project — or they would condemn the wholesale expenditures required to bring them to pass.

Here is where the hero volunteered, and sprang into the breach. Here is where the standard bearer raised the flag on high, shouted Follow me! and daringly rushed to the battle. And it is no mere figure of speech to use such words. It was — if not a forlorn hope — a gigantic task to educate the people; it was an onslaught upon ignorance and prejudice. It was a philanthropic campaign that only a generous-hearted, clear-brained, impulsive-souled volunteer could have undertaken and carried to success. If a cold-blooded man had stepped forward and undertaken the work, it would never have been done. It required fervor, enthusiasm and *verve* to inspire the people with faith, to convince them of the possibilities, and lead them to desire to enjoy them.

William Ellsworth Smythe was the man, prepared of God, for this especial work. Born in Worcester, Massachusetts, December 24, 1861, he missed, only by one day, being the Christmas gift of blessing to his parents, which he has since become to his race and people. He has been, indeed, a messenger of peace and glad tidings to many. When he was about twelve years old his father suffered one of those financial reverses that seem to be great adversities and burdens at the time, but that later developments show to have been great blessings in disguise. Mr. Smythe, Senior, was a wealthy manufacturer, of Pilgrim and Revolutionary stock, and had he not met with this reverse, there is no doubt but that his son would have grown up in the easy circumstances and consequently easy life of many another son of equally well-to-do parents. At sixteen the growing lad had to leave the home nest, and cast about for the future. He had just read Parton's *Life of Greeley*, and was crammed full of "Old Horace," his enthusiasm for agriculture, for the West, his broad humanitarianism, bordering upon socialism, and was fired with his presentation of Fourierism and the new institutions of benefit and blessings to be derived from the building up of colonies. It would be interesting to the world that is to-day reaping the benefit of Mr. Smythe's active life could all the subtle, and at the same time powerful, influence of that book of Parton's be made manifest. It is self-evident to the outsider that to this day he is pouring out through his own mental filter the ideas poured into it in those days of his boyhood. Indeed, I make the bold assertion

that had Horace Greeley lived a generation later, in Smythe's environment, he would have undertaken exactly the same work that Smythe has done.

In due time Smythe heeded the great journalist's advice, and came West. After an unsuccessful attempt at book-publishing, he set his face westward, and in 1888, when he was twenty-seven years old, settled at Kearney, Nebraska, which was being boomed by a New England syndicate, and for two years edited the daily paper they established. Here was the beginning of his education for his larger work. The bottom dropped out of the boom and he went to the *Omaha Bee*. While there he felt the full, dire, awful force of the Great Drought of 1890.

Only those who have actually seen and felt it can know the terrible calamity a drought is in these Western regions. The Eastern mind cannot conceive it. Where rain falls abundantly and grass is always green, there is no comprehension of the entirely different conditions of the West. Panic speedily entered the hearts of thousands. The drought spelled absolute ruin. There was no hope. Starvation for themselves and families drove some men to insanity, others to suicide.

Now was the time for the launching of the irrigation movement. Despair would compel attention, and enthusiasm combined with reason would inspire new hope. Let Mr. Smythe tell his own story from a chapter of his book, entitled *The Conquest of Arid America.*

"In 1890 I was an editorial writer on the *Omaha Bee*, under that strong and able leader of Nebraska

public opinion, Edward Rosewater. During the previous summer I had made a brief trip to the Maxwell land grant in New Mexico, and for the first time saw men engaged in turning water upon land to make good the deficiencies of rainfall. I suppose I had heard or read the word 'irrigation,' though I have no recollection of it. Certainly, the word meant nothing to me until the drought struck Nebraska a year later. Then the thought occurred to me that the several fine streams flowing through the State might be employed to excellent advantage. Men were shooting their horses and abandoning their farms, within sight of these streams. There were the soil, the sunshine, and the waters, but the people did not understand the secret of prosperity, even with such broad hints before their eyes.

"I thought of the thrifty orchards and gardens I had seen on the Las Animas and the Vermejo, a few hundred miles farther southwest, and when Mr. Rosewater directed me to write editorials urging the public to contribute money, food and seed for the drought-stricken farmers of Nebraska, I suggested that these should be supplemented by a series of papers dealing with the possibilities of irrigation. He gave me permission to do so, on condition that I would sign the articles myself, as it was then considered little less than a libel to say that irrigation was needed in that part of the country.

"How many lives those articles influenced, or are even yet to influence through the forces they set in motion, I do not know; but they changed my life completely. I had taken the cross of a new crusade.

To my mind, irrigation seemed the biggest thing in the world. It was not merely a matter of ditches and acres, but a philosophy, a religion and a programme of practical statesmanship rolled into one. There was apparently no such thing as ever getting to the bottom of the subject, for it expanded in all directions and grew in importance with each unfoldment. Of course, all this was not realized at first, yet from the beginning I was deeply impressed with the magnitude of the work that had fallen to my hand and knew that I must cut loose from all other interests and endeavor to rouse the nation to a realizing sense of its duty and opportunity.

"The first result of the articles in the *Bee* was a series of irrigation conventions in western Nebraska, beginning with the one at Culbertson, the seat of Hitchcock County. These county gatherings led to a State Convention at Lincoln, and the State Convention made me chairman of a committee to arrange for a National Irrigation Congress, which was held a few months later at Salt Lake, within sight of the historic ditch on City Creek, where English-speaking men began the conquest of the desert.

"I resigned my comfortable place on the *Bee*, launched the *Irrigation Age* (the first journal of its kind in the world, so far as I know), and went forth to do what I could. It was my rare good fortune to find a life-work, while yet on the sunny side of thirty, to which I could give my heart and soul with all a young man's enthusiasm."

The ball was thus set rolling, and it has rolled on ever since. The second Congress was held in Los

Angeles, in 1893 (this was the memorable Congress to which reference is made in the chapter on Major Powell). The third was in Denver, in 1894, and there have been subsequent ones at Albuquerque, New Mexico, in 1895; at Phœnix, Arizona, in 1896; at Lincoln, Nebraska, in 1897; at Cheyenne, Wyoming, in 1898; at Missoula, Montana, in 1899, etc.

In 1897 a wonderful impetus was given to the movement by the publication of Captain Hiram M. Chittenden's *Reservoirs in the Arid Region*. Trained in the United States Corps of Engineers, formerly in charge of the government works in the Yellowstone National Park and on important Western rivers, and then assigned to the study of reservoir problems on certain rivers of the West, he brought to the subject the powers of a scientific mind well able to grasp the subject with a thorough comprehension. He "recommended that the government should acquire full title to and jurisdiction over any reservoir site which it might improve, and full right to the water necessary to fill the reservoir; also that it should build, own, and operate the works, holding the stored waters absolutely free for public use under local regulations."

The question as to whether the public lands to be irrigated should be ceded to the different States had been already practically disposed of by Major Powell's attitude, and the public interest that had followed the dissemination of his ideas. It was seen that such a cession would soon amount to nothing more than the control of it all by private wealthy owners, who would use it for their own selfish monetary gain.

Now that Captain Chittenden suggested the procedure for the conducting of the reservoirs, light upon the whole problem seemed to be at hand.

In the meantime two other Californians had become interested in the Irrigation Question and all it implied. Mr. George H. Maxwell, a young lawyer, with energy, power and foresight, organized the National Irrigation Association, and Mr. C. B. Boothe, a Los Angeles merchant, threw himself heart and soul into the movement. In 1900 the political parties took it up, and the issue was thus made national and put squarely before the people. The results are generally well known. The irrigation works of the United States Reclamation Service already completed rival the seven wonders of the ancient world in their magnitude; and in the influence they have had upon the people, they surpass them ten thousand fold. It gives a patriotic American a thrill of pride to see the Laguna Dam on the Colorado River, the Roosevelt Dam and that at Granite Reef, on the Salt River in Arizona, the Carson-Truckee Dam in the Sierras, that of Yakima, and all the others.

And who is able to estimate the far-reaching results of these colossal works? Think of what it means, — the influx of such vast and active populations in these once barren and desolate regions! The building up of new communities. The establishment of thousands of new and prosperous homes, for ever free from the fear, the dread, the overhanging pall of the possibility of years of drought. Who would not rather be the man who materially aided in bringing this beneficent result to pass than wear all the honors of Napoleon? So

we hail thee, William E. Smythe, as one of the great heroes of peace, for we are realizing more and more each year the truth of Milton's great statement in his Sonnet to Cromwell:

> "Peace hath her victories
> No less renowned than War."

In the forepart of his book Mr. Smythe has the following, which but states the facts:

EMANCIPATION

The Nation reaches its hand into the Desert,

And lo! private monopoly in water and in land is scourged from that holiest of temples, — the place where men labor and build their homes!

The Nation reaches its hand into the Desert.

The wasting floods stand back, the streams obey their master, and the stricken forests spring to life again upon the forsaken mountains!

The Nation reaches its hand into the Desert.

The barred doors of the sleeping empire are flung wide open to the eager and the willing, that they may enter in and claim their heritage!

The Nation reaches its hand into the Desert.

That which lay beyond the grasp of the Individual yields to the hand of Associated Man. Great is the Achievement, — greater the Prophecy!

It is literally true that, as the result of the work of education begun by Major Powell and so success-

fully carried on by Mr. Smythe, the people of the United States are, in the main, aroused to the need of conservation of our national resources, and not only our own nation, but the world, for an International Conference is soon to be held at The Hague upon the subject.

To William E. Smythe, more than to any other man, is entitled the credit for two things in this irrigation movement: He created the popular literature upon the subject, and put a soul into it. While Powell's work was comprehensive, it reaches only the scientist and statesman. It was preliminary work, — the deep concrete work of the foundation; necessary and essential, but not seen and known of the masses. Smythe popularized the subject, and throwing his very soul into the work, vivified it so that the world lifted its head and listened. With a voice of eloquence and power, he toured the country, lecturing with Western vim and enthusiasm upon the theme that had so fully taken possession of him.

He wrote convincing and enthusiastic articles which gained admission into the *Century*, *Atlantic Monthly*, *North American Review* and all sorts of publications. The first paper in the *Century* evoked a two-column leader from the New York *Sun*, which treated the matter almost as the discovery of a new empire. Then, too, his book, *The Conquest of Arid America*, contains three elements of value, which have given it a real and permanent acceptance.

I. It is scientific. It discloses the real economic character of aridity and of irrigation and of our climate.

II. It is historical. It sketches the unfoldment of Western life and institutions, and shows how later developments have depended upon irrigation.

III. It is practical. It gives reliable, definite information for the home seeker. Personally I know of scores throughout this great Western empire who have come here purely on the strength of this book, and the comfort and content of these men and their families is more than honor and fame. Is not this a making of history more worthy of record than the chronicle of bloody battles, fought for the furtherance of selfish ends, and those that deal only with the horrible, the mean, the reprehensible traits of human nature? Here has been a warfare for the public good, and not for selfish purposes. Mr. Smythe's labors have been at the cost of much personal sacrifice, of consecrated devotion, of financial loss. Had he bestowed the same amount of thought, energy and ability to the public lecture platform and thought only of his own financial good, he could have made himself independently rich long ere now. But he has resolutely kept his face to the stars. Even in his practical projects, — which have made money for others, — he has labored only until success was assured, and then stepped out to further his larger plans elsewhere. In Idaho, in 1895, he and Benjamin P. Shawhan established New Plymouth, in the Payette Valley, twelve miles from the town of Payette. The pioneers of this settlement were of rather unusual quality, being drawn largely from urban business and professional life, yet they entered enthusiastically and successfully upon the work of making

homes on sage-brush land, twelve miles from a railroad, in a remote and undeveloped part of the West.

"The Plymouth industrial programme aimed at complete independence of the people by the simple method of producing the variety of things consumed, on small, diversified farms; of having surplus products, principally fruit, for sale in home and Eastern markets; and by combining the capital of the settlers, by incorporation of a stock company, to own and develop the town-site, and to erect and operate simple industries required in connection with the products of the soil. On the social side, the plan aimed to give these farmers the best advantages of town life, or at least of neighborhood association. This was accomplished by assembling the houses in a central village, laid out, in accordance with a beautiful plan, with residences grouped on an outside circle touching the farms at all points. This plan brought the settlers close together on acre-lots — "home acres" — thus preventing isolation, and giving them the benefit of school, church, post-office, store, library, and entertainments.

"The Plymouth settlers have been contented and prosperous from the first, and have had less than the usual share of early trials and disappointments. They testify that the social advantages of the colony plan, as compared with the drawbacks of individual and isolated settlements, are alone sufficient to warrant its use. Availing themselves of a favorable opportunity, they acquired the irrigation system and other valuable property by purchase from the Eastern bondholders,

on terms which went far to enrich them as a community." [1]

This was an important work, but as soon as it was well on its feet, Mr. Smythe's boundless energy required a new field for its manifestation.

The question has often been asked: How much land is necessary to enable a man and his family to live healthfully and comfortably? All kinds of answers have been given to this question, and the quantity of land has been variously estimated from a few acres to as high as sixty or more. No one, however, who has seen the small holdings of the farmers of Brittany, and made himself aware of their productiveness under careful cultivation, needs to be told that a large acreage is *not* essential to comfort, happiness and content.

In the sunny climate of California, with fertile soil and crops controlled by irrigation, everything is favorable to the development of the small landholder. Mr. Smythe's knowledge, both of California and the practical needs of the farmer, were now brought into play in what might be regarded as by far the most important work of his life. He enunciated the bold doctrine that a family can find true independence on *one acre*, and that when this fact is understood, the great West can meet the material, social, intellectual and spiritual needs of millions of people.

To put his ideas into concrete form, as he had the colony idea in Idaho, he interested land owners and others, and after careful and thorough study selected

[1] The Conquest of Arid America, by Wm. E. Smythe, Macmillans, p. 192.

a large tract of land some seventeen miles from San Diego, on a line of railroad, and there organized the "Little Landers." This was in July 28, 1908.

Colonists pay on an average five hundred dollars, which includes their acreage, a lot fifty by one hundred and fifty in the beautiful village, and a share in all the improvements. These improvements include water piped in village lot and acre, land graded for irrigation, park laid out and improved (each home will front upon the park), street graded, side-walks, curbs and sewerage installed, and village hall built and ready for use. When the improvements are completed and the entire acreage sold and brought under cultivation, all public works will be turned over to the landowners, by means of a local corporation of which they will be the stockholders. The mutual water company will maintain the park. Thus we have public ownership of those things used by the public, and private ownership of those things (town lot and acre) used by the individual.

No land whatever is sold for speculation. Every purchaser must be an actual settler, in person or by proxy, and his title to the land is made contingent upon his beginning to improve his "acre" within six months of the date of purchase.

Already a large settlement has demonstrated the truth of the proposition. As a speaker recently declared in the village hall of the "Little Landers:" "Your fundamental proposition, that one acre of land in this climate, intelligently tilled, with a market direct to the consumer, will support a family in comfort, is absolutely true. I know it to be true — have

known it for years. But William E. Smythe is the only man in the United States who would have dared to proclaim this truth and proceed to put it into action."

In commenting on this statement, Mr. Smythe says: "Sometimes I wonder if mine is a case of 'fools rush in where angels fear to tread!' Every man who has really studied the subject, at home or abroad, knows the possibilities of 'a little land and a living.' You may be sure that I studied it very thoroughly before launching the Little Landers. I studied it with the aid of Bolton Hall, of Prince Krapotkin, and other writers who have brought together the experience of the world, but most of all I studied it in California, and especially in San Diego.

"Given water, soil, climate, transportation, market, industry and intelligence, and there is no other opportunity in the world so certain to yield a generous living to the average man as the acre farm. Oh, make it two or three acres if you will, but when you have done your best on your two or three acres, I will show you men who are getting better results on less land. What this nation needs is landed proprietors working for themselves. What we want at San Ysidro is land lovingly tilled by the hands of its owners, not land grudgingly tilled by the alien hands of hired labor. And the man who tries to till lovingly much more than an acre will find the job too big for him. Of course, there are certain crops which do not require close attention, and if a man has sufficient capital to indulge in the luxury, he can use land in that way, but I would rather see an independent family living on every acre."

As soon as the men and women in our cities, who are what Jack London calls "The People of the Abyss," learn what this "Little Landers" movement means to them, and true philanthropists are found who will place these helpless creatures upon the land, it will soon be found that this is one way out of social bondage. It will become the refuge for great elements of our population.

To have accomplished so great a result, — to have set in motion such beneficent forces, is indeed to have been a hero, a leader, a standard-bearer, and as such California and the nation will ever honor and revere William Ellsworth Smythe.

CHAPTER XLII

THE PIONEER HEROES OF CALIFORNIA

(An address by Judge David Belden)

David Belden came to California in 1855, for a short time was engaged in mining, became a lawyer, and was finally elected Judge of the Superior Court of Santa Clara County. He died in San José, May 14, 1888. He resided in Nevada City, Nevada County, when he decided to embrace the profession of law. Though he had been in the State but two years, his personality and attainments had so impressed themselves upon his fellow-citizens that they invited him, in 1857, to deliver the Fourth of July address in Nevada City. He consented to do so, but, to his amazement, he learned that it was the intention of the Committee to organize a burlesque procession which should caricature the events that occurred at the nation's birth. He remonstrated with earnest eloquence against such a desecration of the day, and tried to stem the tide of buffoonery which seemed to be swamping the patriotic intelligence of his friends. But they outvoted him, and went on with their preparations. Under such circumstances, most men would have assumed an air of offended dignity and resigned from the position offered, lest they be deemed party to, and in a measure responsible for, the transgressions against the national feeling of others. But not so with Mr. Belden. He was made of sterner stuff. He occupied the position of "orator of the day," and delivered a rebuke, keen, sarcastic and scathing, that is remembered to this day. He, himself, was a pioneer, and also a hero, hence it is appropriate that his oration on the Pioneer Heroes of California should find place in this volume.

THERE have been many orations delivered upon the pioneers, and many of them are well worth careful perusal. But those that were delivered by men who were themselves pioneers, and were spoken to pioneers while the memories of pioneer days were still fresh, have a vigor and a personality about them that the orations of later days do not possess. Even less

than thirty years after the great gold excitement flooded the coast with men from all parts of the world, — as early as 1876, — Judge Belden, in his oration at San José, expresses the feeling that the event was far away and growingly remote in the past. As perhaps the best of the early day orations, it merits a place in this book. It was not a prepared and polished address. Those who heard it, and Judge Belden's friends, claim that it was a purely extemporaneous effort. If so, it stands forth as a model of vigorous English, of wonderful construction, of vivid power, as well as a truthful panorama of the scenes of the pioneer's life and experiences. After a few preliminary remarks, Judge Belden said:

" For thirty years, not only over this State, but in many of the principal cities of the East, the pioneers of California have commemorated their advent to this coast. At each gathering, gifted speakers, with whatever of genius, eloquence, poetry and pathos they could command, have told the story and illumined the lives and ways of the early pioneers. The paths of the men of Forty-nine lie before me, a beaten thoroughfare, a harvested field, its golden grain long since garnered, and to which I come at the eleventh hour a late and loitering gleaner. That a new generation has arisen since the event and the era we are celebrating, that there may be those to whom the story of that time may not sound like a thrice-told tale, that to these as new auditors this may come with any seeming of novelty, is an illusion by which, however willing, I cannot deceive myself; too many

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pens have been busy with the history of our pioneers. Harte, Mulford, and a score of others, with whatever of imagination might most embellish fact, have told to these newcomers far more than the one could ever have known or the other ever believed. Fact and fancy have been alike exhausted, and repeating with the wise King of Israel that there is no new thing under the sun, I must bring forth, from a sparsely filled storehouse, what I know to be old.

"It is over thirty years since the report reached the East and flashed around the world of the discovery of gold in boundless quantities upon the banks of the American River. Exaggerated by repetition and magnified by distance, the El Dorado of the Pacific was represented as a land where, to any who chose to gather it, the fortune could be made in a month that elsewhere required the labor of a lifetime. Who does not recall the manner in which these marvelous reports were received and discussed on every hand and in every community? Who has not heard of the gatherings at the village store, the resolve of the restless and the adventurous, the reports each day of new parties who were selling out, sacrificing everything for the gold-fields by the Pacific; the fear that it might all be dug before they could reach the mines. How the contagion spread until the staid and contented felt an unwonted fever in their veins, and looked restlessly and longingly after these who were starting. Of the companies organized, in which the village Rothschild shared in the equipment for an interest of one-fourth or one-half the gains acquired. Of the thousands of machines invented and

JUDGE DAVID BELDEN.

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WILLIAM ELLSWORTH SMYTHE.

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constructed, equally ingenious, equally elaborate and alike worthless, by which gold mines were to be found, and worked when found. Of the counsels and exhortations of those who stayed and the promises of those who went; of the amount with which each resolved to be content, and the exact time he allotted to himself for acquiring it, and returning home. Of the diaries to be kept, the letters written; of the notice in the local paper of each party as it departed, with the editorial assurance that, whoever else might fail, such men as that village sent forth must conquer success and make their mark in the world. Of the making up of trains for the plains, the gatherings of the men, the trades, the purchases of equipments, the bickerings, the misunderstandings. Of the men that every one wanted to secure because they were rough and more accustomed to outdoor life, and whose presence must make the journey successful and secure, and who as a rule proved the most worthless and inefficient vagabonds in the camp. Of the rotten ships that went from Eastern ports laden with precious lives and were heard of no more. Of the diaries kept for a few days or weeks with scrupulous care and diligence, then the omission, first of a day or two, then of longer intervals, and then wholly abandoned. Of the new surprises that awaited them on every hand, when the worn and wearied voyagers by sea and by land finally reached the end of their journeyings. Of the reports, bewildering in their contradictions, as to where the best mines were to be found; of those who paraded sacks of gold and lauded to the skies Northern or Southern mines, Mokelumne

Hill, Hangtown, and told of fortunes to be had for the picking them up; while back from the same place came a horde, ragged, foot-sore and hungry, cursing the State and the day they saw it, and especially the localities thus loudly commended. Of the grave deliberation of the newcomer as to whether he should look for coarse or fine gold diggings, one day yielding to the fascination of a pile of nuggets, and resolving to look for mines with lumps about the size of a hen's egg, wavering as he saw the sacks of fine dust from the Yuba, and finally concluding that, as gold was purchased by weight and not by bulk, he would take his fortune in the finer dust; of his journeyings to the mines, his failures, his disappointments and disgust. Of the letters home, written at first with methodical punctuality, but finally taking the road of the abandoned diary. Of the numberless companies formed and expeditions planned to find some mine of marvelous richness, of which but one man knew the location; of the senseless explanation he gave for not having at least a specimen of these hidden treasures, — sometimes Indians, want of provisions, or the like, — and the uniform credulity with which we swallowed it all and fitted out trains, and sent parties with this fraud, only to know we had been deceived, and ending generally in an unsuccessful effort to hang the deceiver. Of adventures by the Yuba, the forks of the American River, of Gold Bluff and Gold Lake, and the numberless golden mirages that danced before the adventurers of those days and lured them on to disappointment and disaster. Of the much that was noble and grand and self-sacrificing, and much

too that was wild and wicked and weird in those men and in those fitful, feverish times.

" We remember our feelings as we left the homes of our nativity and fancied we could never be contented elsewhere, until, as new interests, associations and affections grew up around us, the distance seemed imperceptibly at first to widen between us, and when we recalled the friends and scenes of former days they presented themselves with a vague, distant mistiness, almost as though they were the recollections of another and not of ourselves.

" These are recollections common to us all, the reminiscences alike of the wanderer from Pike County, Missouri, Posey County, Indiana, the native of New England and the emigrant from the Rhine. And to the old pioneers, with these recollections of thirty years pressing upon us, how feeble must appear any attempt at portraiture in words. While I speak, like the whisper that wakes a hundred sleeping echoes, Memory is marshalling before each of us the events of his California career. Like a panorama, the years of our pioneer life are passing in retrospect before us — the kindred that we left behind; the hopes that buoyed us up and lured us onward; the fortunes for good or for evil that have befallen each and that made up the checkered warp and woof of the years that are but a memory. Could one but paint in words this picture as each now beholds it for himself; could I indeed describe what we all feel and know, the story of the pioneers could indeed be told, their memories fittingly enshrined for all time to come.

" This task, grateful though it would be, is alike beyond either the capacity I bring or the time I have allotted to myself for these remarks. There is, however, a feature of pioneer life, one class of the great flood-tide that 1849 cast upon this coast, that has been but little considered. It is a foible of humanity ever to worship at the shrine of success, and to follow with blind laudations the favorites of fortune; the unsuccessful, equally or more deserving though they may be, find little place either in the memories of men or the chronicles of history. The stories of the pioneers are no exception to this rule. The successes and the achievements of the few are blazoned to the world; of the many who fought and fell in the vanguard of our heroes in the battle of life, the story of their struggle ended with them.

" Who does not recall, in the adventures of the early days, the thousands that, smitten by disease, essayed the voyage round the Cape, the perils of the plains, with the cry ' Health or a speedy grave.' To not one in a score of these came the coveted boon of health. Their resting-places mark the pathway of our empire from the banks of the Mississippi to the shores of the Pacific, and until the sea shall give up her dead none may know of those pioneer hosts that found their resting-places in the dark depths of the ocean. Suffering and disease were their companions as they journeyed hither. Pestilence and hardship welcomed their arrival. By the rivers whose golden sands had lured them from peaceful homes and loving friends, they fell by thousands, unknown and unremembered.

" Who does not remember, in his own camp, or that of

his neighbor, the delicate boy, the pet of the company, wholly unfitted for the hardships of the mines, but ambitious and hopeful, scorning the thought that he was not equal to any exertion and every position, bearing his part in the rugged work of his comrades, and pretending not to feel that day by day his powers were wasting away; the gentle strategy which gave to the failing boy the easiest of the labors of the camp; and, finally, the kindly counsel and the generous aid that returned him to die amid the scenes of his youth and the friends of his childhood?

"Who among the miners of those days has not scores upon scores of times given prodigally that some one, a stranger, perchance, whom he had never seen, might close his eyes in his old distant home? We are told that by such deeds treasures are laid up in heaven. If this be so, many a noble pioneer has the fortune awaiting him in the hereafter that was denied him here.

"Then there was one who delayed his going till disease pressed so fiercely upon him that the journey could not be made, and he knew that he must die amid strangers in a strange land. What feature of pioneer life presents more noble characteristics than the cabin of the sick and dying miner? Brave and uncomplaining was the sufferer, kind and gentle his watchers. When the last letters were dictated to loved ones, the last directions given, as he looked upon the familiar faces, while the shadows darkened about him, there came to these, his tried and faithful comrades, his last words — they were the last utterances of thousands — 'I am going, boys. You have been very

kind to me. God bless you all.' 'God bless you, old boy,' would be the sobbing response, the last whispered benediction to the ear of the dying man. And then, beneath some lordly oak or stately pine, they fashioned his grave, and upon a rough board, or a fragment of stone, they scrawled his name and the place of his birth and the day of his death, and placed it above — and the pioneer's history was ended. All over the world there are thousands of loving, hoping hearts that have waited through all these long and weary years for the coming of these slumberers by the rivers, these dead of our early pioneers. Green be their memories and peace to their ashes, these our brothers gone before us.

"Another and a more numerous class are those who have failed of success, and are counted among the fallen in the battle of life. They are that class upon whose every effort some malign influence ever casts a blight. Energetic and industrious, possessed of every quality that should command and does merit success, their pathway is one of unbroken disaster and misfortune. Born to disaster, flood and fire, casualties of every form make these hapless ones their sport. Unlucky the world terms them, and if by this is meant Fortune that only sees that she may smite, the term is well applied. Nowhere was this class more largely represented than in the mining regions and in the days of 1850. We can to-day, each of us, recall, perhaps, some of us in our own experiences, the fields and the efforts of these hapless adventurers. Such we have seen locate a mining claim, where upon either hand fortunes had been found, and every indication that human

judgment or foresight could suggest showed that the same was before them. We have seen them enter with strong hands and buoyant hopes upon a work that may well-nigh task the patience and the resource of a State. We have seen the tunnel that was to unlock their golden treasure driven year after year, for hundreds and thousands of feet, through the flinty rock, steadily, persistently and untiringly; against obstacles and embarrassments that might well have brought hopeless discouragement, they struggled on, and at last, prematurely aged with the labors and hardships of this toil, with the best years of their lives gone, maimed and crippled by the casualties of their enterprise, financially beggared, they learned that there was nothing before them, that their work was worthless, their lives wasted, and, broken alike in body and in mind, they must seek elsewhere new fields for toil, must begin again the battle of life.

" What wonder that when long years of such exertion bring to the toiler but Dead Sea apples, bitterness and ashes, when he sees upon every hand wealth that recompenses efforts but a tithe of his own — what wonder that in bitterness of heart he arraigns the Providence that permits all this; that he looks with scorn and loathing on a world where Fortune proves thus partial and unkind; what wonder that among the many that have met but successive misfortunes and unbroken adversity, there should be many discouraged, misanthropic and reckless men. And when I see one of these worn and broken men still clinging to the scene of his former labors, if much of the manhood and nobleness of his

early years seems lost or obscured, I reflect what hopes, what purposes, what affections may not have been in him crushed out in these withering disappointments, and, in the language of the Master, I say that to him that has suffered much, much should be forgiven.

"I have spoken of the pioneers of thirty years ago, for it is their advent to this coast we to-day commemorate; of the miners and the mountains, for it was there my own early associations were had. Of the pioneers in the valleys and the builders of the cities, we only know that they shared fully the measure of disappointment that befell their brothers in the mines. Where to-day are the cities and their founders that in 1850 lined the Bay of San Francisco — paper creations that were to rival London in magnitude, Paris in beauty, and New York in growth and prosperity? Who to-day can recall the name of either town or founder of these cities? What hopes and expectations vanished with them we may never know, for their projectors have disappeared as completely as the builders of the mounds in the valleys of the West.

"I have spoken thus far of the failures and misfortunes of these former times. The successes have been many, and have been marked. They are known and need not be repeated. The spirit of the old Argonauts still survives. Bold, fearless explorers, they are still searching for the golden fleece. From California to the frozen zone, not a river, a stream, or a mountain that has not been tested and tried by these hardy adventurers. And the deserts of Arizona and New Mexico equally attest their energy and enterprise.

Nor do the boundaries of the nation place any barrier to their progress; they are pouring in a resistless flood upon the land of the Aztec, and Mexico wakes from the slumber of centuries at the trampling of our peaceful cohorts.

" The pioneer adventures of to-day will be the successful enterprises of the future, and the golden fleece that could not be won in the mountains will be found in our teeming valleys, our vine-garlanded hillsides. Wherever enterprise or inclination may guide their steps, the hope and the benediction that accompanied us to this new land go forth with them. And if, like many of us, they shall fall or shall fail in the field that is before them, may they ever merit success though they find but adversity.

" Pioneers of 1849, in the thirty years of our California life, much of the time allotted to man has passed away. For many of us the shadows are to-day lengthening eastward. The crest on the waves of a sea that beats in ceaseless cadence on the shores of Time each year sees many known and honored among us swept into the still depths of the hereafter. Ours be it to know that, whether remembered or forgotten, the work of our hands shall outlive the names of its founders, and that the empire we leave behind us, the nation's bulwark by her western sea, shall endure for all time, the handiwork and the monument of the Pioneers of the Golden State."

CHAPTER XLIII

BIBLIOGRAPHY

THE foregoing chapters have been gleaned during a careful study of California literature extending over the past thirty years. Many of the later chapters are the result of personal intercourse with the heroes named. Hence it is impossible, in every case, to give original sources. The following list, however, will be an excellent starting-point for those who wish to study these men and women of California's nobility.

At the outset it may generally be stated that the histories of Hubert Howe Bancroft can be consulted, with advantage, on all the earlier chapters of this book.

Poole's Index will also suggest many interesting magazine articles to those who wish to study the subjects further in a general way. Every high school student should be made familiar with *Poole's Index to Periodical Literature* and the great uses to which it can be put. Every good library is provided with it, and students will find it of incalculable help.

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fornia," but it should not be forgotten that the reference there is to the peninsula which Ulloa had discovered, and not to the State we to-day know as one of the United States. Hubert Howe Bancroft, in Volume I of *History of California* (Volume XVIII of Works), gives a chapter on " The Discovery of California " and the origin of the name, pages 64–109. *The Romance of the Colorado River*, by F. S. Dellenbaugh (Putnam's), contains two good chapters on Ulloa and Alarçon, and the title of the book is no misnomer for the rest of the contents.

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